











# East & West.

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# EAST & WEST.

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## TEXTURAL HEREDITY.

IT is the character of all philosophy to try to pierce beyond phenomena to what lies behind. It is a grievous mistake to suppose that science and philosophy are opposed. They are not so in their object; though starting from different points, they often differ in their methods. They both must begin with phenomena and both must generalise. The scientist who is content with phenomenology and has an objection to allow himself to follow out the conclusions to which phenomena lead, never reaches the scientific stage of his studies. On the other hand, the philosopher who thinks of investigating the nature and source of man, and of the Universe, without familiarising himself with assured facts arrived at by the scientific method with regard to these subjects, is poorly equipped indeed for the task which he proposes. He is in the position of saying—I propose to explain what can be ascertained with regard to God and Man and the Universe, but I refuse to occupy my valuable time and powers of mind in making myself acquainted with what can be found out by methodic observation with regard to any of them. If such an attitude is indefensible—and it is hard to understand how it can be defended—an acquaintance with the results of scientific discovery is essential for the production of a philosophy which will last. At the same time it must be admitted that the scientists who, overrating the powers of such observation, refuse to trouble themselves with the conclusions to which they lead when strict processes of reason are applied to the facts collected by observation and experiment, can have no claim to be called philosophers. At the present moment, when the scientific world is agitated with the reconsideration of the ultimate nature of matter—a discussion which lies on the very border of metaphysics—it would be well that the essential characters of matter were distinctly

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summarised and kept in view, and such a summary cannot be conducted by means of laboratory work without the addition of a purely reasoning process. But the most complicated phenomena on the face of the earth are those in which the organic world is implicated; and it may be not uninteresting to general readers with that philosophic tendency specially characteristic of eastern thought to have laid before them a short account of the change which, during the last fifty years, has been wrought in the conception of the way in which life is manifested in the textures building up alike the animal and the vegetable organism. This I shall endeavour to do in words as free from technicality as possible, being well aware that no one can be familiar with the technical language of any department of Science, who has not devoted much study to that particular department.

It is now a matter of universal agreement that the animal and the vegetable world, instead of offering antagonism the one to the other, have a common foundation linking them together. Both begin as very simple structures, at first known as *cells* and perhaps still most frequently going by that name, though more properly termed *living corpuscles*. These are essentially microscopically minute masses of a highly complex chemical composition, unknown in the inorganic world, and in its least altered form called protoplasm. The simplest animals and the simplest plants consist each of a single corpuscle of this sort. It may be added that in an overwhelming majority of instances these masses have in the interior a firmer body, connected specially with reproduction, and presenting in its history intricacies of internal structure of a most remarkable kind, not fully understood and not demanding further reference in this place. Not only do the simplest animals and vegetables consist, as already said, each of a single living corpuscle, but the larger forms of life, including all which easily catch the eye, possess throughout their structure myriads of such corpuscles, each carrying on the functions of life and descended from an uninterrupted line of ancestors.

These corpuscles are the living elements of the body in the young condition. In the adult animal there are other living elements which differ more or less in character from typical nucleated corpuscles, but these are all derived by lineal descent from one or

more such nucleated corpuscles, losing one or more of the original vital properties and developing others to greater perfection. Thus some are converted into muscular or nervous elements, exhibiting exalted and specialised irritability while they lose more or less the power of reproduction. But the texture of every complex living being consists of living corpuscles and of different substances thrown out round about them by their agency ; and all the living corpuscles are descended from the one corpuscle which forms the essential and living part of the impregnated ovum.

Thus, we are not only derived hereditarily from parents, but every living corpuscle in our bodies has a complete chain of heredity by which it is descended from the single living corpuscle from which the whole body has been developed. There is no break in the corpuscular ancestry, even supposing, as is highly probable, that all the living beings, animal and vegetable, on the face of the earth are descended from one original corpuscle. I doubt if that idea has been fully grasped by many who are not specially devoted to biological study, and it is an idea of only very recent growth even among biologists, though it is unlikely that any biologist would commit himself now to opposing it.

To pave the way for a proper comprehension of textural ancestry, it may be well first to point out the essential features of the complication introduced by the existence of sex in all the more complex forms of both animal and vegetable life, and these may be best illustrated from the animal kingdom. The unicorporcular male-germ, termed *spermatozoon*, is simply a nucleus which, when fully developed, has lost all the surrounding protoplasm and has a long lash by which it is propelled forwards in perpetual motion. The female germ *ovum* likewise is unicorporcular, presenting a cell-wall, a protoplasm constituting the original yolk, and a nucleus called the *germinal vesicle*. The germinal vesicle before impregnation undergoes certain changes ; but passing over these, what ultimately happens is that a male-germ enters the ovum, losing its tail, and approaches the germinal vesicle till the two meet and commingle intimately to form a single nucleus, the nucleus of that impregnated ovum which is the parent of every living corpuscle in the subsequent structure.

Let it be recollected, in addition, that not only do the two

parents. thus stand morphologically in the same relation to the offspring, but that it is a matter more or less evident to every observer that the finest detail of structure may be inherited from either, and it will be recognised that heredity is one in kind whether derived from the father or the mother. However incomprehensible the widely pervading existence of sex may be, it is plain that it produces no break in the chain of ancestry of the textural elements from those of the parents to those of the offspring. All that takes place in the human family is simply this, that whereas there is one corpuscle parent of all the living corpuscles of the body, the great majority of these latter carry with them only a texture-building power, while those among them, set aside to produce an entirely new organism, cannot exhibit their power until combined each with a corpuscle similarly set aside from an organism of the opposite sex.

Even so short a time as sixty years ago, such views of heredity as I have now put forward in the shape of acknowledged facts, were impossible, and none of the facts based on were known till about 250 years ago. The male germ was not known till the Dutch anatomist Leeuwenhoek, born in 1632, discovered it. The mammalian ovum was not suspected till another Dutchman, de Graaf, born in 1641, described in the ovary the vesicles which are called Graafian vesicles. The nature of the ovum contained within such a vesicle remained obscure until, in 1825, Purkinje laid the foundations of accurate knowledge, by discovering in the bird the germinal vesicle; and not till our own time was there seen, in various invertebrate animals, the intermixing of the substance of the male and female element. These were discoveries with reference to the parentage of the whole organism. But our knowledge of the ancestry of textural elements did not commence till within sixty years ago, and very vague and imperfect it was in its commencement. The German observer Schwann was the founder of what is called the cell-theory of texture, but he never seems to have appreciated the fact that no cell (or living corpuscle) exists which is not descended from parent cells. He aimed at a purely physical explanation of everything. Among the first of those who taught the springing of all cells from parents was undoubtedly the late Professor Goodsir. He taught it, and impressed it on the minds of large classes of students; but in vain do we search his writings for

such descriptions as he was wont to give in the class-room, and in what he did write he gives credit to Bowman and Martin Barry for appreciations similar to his own. Later, Virchow discovered, by the application of new methods to microscopy, an amount of information with regard to the presence and action of living corpuscles in the tissues, which made us familiar with their generation from others throughout all the body, and after his discoveries the microscopic examination of tissues advanced rapidly by improved methods, till gradually we have passed from a position in which the production of cells by such processes as precipitation and osmosis seemed probable to many, and have arrived at another in which it is far easier to believe that every cell has had its parentage than to imagine that any of them have arisen independently. This change of position has come about gradually, and biologists, as a body, have not as yet become fully sensible of the consequences of the change. Heredity is a character which must now be recognised as existing in every living corpuscle, every unit of life, and in masses of such corpuscles, and not as existing merely in the total organism ; and probably this might be still more appreciated if the phenomena of botany were more largely taken into consideration in the field of speculation. The higher forms of animal life are metamerous, that is to say, made up of *metameres* or segments arranged in linear series, developed largely, if not altogether, with a certain distinctness one from another, but in the long run fused very thoroughly in a compound unity in which the individuality of the metameres is greatly masked and blended together ; the earlier development being a passage from a unity to a multiplicity of metameres, each a potential collection of organs ; while the later development, both in the animal series and in the individual, is a gathering of these into a higher unity. But in the higher plants the individuality of the shoots is preserved, so that while a palm tree presents a single shoot, the elms and oaks and all exogenous plants have an indefinite multiplicity of shoots, each of which is easily to be distinguished and even capable of producing all the higher organs associated with flowering ; so that a separate shoot in favourable circumstances is capable of producing the whole plant, with artificial help as in grafting, or naturally as by suckers and viviparous buds. It is the same sort of thing as is seen in the

animal kingdom in the capability which a lobster has of renewing a whole limb accidentally lost, or in the capability possessed by certain other elongated animals, of producing, in the middle of the series of metameres, a new tail and a new head so as to make two complete animals out of one. Thus heredity is a widely diffused phenomenon exhibited throughout every part of the whole organic world.

It has yet to be shown that any such thing as heredity exists in the inorganic world. No such property can be exhibited in the realms of mechanics, chemistry or electricity. It is the distinctive character of life and organisation, and, to my mind, must continue so, being different in kind from the properties of matter.

Still more far-reaching this property must appear, if the phenomena of consciousness be taken into account. So far as is known in the ordinary paths of life, no act of consciousness takes place without a coincident chemical operation in nucleated corpuscles set aside for the purpose in the brain. Thus the phenomena of organisation, of heredity, and of consciousness are all brought together, and neither science nor philosophy can be content without an explanation of the whole.

The whole world is a revelation of Deity ; and the study of matter alone can never lay bare the mystery of Being.

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## NUR JAHAN.

(THE ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.)

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Mihar-ul-nissa left the room with her mother, it seemed to Salim as if the sun itself had disappeared. The sunbeams played to and fro on the marble floor and the brilliant walls, but they brought no rays of joy to Salim's love-sick heart. In the interview with which he had just been blessed, his heart, unconscious of obstacles which obstructed its way, was so full of rapture that even earth and heaven seemed too narrow to afford it a vent ; but now it seemed to him as if all of a sudden he had been thrown out from the bright heavens to the darkest hell. He rose, but his limbs refused to carry him ; he sank down again and there he remained, lost in utter gloom, for hours. The evening had darkened over the gay palace, and myriads of lamps were already twinkling like stars when he rose again and strode towards his own apartments, with his head sunk in his bosom, his arms folded within his robe, so much unlike the laughing Prince who had entered the palace in the morning, that there was something startling in the contrast which his pale face and mien presented to the thoughtless brows and animated air of the hitherto gay Prince Salim. He quietly entered his private chambers, where his gay companions were already waiting for him and had transformed the fairy mansion into a veritable elysium. From the beautifully sculptured cornices hung festoons of garlands, while in the centre of the room bloomed the rarest flowers, placed in vases of white marble supported on delicately chiselled pedestals, and a magnificent chandelier rayed out light which, caught in and reflected by the gems sparkling in the walls and the furniture and mosaic pavements, glowed with the richest.

colours. The companions greeted their Prince gaily, but he moodily sat down on a couch near which a table of solid gold sparkled with the wines of Shiraz expressed from the richest grapes.

“How, sir,” said a young man seating himself near the Prince, “is it that a cloud darkens your sunny brow?”

“It grieves my heart,” said another, “to see Your Highness in such gloom on the lovely Tijia night.”

“Here are wine, music and maidens,” said Mirza Ibrahim Koka: “may I fill up the cup which clears to-day of past regrets and future fears?”

“If the juice of all the grapes and poppies were blended in one draught,” replied Prince Salim, “it would lose its influence over me. There is a fire within my heart which all the Shiraz wines cannot quench.”

“Your Highness is enigmatical,” said Ibrahim. “Why torture us like this? Tell me that you desire the moon, and I will wrench it out from its blue skies and place it in your lap.”

“You have divined it,” said Prince Salim, with some animation; “it is a moon-faced damsel that I desire, but she has not the coldness of the moon, and yet a black cloud hangs across to eclipse my happiness.”

“Does she not love Your Highness?” asked another; “no, I cannot believe it.”

“She does,” said Prince Salim, “she loves me with all her heart, but—”

“There can be no obstacle,” said Ibrahim; “command me, and you shall see her in this room to-night.”

“No,” said the Prince, “it is not a mere whim or passing fancy. I will have her for all my life to be my Queen, my Empress.”

“Are you really serious?” said Ibrahim. “For if you wish to marry her, then tell me who her father is, and I will at once speak to him and arrange the marriage.”

“Her father’s name is Mirza Ghias Beg,” replied Prince Salim, “who is in high favour with my father.”

“Ah! then, Mihar-ul-nissa has smitten you,” said Ibrahim; “I know her father and have heard her sing; she seems to have fed on nightingales’ tongues.”

“Oh! she sings so sweetly,” murmured Prince Salim, “and her

songs are of her own composing ; as for the sitar and lyre I know not in which she most outdoes the Muses. She has such dazzling beauty ; if I had a thousand tongues I could not describe the fascinating charm of her eyes. Poetry flows spontaneously to her lips."

"True," said another companion, "I hear from a thousand lips that she is a veritable *houri* dropped from the heavens above. I am sure her father will be transported with joy when I tell him what his good fortune has effected, and he will thank his stars to have the future Emperor of this great country as his son-in-law."

"I don't know," replied Prince Salim ; "her father has betrothed her to Ali Kuli Beg, and he is said to be very firm ; unless they agree to dissolve the engagement, I am for ever doomed."

"Why, His Majesty can make them do so," said Ibrahim ; "they cannot stand against your wishes."

"Will you be my messenger and sound them, and try to persuade them to annul the engagement ?"

"That I will be only too pleased to do," replied Ibrahim ; "but look, the moon shines on, the night is advancing, the ruby sparkles in crystal urns, the time is flying: come, let us fill the cup in remembrance of the lovely Mihar-ul-nissa and fettered Prince Salim."

"No, not fettered," answered the Prince, "but made fair and free. The love that fills my soul has raised me to the heavens which you cannot share."

Ibrahim in the meanwhile placed a jewelled cup in the hand of the Prince. "I cannot refuse it," said he, as he drank it dry ; "it is in remembrance of my beloved, and even if you brought a poisoned cup and breathed her name over it, I would drink it as if it were nectar itself."

"Fill, fill up," cried several voices ; "cup-bearer, may your tavern last for a thousand years !"

And as the cup passed round, the company enlivened. Prince Salim asked for another cup and desired others to drink, and the ruby wine began to flow freely. Ibrahim, who was the foster-brother to the Prince and Master of his Household, waved his hand, and from behind the purple draperies trooped out such forms as eyes seldom behold on this earth. They came, some with garlands, others with lyres and sitars, jessamine flowers entwined in their

jet-black locks. In gliding measure of fascinating dance, they advanced and drew back, falling into a thousand ravishing positions ; they knelt, they filled the silver goblets, and gliding on in the dance, proffered bowls foaming and sparkling with wine ; they drew back, and pausing for a moment, filled the room with enchanting music and song ; and yet quicker and quicker tinkled the silver bells on their feet, while their songs came like a stream of sound bathing the senses unawares, subduing with delight and transporting the mind to elysian skies. They came in groups, and as one group drew back the other advanced, filling the cup from the glowing table and taking up the enchanting melody as they presented the cup, or with gay coquetry put it to their own lips, as these sweet melodies streamed out from them :

## I

“ Boy, let your liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad:  
Whatever the frowning zealots say,  
Tell them their Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Ruknabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

## 2

Sweet maid, if thou wouldest charm my sight,  
And bid these arms my neck enfold,  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give the poet more delight  
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarkand.

## 3

When these fair, fair perfidious maids,  
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,  
Their dear destructive charms display,  
Each glance my tender heart invades,  
And robs my wounded soul of rest,  
As Tartars seize their distant prey.

## 4

In vain with love our bosoms glow :  
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
New lustre to those charms impart ?

Can cheeks, where living roses blow,  
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,  
Require the borrowed gloss of art ?

5

Speak not of fate. Ah ! change the theme,  
And talk of odours, talk of wine ;  
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom  
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream :  
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

6

Beauty has such resistless power,  
That even the chaste Egyptian dame  
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy.  
For her how fatal was the hour,  
When to the banks of Nilus came  
A youth so lovely and so coy !

7

But ah ! sweet maids, my counsel hear.  
Youth should attend when those advise,  
Whom long experience renders sage :  
While music charms the ravished ear,  
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
Be gay and scorn the frowns of age.

8

What cruel answers have I heard !  
And yet by Heaven I love thee still :  
Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?  
Yet say, how fell that bitter word,  
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
Which naught but drops of honey sip ?

9

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
Like orient pearls at random strung :  
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,  
But O, far sweeter if they please,  
The nymphs for whom these notes are sung.

The Persian girls bowed and withdrew as a party of lovely Indian girls advanced and chanted :

1

“ Take these lotuses, loved one,  
So sweet by the river they grew ;  
And the ripples seem’d whispering “ Leave them,”  
But I ruthlessly plucked them for you.

2

They were fresh as the morn when I found them,  
But now they are casting their sheen ;  
They thought themselves peerless in beauty,  
And they pine at discovering a queen.

3

Yes, pillow them soft in thy bosom,  
Their heads on thy beautiful breast,  
And then in a foretaste of heaven  
Shall my death-stricken lotuses rest.

4

Thou art queen of all virtues and beauty,  
Yet my heart dares to call thee queen too,  
And remember when loving those lilies,  
Thy subject who brought them to you.”

“ Beautiful ! ” exclaimed Prince Salim, “ I must send her some flowers to-morrow.”

“ Don’t,” said Ibrahim, “ I must talk to her father and Ali Kuli Beg and bring them round. Any mistake on our part may spoil the whole thing. Ghias Beg is a man of honour and the mere idea that you are playing with his feelings may turn him against us.”

“ I will be guided by you,” said Prince Salim, “ but I am impatient to know the result of your visit to Mirza Ghias and Ali Kuli Beg.”

“ The first thing I do in the morning will be to go and see Mirza Ghias.”

“ But, then, it is getting late,” said Prince Salim ; “ let us retire so that you may be able to get up early and see Mirza Ghias before he goes to his office.”

Accordingly, the Prince and his companions rose and retired to

their own apartments, while Prince Salim dreamed of Mihar-ul-nissa and her love.

It was rather late in the morning when Ibrahim got up. The morning rays poured in on his bed, when he opened his eyes and drank off the delicious sherbet, cooled by the snows, which his servant brought to him; and then rising hastily, he went through his toilet, and in a splendid chariot drove to the house of Mirza Ghias Beg. Mirza Ghias received him with great courtesy, and invited him to sit on his pile of velvet cushions embroidered with gold, which looked like a bed of flowers on the snow-white floor-cloth: he turned the tube of the gold hooka toward him, offered him betel and cardamoms, perfumes and sherbets, and then politely enquired :

“ To what do I owe the honour of this visit ? ”

“ My most beloved friend,” said Ibrahim, “ circumstances have placed me in a dilemma which I know not how to solve, and I have come to beg your assistance in helping its solution.”

“ I am always at your service,” said Ghias Beg, “ and only happy to be of use to you.”

“ Accept my hearty thanks for your kind wishes,” replied Ibrahim; “ but it is a delicate question, and I hope you will pardon my presumption in speaking to you plainly.”

“ I am all ears,” said Mirza Ghias, “ please enlighten me.”

“ Prince Salim has sent me to you,” said Ibrahim, “ to ask you for the hand of your daughter, the beauteous Mihar-ul-nissa.”

“ I am flattered by the offer of the Prince,” said Mirza Ghias, reddening; “ but she has already been betrothed to Mirza Ali Kuli Beg, and I am sure the Prince, when you tell him about this, will give up the idea.”

“ He already knows it,” said Ibrahim, “ but that makes him all the more keen about it.”

“ I don’t think so,” said Mirza Ghias. “ It is a mere whim of the Prince and I am sure he will forget it when you speak to him about my helplessness in this case.”

“ Pardon me,” said Ibrahim, “ but I must speak to you plainly. The Prince has seen Mihar-ul-nissa and has fallen in love with her; he is in agonies and has sent me to request you to annul the engagement and to give her in marriage to him.”

"It pains me extremely to say that I cannot do anything," said Mirza Ghias firmly. "I have given my word of honour to Ali Kuli Beg and cannot retract from it."

"I would ask you to reconsider the matter," said Ibrahim persuasively; "you may take into consideration the fact that the happiness of the future Emperor of India is in your hands. Permit me to point out the consequences which may be the result of your hasty action now."

"I have thought of everything," replied Ghias Beg. "The Prince, as you know, is rather a gay person; he fancies now that he is in love, but it is a mere whim, a passing fancy, which may not last a day."

"You are wrong, for once," said Ibrahim; "I know my Prince better than you, and I can assure you that it is the fire of a lasting love which burns in his heart."

"I am sorry," said Mirza Ghias, "but I would rather be a peniless beggar than barter my honour for my own personal aggrandisement. I have given my word to Ali Kuli Beg and it rests upon him and him alone to absolve me from my promise."

"This is your last word?" enquired Ibrahim. "Let me tell you that the Prince has some power and means to attain his wishes."

"I don't doubt that," answered Mirza Ghias Beg, "but I have to show my face to God and I would rather die than have it blackened by dishonour and infamy. It shall never be said of Mirza Ghias Beg that he went back from his word for earthly honour and wealth. But you may speak to Ali Kuli Beg, and if he is willing to free me from my promise, I will be only too happy to obey the commands of His Highness."

"I will go and see Ali Kuli Beg at once," said Ibrahim, rising. "The Prince must be impatiently waiting for me. I bid you good morning."

"May God be with you," said Mirza Ghias Beg. "I hope His Highness will permit my sincerest apologies to suffice."

Ibrahim drove away without making a reply. He stopped at the gate of Ali Kuli Beg, who, on hearing of his arrival, came forward to receive him and courteously conducted him to his simple reception room.

"The soldier's house is honoured by your visit," said Ali Kuli Beg affably. "How is His Highness the Prince?"

"He is well," said Ibrahim, "may Heaven's choicest blessings shower upon him! And it is as his messenger that I have ventured to trouble you."

"Can I be of any use to His Highness?" enquired Ali Kuli Beg; "if so, I am ready with my life to serve him."

"You can do a great service," suggested Ibrahim; "you can make him happy or blast his happiness for all his life."

"Will you be so kind as to explain?" asked Ali Kuli Beg, with some anxiety: "My sword is always at his service."

"It is not your sword which is wanted, though the Prince rightly esteems its power; it is an affair of the heart."

"Will you explain your meaning?" enquired Ali Kuli Beg.

"I am very sorry, and it may give you pain, but I cannot help it: the Prince has fallen in love with Mihar-ul-nissa, who has been betrothed to you, and has sent me to ask you to annul the engagement."

"Silence, sir," said Ali Kuli Beg, angrily, as his sword leapt out from its scabbard. "I have sold my head, not my honour; my body, not my soul. I cannot desert the maid who has been named as my wife."

"Listen to me, I pray you," said Ibrahim; "if the girl herself does not love you and wishes to have the Prince, you cannot marry a person who may hate you instead of loving you."

"A word against the honour of my bride and you breathe no more. I tell you once for all that I cannot entertain such an idea."

"But let me point out to you the mistake you are making in thus rejecting the overtures of the Prince," put in Ibrahim.

"But me no buts," interrupted Ali Kuli Beg; "I know my own business and thank you for your kind thoughts. I wish you good morning."

"Good morning," said Ibrahim, rising to depart; "rash man, you will live to repent this day."

Ali Kuli Beg made no reply, but bowed him out of the room, and it was with a heavy heart that Ibrahim turned to the mansion of the Prince.

"You have no good news," exclaimed Prince Salim, as Ibra-

him entered his room : " your face shows the failure of your mission. " .

" You have rightly divined, sir," murmured Ibrahim, sitting down : " I have been baffled in my efforts, nay, insulted by that rude Persian. "

" I feared as much," said Prince Salim, " but I am not a Prince if I don't avenge your insult. "

" They are obstinate," said Ibrahim. " I went to Ghias Beg and he refused to draw back from his word ; I asked Ali Kuli Beg to be reasonable and he blusly said that he will not relinquish his betrothed. "

" Woe is me," said Prince Salim, falling back on his bed. " Tell me what to do ; my heart is tormented, it seems to have been set on fire, and I can think of nothing. "

" Cheer up, my Prince," said Ibrahim affectionately : " I can get still more charming *houris* for you. Shake off the glamour which the pretty girl has placed around your heart. "

" I have tried to do so," said the Prince, " I have tried to check my love for her. I have told my heart that there are many as charming girls ready to quench its fires, but it refuses all comfort ; Mihar-ul-nissa has become the queen of my heart and she will rule it whatever may happen ; without her my life will be a void, a waste, my heart a receptacle of perpetual gloom. "

" Then," said Ibrahim, after some reflection, " the best thing would be to write to His Majesty ; tell His Majesty the whole truth, and he may yet be able to give you the darling of your heart. "

" You are right," said the Prince ; " my father, if he wishes, can yet insure my happiness, and by so doing make me what he desires me to be. I will write to him at once," and taking the pen he impulsively wrote the following note :

My DEAR REVERED FATHER,—the polar star of the two worlds, may you live for ever to protect me !

I am scarcely able to hold the pen, and do forgive me, dear father, if you meet some improper expression in my letter. I am sure you will make allowances for my waywardness when you know the present state of my mind.

Father, you too have seen Mihar-ul-nissa and marked her great accomplishments, which add lustre to her all-conquering beauty. Surely, God Himself could not make one like her again. She has inspired me

with a love that I can no longer conceal. I love her with all the pulsations of my heart, and my love, (ah ! the bliss), is reciprocated. Miharl-nissa loves me in return ; my affections are too permanently fixed to be ever removed from the beloved, her image is engraved in my heart : so, dear and good father, don't try to dissuade me.

My happiness and misery will be in proportion to your orders : you can make two beings extremely happy or render their lives for ever miserable. I cannot live without her and if you will not give your assent and a helping hand, you will make your beloved son miserable and wretched for ever. I am told that her father has betrothed her to Ali Kuli Beg, but you can annul the engagement and make two beings supremely happy.

I am, your ever-loving son,  
SALIM.

The Prince deliberately folded the letter and put it in an envelope and, handing it over to a page, instructed him to deliver it into the hands of His Majesty alone.

### CHAPTER VIII.

On the opposite side of the great enclosure, within the palace of Fatehpur Sikri, there rises a strange structure which still shows in a concrete form the lofty ideals which inspired the good and mighty Akbar.

On the top of a thick column rising some ten feet from the ground floor is a broad entablature surrounded by four galleries, each communicating with the central entablature by one of the causeways leading from the capital of the column to the four corners of the room. It was here that the great enquirer would often take his seat on a carpet spread in the centre of this massive cobweb, the calm centre of a dialectic cyclone, as if above this earth and its petty narrow-mindedness, yet linked thereto by the love which coursed warmly in his veins.

It was here that the page sent by Prince Salim found Akbar seated on a black stone in front of the great gate and looking into space, as Abul Fazal respectfully sat beside him.

“ I say, Ilami,” said Akbar, “ when is all this strife to cease, when is the warring of creeds and nations to stop, when will humanity see the heavenly light as it flows unsullied from above and recognise

its own place in the universe? Ah! when will superstition and fanaticism give place to Reason and open all hearts to the Divine light? Look, how we have striven to convince even the learned of this great country of the truths which shine like beacon-lights on this earth! Yet they refuse to receive them, and distort them according to their own narrow visions. They call me a heretic, an atheist, a sun-worshipper, a Christian, a Hindu and a Buddhist, because I have declared that there is Truth in all, with more or less of error in all, that the common Truth, which shines like the sun itself through many-lined screens, is the guiding light of all religions. I act as a devout Hindu, a pious Christian, and a selfless Parsi, because I find no difference in the essence of their teachings, though the modes of worship vary. You, who can construct the future from the ruins of the past, tell me when all this will vanish, when kings will cease to persecute people and priests give up fighting for their opinions. For, alas! it is not the teachings of the Prophets, whether Hindu, Mohammedan or Christian, which they wish to hold up, but their own petty thoughts about those teachings."

"Ah!" murmured Abul Fazal, "if they would only enquire, if they would only follow the wide road of knowledge, undisturbed by narrow egotistic fancies, the scales would drop from their eyes, they would see the sun and the age of Reason would commence; pity would turn into boundless compassion, justice into universal brotherhood, and tolerance ripen into glowing love, and humanity would be happy, peaceful, and loving!"

"You inspire me with hope, you paint the future in glowing colours," said Akbar, "and yet I see a dark cloud across the horizon. You have often read to me the histories of all the nations, and yet I find the work, which great men of all ages and all times spent their lives in pushing forward, vanished away like the mist before the frightful egotism which seems to be the very nature of men."

"Not so, my loved sovereign," said Abul Fazal; "the words of these ages speak from the remote past, their aspirations vibrate on the air which we breathe, and kindle a kindred spirit to higher and higher aspirations. What are a few years, a few centuries, a few ages? The future is being woven in infinite Time: happy they who see the light and work to lighten the gloom which obscures the vision of others."

"My sage, my philosopher," said Akbar; "a kind Fate has sent you to me to help and guide me. My work is to act and strive to do good, and leave the rest in the hands of those Divine Powers who guide this earth. How beautifully Krishna has said, 'Our task is to work without a desire for fruit of our actions, having renounced attachment, and with steadfast devotion !' And yet they call me a heretic when I tell them this."

"Egotism blinds them," said Abul Fazal. "It is the burden of the teachings of Buddha, Christ and Mohammed, and yet the blind Ulmahs, the bigoted Brahmins, would not acknowledge the unity of the idea which finds expression in a different language."

"What pains me most," said Akbar "is that I find good and pious people, selfless and devoted, taking shelter in the dark cave of the ignorant people."

"They have to blame but themselves," said Abul Fazal; "they plead that some sort of form is necessary, that the people require images and not abstract truth, and so they want by their devotion to show the utility of forms."

"Forms, forms," exclaimed Akbar, "always forms, and alas ! how many times the life-giving teachings have not crystallised into stone and iron ! I would leave the forms untouched if they show that they practically operate for good in the lives of men. I cannot allow these dark shadows to obstruct the light which flows out from the divine fountain. Let us proclaim the Truth, and rely on the power of Truth to find its way home to the hearts of people. The Truth requires no coloured shadows to heighten its dazzling effulgence."

"It is God who speaks in you," said Abul Fazal; "it is a mistake to bring down the higher ideal to the common level of people: that which in its own innate glory would have drawn the people to its own height, when brought down to the common level, becomes itself distorted and loses its power for good."

"The history of Hinduism makes it plain enough," said Akbar. "Purushottama, hanging between heaven and earth on his char-poy near my balcony, has propounded to me the high truths of the Vedas and Upanishads, bright like the noonday sun, and I have been marvelling why teachings so pure in their nature have ceased to be operative, why the divine teachings of Buddha vanished from the

land. My heart gives me a two-fold answer ; the unpreparedness of humanity in general for these glorious teachings, and the eagerness of some great and good men to help humanity by other ways than the direct way of Truth. It was in the hope of leading the people to higher and higher ideals that they brought truths down in familiar forms, and alas ! the truths which made those forms real disappeared and the empty forms alone remained to delude humanity."

"Truly so," said Abul Fazal ; "even great Shankara, who worked out a two-fold system, esoteric and exoteric, failed in his aims, and the esoteric has been darkened by the exoteric which ends in a thousand lifeless and meaningless ceremonies."

"We are wiser now," said Akbar, "and the divine religion may yet unite humanity and lead it to its highest goal."

"Amen!" said Abul Fazal ; "as I said before, nothing is lost, and all our efforts, whether right or wrong, must bear their fruit."

Further conversation was interrupted as the page sent by Salim respectfully stepped up and handed the letter into the hands of Abul Fazal, which Abul Fazal placed before His Majesty. The Emperor tore open the envelope, looked at the letter, and then made a gesture to the page to depart. When he had withdrawn, making an obeisance, Akbar handed the letter to Abul Fazal, who read it to His Majesty.

"Now, Abul Fazal," said Akbar, "the Empress told me all about it last night. I have seen Mihar-ul-nissa myself, and I have never seen a mortal face more exquisitely moulded ; a certain melancholy softens and elevates its expression and gives her beauty the charm of a spirit. I have heard her sing songs of her own composition, and she has a genius beyond that of woman, keen, dazzling and bold, and if the Prince is really in love with her she may yet turn his heart to higher and purer aims. I don't know what Mirza Ghias Beg may say ; I cannot compel him to do anything, though it will please me greatly if Mirza Ghias Beg can see his way to give Mihar-ul-nissa in marriage to my son ; she will make such a splendid queen."

"My gracious Sovereign," said Abul Fazal, "the affair requires delicate handling and your Majesty might ask Mirza Ghias ; if he is unwilling to go back from his word, then we must bear patiently with the Prince and allow him to exhaust his idle humour."

"The Prince seems to be deeply in love with her," said Akbar, "and in case Mirza Ghias persists in refusing the hand of his daughter, he may do something rash."

"Pardon me, my good Sovereign," said Abul Fazal, "but the Prince is so wayward in his habits that he will forget all about this love of his for Mihar-ul-nissa when some new whim attracts his fancy."

"The Prince is in the heyday of youth," mildly suggested Akbar, "and is trying to stifle his higher yearnings in the muddy waters of pleasure; it will soon cease to please him, he will get tired of it, and then no one will be better pleased with his pupil than his learned master, your brother. The lessons which he has imparted to him, the ideas that he has awakened, must bear fruit. You yourself have told me that the Prince wants neither shrewdness nor capacity for affairs."

"I will pawn my life that he does not," said Abul Fazal: "he does not lack intelligence and spirit; all that he lacks is a desire for work."

"He will have that in time," said Akbar, "and his love for Mihar-ul-nissa may even now rouse his mind to higher aims and ideals."

"Ah! here come Mirza Ghias and Ali Kuli Beg themselves, so the matter can be at once decided," exclaimed Abul Fazal.

"I think you had better speak to Mirza Ghias; it will not do for me to open the subject," suggested Akbar.

"As it pleases your Majesty," said Abul Fazal making a bow; "I will put the question clearly to Mirza Ghias."

Mirza Ghias Beg and Mirza Ali Kuli Beg respectfully laid their hands on their foreheads and touched the earth, and then, rising, stood near their Sovereign.

"You are early, like ourselves," said Akbar, "but that will give us a chance of a little chat with you. What brings the gallant Ali Kuli Beg to listen to the dry discussions of the scholars?"

"To bask in the sunshine of your divine presence," said Ali Kuli Beg, making a low obeisance; "discussion in a meeting which your Majesty illuminates by your presence cannot be dry."

"So even you are picking up courtly manners," remarked Akbar, "you are welcome to our discussions. Fools only call these

meetings dry and valueless, but know, young man, that ideas rule the universe for evil or good, and the greatest work is that which is done on the plane of thought. Man is called the greatest of all creation simply because he has the power to think, which enables him to move heaven and earth, and make creatures a thousand times stronger than himself obey his will and be of service to him."

"A miracle!" exclaimed Mirza Ghias; "how beautifully you have explained the power of thought, and yet our thoughts are mere fancies coming in and passing out like the wind that blows, little regarded by the men who may use them."

"Exactly so, and that is what the Yoga tries to teach; it is said that if thought could be controlled, concentrated and brought to a focal point, it could move the very heavens, if so desired."

"With your leave, sire," said Ghias Beg; "but the Hindus seem to me mere speculative visionaries, who talk a great deal and weave out many philosophies which do not practically make them any better."

"You mean the Hindus of the present day," said Abul Fazal; "but they are not authors of the lofty philosophical systems which are unsurpassed for their transcendental thoughts. The Hindus of ancient times were different from the narrow sectarians of our own day, who float on the fathomless seas of the glorious thoughts of their ancestors like rudderless atoms. Enough of this," added Abul Fazal, with a gesture, "we can talk of these things when the discussion opens, but I wish to speak to you about something which concerns you more than anything else."

"Pray speak," said Mirza Ghias.

"You will pardon my plain speaking," said Abul Fazal, "but I think I must make a clean breast of it all. Permit me to tell you that Prince Salim happened to see your charming daughter accidentally and lost his heart."

"Go on," said Mirza Ghias moodily.

"I think I have nothing more to add than this," added Abul Fazal, "except that you can make Prince Salim happy or miserable. His Majesty, as you know, is unwilling to force his own wishes, but it will please His Majesty not the less if you approve of the proposal. His Majesty does not wish you to do anything which you don't like; so you are free to decide according to the dictates of your own conscience and reason."

Mirza Ghias bowed and said : " May the heavenly radiance of His Majesty's just rule extend from pole to pole. I can sacrifice my life in His Majesty's service, but not my honour. I am flattered, nay honoured, by the proposal just made, but alas ! I am powerless. Ali Kuli Beg has my word and I cannot violate my promise. The word once spoken cannot be recalled, but if Mirza Ali Kuli Beg sets me free from my promise, I would think it an honour to give my daughter in marriage to our good Prince Salim—may he live the life of a Khizer ! "

" As for myself," said Ali Kuli Beg solemnly, " I would sooner die than see my betrothed married to another."

" So you are firm," said Akbar, " though I wished otherwise ; however, let the marriage take place at an early date."

" We came here early," said Mirza Ghias, " simply to request your Majesty to help us, for the Prince may create obstacles, which without your help it will not be possible for us to surmount."

" The Prince shall do nothing," said Akbar. " I will see to it. You may retire now and make preparations for the marriage."

" May the sun of your glory never set!" said Mirza Ghias and Ali Kuli Beg with one voice, as they made their bows and retired to Diwani'am.

" Now, Abul Fazal," said Akbar, " I feared as much. They have acted as all honourable men must, but I hoped that they would decide otherwise."

" I wish they had," said Abul Fazal; " but Mirza Ghias is an honourable man, while Ali Kuli Beg is a rash soldier."

" But now tell me how to deal with the Prince ; I don't want to occasion him unnecessary pain, and yet I don't know how to avoid it."

" The best course for the Prince would be to travel a little and absent himself from Agra for some months. The Rana of Odeypore is again in rebellion, and the Prince may well take that expedition in hand ; in the excitement of war he will forget all about Mihar-ul-nissa : in fact, he will have no time to think of such a thing, and by the time the war is over his passion will be exhausted ; and when he finds her married on his return he will forget all about her."

" Your advice is good," said Akbar; " but if the Prince is really in love, the marriage of Mihar-ul-nissa in his absence may drive him

mad, and estrange his affection from us ; however, this is the best course, and you had better write to the Prince on my behalf and direct him to proceed with the expedition." Abul Fazal took his pen and ink and wrote as follows :—

Light of my eyes, comfort of my heart, dearer than life, my son Prince Salim, ringlet on the forehead of fortune, and collyrium of the eye of greatness, may long life be yours !

Your loving letter was on a subject which surprised me a good deal, as I thought you were quite happy with the beautiful princess, your wife. However, I would have been only too glad to promote your happiness, but as you tell me Mihar-ul-nissa is betrothed to another, I will ask you to relax this determination. She cannot be yours unless her parents annul the engagement. Though I can compel them to do so, it would not be consistent with my policy, and I am sure you do not wish to see my rule tarnished with a single act of injustice in my old age ; I will do all I can to carry out your wishes, but alas ! even for you I cannot depart from the path of justice.

And now I have another matter on which to speak to you. The Rana of Odeypore has broken into rebellion, and devastated our country : the situation is serious, and requires strong and immediate measures. I am at present unable to take the command of the forces in person, so I ask you to march with the army and quell the rebellion. Three army corps set out to-day ; you, however, can join them by forced marches a day or two after, but it will not do to tarry long. As has been said, you can stop the growth of a young tree by the tip of your finger, but when once it has grown, even an elephant cannot root it out ; so let your action be prompt and determined, and let all know what the future Emperor of India is made of.

May victory attend you ! With my blessings protect to you from harm,  
Believe me,  
Your loving father,  
AKBAR.

Abul Fazal read this letter to His Majesty, which Akbar signed with his own hand ; then, carefully folding it, handed it over to the page who had brought the letter from the Prince, and told him to depart.

(*To be continued.*)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

*Kheri District, Oudh.*

## E TENEBRIS.

## AN INCOMPLETE STORY.

THE purple eventide threw its magic spell over land and sea, as the rays of the setting sun gleamed and glinted on the ruined towers of Bassein. A delicious breeze from the Indian Ocean kissed the palm trees that seemed to guard the grey old towers ; and they gently bowed their fronds in response to the caress. Here, a hundred years before the English adventured to India, scions of noble houses had come from Lisbon, and built a magnificent city. It was girt by a massive wall thirty feet in height, and of immense thickness. From the lofty rampart of San Sebastian the eye could gaze on an endless panorama of sea, river and mountain, or of dark cool groves fringing the shore. Within the enceinture the remains of splendid churches, palaces and monasteries were scattered about in confused profusion. The chancels of the churches still possessed their ceilings of carven stone. For the rest the only roof was the blue dome of heaven. The feathery bamboo, the sacred pipal, and the graceful date-tree struggled for mastery on the sites where Christian congregations had offered their Paters and Aves. Festoons of many a climbing plant clustered from pillar to pillar ; and grasses grew on altars where priests had ministered.

I had spent the afternoon in exploring the hoary ruins, the weather-beaten piles of a vanished civilisation. There was the Church of the Franciscan order, dedicated to the Invocation of Santo Antonio. The splendour of its height and proportions, and the majestic stateliness of the construction, were exceedingly impressive ; while the arched stone roof of the choir, its elaborate mouldings, perfect as from the hands of the builder, looked down in scornful mockery on the tangle of tree and scrub that ventured to molest the sacred precincts. Thence along grassy glades intersecting the thick growth

which the sunbeams could hardly pierce ; here doubtful if some slender shaft were the trunk of a palm tree or the pillar of a temple, there checked by fragments of fallen cornices and porticoes hidden by a mass of trailing creepers. There was the superb church of Nossa Senhora da Vida, with deep lancet windows, and lofty chancel arch of finely dressed basalt, and the ceiling above the altar wrought into exquisite detail by the chisel. British vandalism had once desecrated this beautiful edifice by converting it into a refinery for sugar. The machinery is as ruinous as the shrine. There was the church of the Misericordia, whose great square tower, battered and rugged, was silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky and mirrored in the waters of a curving lakelet. Clinging to the church of the Misericordia was the hospital of the same name, a vast pile of cloister, arch and arcade. And close by the Christian church stands a modern Hindu temple of the God Mahdev ! There was the Matriz or Cathedral of St. Joseph, conspicuous by its massive high tower crowned with a casement of the most delicate tracery. But it was not the ecclesiastics only who had built in the days gone by. There was the citadel, or inner fortress, the ruins of the State House and Court of Justice, the palaces of the General of the North and other dignitaries, the market place and private dwellings.

The sun was sinking low as I found myself before the church and monastery of the Jesuits, dedicated to St. Paul. The edifice was simply magnificent ; and, a solitary exception, it had been cleared of all vegetable growth. The exterior of the west front was singularly elaborate and handsome. On either side of the great door-way stood delicately chiselled shafts with Corinthian capitals, supporting a sculptured cross and decorated frieze. Built on to the church was the monastery, or college, with its terraces and cloistered precincts which the monks used to frequent of old. Entrancing but yet saddening were these monuments of the past. Who of the noble residents of Bassein in its palmy days could have foretold this ruin and desolation ? Who could have guessed that the days of their splendour were numbered, while in time to come the insignificant band of Englishmen, who were struggling to establish themselves at Surat, should master the whole Continent of India ? What has the future for us ? Will a new conqueror some day wander through the ruins of Bombay, and explore the remains of its

Cathedral and university ? What like, I soliloquised, were the old builders of these stately Bassein fanes ? Strange that people who raised such a city as this could not keep it ! They must have had lives and histories brimful of interest. If one could only see Bassein as it once was ! Alas ! that its records are so exceedingly scanty and limited.

"I beg your pardon, Senhor, for interrupting you," said a voice beside me ; "but if you would care to hear about the ancient days of Bassein, all information that I can give you is at your service."

I turned round greatly surprised. I had not been conscious of any one's approach. And, had I been talking aloud, instead of merely thinking to myself ? If so, what could the stranger know of former days beyond what he had picked up from the very indifferent histories that existed ? However, he might be able to tell me something about the ruins that would be interesting to a sight-seer like myself.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness," I said, "I had no idea that I had been speaking, or that any one was near me. I admit that I was wondering what Bassein and its people were like in the days when the city was at the zenith of its prosperity."

My visitor was a remarkable personality. Dressed in a long black cassock, girt about the waist by a triple cord, he appeared to be a priest or brother, of the Church of Rome. His head-dress was a broad brimmed black hat of soft felt. So far as his costume was concerned he might have been one of the Goanese priests serving in the modern Catholic Churches round about Bassein. But he was obviously of pure European descent, free from any admixture of the East. His features were clean-cut and aristocratic. And above all things he was old ; oh ! so old. He might have been tall once, but his back was bent ; and his face was wrinkled with countless seams. But in his eye there was still the flash of youth, and his articulation was clear and distinct.

"If you will be pleased to listen to me, Senhor," replied the ecclesiastic, "I think I may be able to picture to you to some extent what life in this city was long ago. But first suffer me to introduce myself. My name is Antonio de Menevez. I am assistant priest at the church of Our Blessed Lady of Mercies, about two miles from here, where Father Manuelo de Silva is Vicar. I

frequently come to visit the old churches in the city. I am the last of my line, and am, as you see, stricken in years. My ancestor, Hector de Menevez, came from Lisbon in the early days. He was a soldier, and of noble family. He won distinction in the wars with the infidels, and was rewarded with a grant of land on which he and his heirs settled. When I was a boy my father loved to recount to me the traditions and stories of bygone times, which had been handed down from father to son. I can quite people these old walls with cavaliers and ladies, priests and doctors, and feel that I knew them all myself. But you must be wearied, Senhor, with your afternoon's exertions. If you will be pleased to sit down, and allow me to rest my old limbs, I can relate to you at greater ease something of what I have been told."

So as the twilight deepened, we sat down together on an old stone bench beside the gateway of the College. I offered my friend a cigarette, but he declined it with a slight movement of the head. I lit one myself and prepared to listen with interest.

"It is nearly four centuries," said the priest, "since our famous Viceroy, Nuno da Cunha founded this great city, which flourished exceedingly, though not without vicissitudes, for more than two hundred years. Under strong Governors our military arrangements were thoroughly efficient; and we could defy any attack from hostile armies. We were thus enabled to devote ourselves to the enjoyment of our tastes. We built the beautiful churches of which you see the remains; and the private houses, shops and places of amusement were all on the same grand scale. It was the chief aim of our people to reproduce here the charms of our beloved Portugal. We made tanks, and cultivated gardens, introducing oranges and grapes from Europe. We had our horses and our yachts, and all that we could wish for in the way of pleasure. Our people settled down here for good and all, without a thought of returning home, as you English perpetually do. Thus there was no need to put by money for declining years in the old country, and we could lavish our means here without anxiety for a distant future. But I think, Senhor, that this was an error. While the English are constantly strengthened by fresh blood from home, our race gradually degenerated beneath the subtle influence of the climate. The process, however, was a slow one. Meanwhile, life was joyous and bright. None

but Christians were allowed to reside within the walls, and the city might have been a Mafra or a Coimbra transplanted across the sea. You can imagine the clank of sword and spur as the picked men of the army of the King of Portugal relieved guard on the ramparts. You can still see the stalls where stood the horses of the Governor's bodyguard, along the northern wall. You can picture to yourself the gallant hidalgos from Lisbon displaying their horsemanship in the cool of the evening before audiences of beautiful ladies. Oh ! there was feasting and banqueting in those days ; and youths and maidens danced the zambra beneath the orange groves. But it was not only pleasure that was cultivated. Learned doctors studied and taught the arts and sciences ; and the library and learning of the Jesuits became alike celebrated. Famous too was the hospitality of their monastery, so much so that no stranger of whatsoever rank could lack entertainment ; and there was no need for any inn."

" You have indeed," I said, as the priest paused for a moment, " given me a vivid idea of the life led here in former days ; but what I should like to hear would be the names and stories of some individuals. Perhaps some have been handed over to you by your ancestors."

" Yes," he replied, " you are right. It is the stories of individuals that constitute the real life of the place. And there were so many, so many of whom I could tell you. There was the time of the fearful tempest when the waves of the sea over-topped the city walls, and people thought that the end of the world had come, I could tell you of the heroism that was shown then, and later when Arab pirates dared to land on the coast. But perhaps you would be more interested in a story of the siege by the Mahrattas in the year 1690. The enemy was not successful at that time. There was close on half a century to run before the city was forced to capitulate to overwhelming pagan forces, and the end of all things came. Yes, Senhor, this is the incident that I will select. You must know that the Governor of the city was one Aleixo da Sylveira. He was old and gouty. By nature he was cruel and unscrupulous ; but his courage and ability were undoubted, and none dared gainsay him. One day in the month of April there arrived from the Tagus the good ship " Reina Isabella." On board were a number of passengers, including a beautiful girl named Inez da Miranda, fresh from a con-

vent at Cintra, in charge of an old duenna named Theresa. Inez was no less charming in manner and disposition than she was in appearance ; and every young cavalier worshipped the ground that she trod on. And think, (Saints of Heaven, how could it be possible?) this incomparable creature was to be wedded to Aleixo da Sylveira! If no one could tolerate him before, every one simply loathed him now, when they thought of the unholy union which was to be solemnised within a few weeks."

"But why," I interrupted, "did not one of the young bloods run off with her, and take her to an English settlement at Surat or Bombay? Was there no one who had the spirit to rescue the girl from the fate that awaited her?"

"There was, Senhor," replied the priest. "Antonio, a Captain in the King's Royal Regiment of Carabineros, determined by hook or by crook to make her his own, and save her from the hideous future to which she was doomed. He had been in command of the party that escorted the lady from the landing place to her temporary residence in the convent of Nossa Senhora da Vida. There had been no chance of introduction or conversation, but their eyes had met. That may mean nothing in England ; but to those of the South of Europe, where hearts beat quicker and more unrestrainedly, it means much. It may mean everything. The eye may say more than a thousand tongues. Inez was tall and stately, tall, that is, for a Southerner, with the clearest of complexions, and roses on her cheeks such as many an English girl might envy. She had flashing eyes, and coils of rich brown hair covered her shapely head. No wonder that Antonio determined to make her his bride. Their eyes met again. This time it was in the Cathedral, where Antonio had to attend the Governor at High Mass. I can tell you the very day. It was Sunday the 15th of April. To Inez was assigned a place in the seats reserved for ladies of rank. She was clad in pure white, and wore a red rose in her bosom. The service over, Antonio walked out in rear of the Governor. As he passed Inez, her rose fell on the ground, and Antonio picked it up. What ill spirit possessed His Excellency to look round at that exact moment ? He noted the gift of the rose, and the looks that passed between the two ; but whatever he thought, he said nothing. As they left the Cathedral, Antonio saluted, and went to his quarters.

He knew the character of Aleixo da Sylveira, whose silence was always feared more than his words ; and he realised that he must now carry out his plans immediately or not at all. He contrived to arrange an interview with the duenna Theresa, who for a purse of gold coins carried his message to Inez, and brought back her answer. Yes, she would fly with him, fly with him to the end of the world. She consented that very night to slip out to the yacht which he would have ready beyond the sea-gate, where he was to be on guard. She would send him another red rose to let him know that she was prepared."

"I have told you, Senhor," added the priest with another short pause," that this was at the time when the Mahrattas were investing the city. There had been many alarms of late, and frequent night attacks on the walls. The enemy was invariably beaten off, but there was need for all possible vigilance. At ten that night, as Antonio was about to take command of the sea-gate, he received a special order from the Governor directing him to take charge of the land-gate instead, as information had been received that an attack in force was expected upon it, and Antonio was selected, on account of his prowess, to hold the place of danger. He was to proceed to his post without a moment's delay. Conceive his feelings, Senhor. Imagine his agony, his despair. If he could only communicate with Inez, and let her know that, after all, flight on that night was impossible! How could he achieve this at such a time ? His brain was in a whirl, and in a torment of doubt and uncertainty he went perforce to the land-gate, the whole length of the city from the spot where his Inez might even now be awaiting him. It was almost a relief to hear the cannon balls from the Mahratta battery crash against the wall, or fly screaming over his head.. Half an hour passed. An hour went slowly by. What was this that one of his men was saying to him ? A woman wanted to speak to him below the guard ? He must go and see. Yes, there was a woman. She held something in her hand. It was a rose, a red rose. He could distinguish it in the pale moon-light. The woman was Theresa. Her message was that Inez had managed to elude the guard at the sea-gate, and was already safe in the yacht. The Capitano must come at once. What could he possibly do ? Oh! if he had only been in command at the sea-gate!

But it was no time for hesitation. He must run the risk, cross the city, and invent some excuse which should persuade the guard at the sea-gate to let him through. "Follow me," he said to Theresa, and they turned down a by-way behind the church of Santo Antonio. "Halt," said a gruff voice, as a guard of soldiers sprang up, and lights flashed out. "Well, my fine bird," chuckled Aleixo da Sylveira, "how likkest thou the red rose that I sent thee? Be not alarmed for Inez. She is safe in bed. No boat for her, you hound!" Resistance was hopeless. The odds were twelve against one. Antonio was marched off to the Citadel, heavily fettered, and thrown into a dungeon. He was a young man then, Senhor, a very young man, only three-and-twenty. Fifty years later, when Bassein had to capitulate to the Mahrattas, the victorious enemy found in the dungeon of the citadel an old, old man. He seemed to understand little or nothing, and all that he could say was "Inez," and "the red rose." He was handed over to the priests of the church of our Blessed Lady of Mercies outside the city, and there the tenderest care was bestowed upon him."

"What a terrible tragedy," I said. "You have indeed made me see with my own eyes the old days of Bassein."

Something in the priest's face caught my attention. He rose, and stood as one transfixed.

"Inez, Inez," he said, "the red rose of Inez, see, see!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The vast church of St. Paul's stood in all its ancient splendour. Within it was a blaze of light. Outside, the city teemed with life. The palms and grasses were gone. The streets were crowded with people. Soldiers in brilliant uniform rode past on richly caparisoned chargers, priests passed hither and thither through the cloisters and precincts, all restored to their original beauty. The solemn tones of the organ pealed out. Benediction was over, and a procession of priests and congregation was proceeding from the church. As they emerged from the Western door the priests commenced to sing "Dixit dominus domino mèo;" silver trumpets sounded, and the throng of choristers and people joined in with the "sede a meis dextris." On and on they passed till the church was well-nigh empty, a group of ladies bringing up the end of the

procession. One of them was of surpassing beauty. She was dressed in pure white, and in her bosom she wore a red rose.

"Inez! my Inez!" said a voice beside me, where the old priest had stood, but the priest was gone, and it was a handsome young cavalier who was there now. "Inez! Inez!" burst again from his lips. "I have waited so long!" She saw him, their eyes met, and he flew towards her.

\* \* \* \*

What had happened? There seemed to have been silence for a long time. The old priest had sunk upon the ground beside the ruined shrine. Was he wearied with his long discourse? It was nearly dark, but a crescent moon shone palely through the ancient cloisters. I spoke to him, but he made no reply. I stooped down. He was very still. So still that he would relate no more stories of the olden days to passing visitors. I found some one to watch by him while I went to the vicar of the church of our Blessed Lady of Mercies to inform him of the death of his assistant.

"Yes," he said, "he was a very old man. It is well that he has gone quietly to his rest. He was so old that no one can say how long he has been here. He entered the church first as a sacristan and then as a priest when he was very old, long before I ever came here, and none of us knows his history."

I could have told them, but they would not have believed me.

"He left a will," continued the vicar, "that he should be buried in the ruined church of Nossa Senhora da Vida. We will inter him in the morning."

I went to the simple ceremony. In digging the grave the workmen came upon a slab bearing the inscription "Inez da Miranda, April 16th; A.D. 1690. R.I.P."

She had not survived the imprisonment of her lover.

And their long separation was ended.

JOSEPH TIEFFENTALLER, S.J.

A FORGOTTEN GEOGRAPHER OF INDIA.

From Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul, . . .  
From India and golden Chersonese—  
And utmost Indian Isle Taprobane.

—*Milton.*

THIS vague description of India by the great poet may be taken as a specimen of the hazy notion the West had for thousands of years about the land of their Aryan brethren.

Scores of Greek and Roman geographers endeavoured, in the course of centuries, to draw maps of India, and give their contemporaries more definite ideas of the situation and shape of the wonderland. All in vain! Megasthenes' knowledge of India was confined to the valleys of the Indus and the middle Ganges. His successor, Erastophenes, ventured to draw a map of the country, but he strangely distorted its outlines, so much so that India extended from West to East, with Cape Comorin as its most easterly point. Hipparchus, of the following generation, did not succeed in giving the peninsula its southerly direction again. After him Pliny and Periplus promised to open a fresh development in the knowledge of the country by furnishing descriptions of the direct way to India, *via* the Red and Arabian seas. However, fifty years later, Marinus of Tyre threw the minds of the Western geographers again into utter confusion by locating the capital of the Seres (the Chinese), some 3,000 miles too far to the east, an error which induced Christopher Columbus to approach India from the west. Claudius Ptolomeus, who may be called the last great ancient geographer, wrote about 150 A.D. He was a mathematician and astronomer, and regarded geography from a corresponding point of view. But even he places Cape Comorin very little to the south of the mouth of the Indus.

For the next 1,000 years our knowledge of the East was confined to the accounts which reached us through the agency of the Arabs. Then

began the period of travelling. We cannot be grateful enough to Marco Polo, Peter de la Valle, John Fryer, Thevenot, Tavernier, Bernier, and others for their "books of travel." They gave us, indeed, most charming descriptions of the lands and places they had seen. But all this was only a relative gain. Despite the huge amount of local information gathered, the general and scientific aspect of the map of India had improved very slowly, even as late as the 17th century. A few instances will bear out this statement, showing at the same time how utterly ignorant these travellers were in respect of certain important details. Thus, Philippe de la Trinité assures his readers "that he had seen the Ganges at Goa, in the territory of Salsette, where one of its arms falls into the sea." On examining Bernier's map of Hindustan, we are surprised to see the Godavery, which he styles "Guenga Fluvius," flow in a north-easterly direction through Berar, and join the Hugly river at its mouth. According to the same map the Jamna flows from Delhi in an east-north-easterly direction, so that Delhi and Agra are on the same parallel of latitude, both south of Ellabas (Allahabad). On the other hand, the coast-lines of the great peninsula were being carefully investigated, about this time, by Portuguese and French, as well as English navigators, with the result that Guillaume Delisle was able to produce in 1700 a much improved map of the Old World, where Hindustan, for the first time, resembles the India of our modern maps. However, as a matter of fact, the interior of the country was even then a *terra incognita* from the standpoint of the scientific geographer, inasmuch as the relative positions of otherwise well-known cities were subjected to ludicrous displacements, in respect of latitudes and longitudes.

Such was\* the condition of the geographical knowledge of India,\* when in the latter part of 1743 there arrived from Europe a Jesuit missionary who considered it a part of his vocation to explore the interior on a more scientific basis. The name of this man has been ignored, or, at least, long since forgotten in India. Growse is probably the only Anglo-Indian writer that honours the man's memory by the laconic reference, "Joseph Tieffentaller was a native of Bolzano (Botzen) in the Austrian Tyrol, who arrived in India A.D. 1743, as a Jesuit missionary. He travelled extensively, and wrote, in Latin, accounts of the country." And yet Tieffentaller used to speak of the ruling race, the English, in the highest terms of praise. However, bearing in mind that the missionary wrote his books in Latin, and that he was a member of the most

\* D'Anville's map of India was published in 1752, and Major Rennel's only 1788.

malignéd religious order, it may not be a matter for surprise to see the Anglo-Indian writers giving him the cold shoulder.

Tieffentaller's admirers are found elsewhere, at Copenhagen, at Paris and Berlin. The famous traveller and Orientalist, Anquetil du Perron, after having discussed several of Father Tieffentaller's works before the Académie des Sciences of Paris, congratulates himself, with an air of satisfaction, for having introduced the learned missionary to the men of letters.

John Bernoulli, an astronomer of some repute, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, not only eulogised Father Tieffentaller's works, but found them so much up to the mark, that he actually undertook to translate and annotate several of them, dedicating the whole to His Royal Highness the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark and Norway. This dedication was suggested to the Berlin savant by a sense of gratitude to Denmark, which had supplied him with several of Tieffentaller's writings. These had been sent by the missionary, through Dr. Flor, a Dane, to the principal professor of medicine, Dr. Kratzenstein of Copenhagen.

It is beyond the scope of this present memoir to enumerate all the treatises Tieffentaller wrote ; a complete list of them can be found in Anquetil's *Recherches*. They are about forty in number, and many of them must have been doubtless of more than average scholarship, to merit the attention and praise of such an eminent savant as Anquetil. It is a matter for regret that the whereabouts of several of the treatises cannot be traced. Should they ever come to light again, they will surely prove interesting to orientalists, and valuable to the Indian historian. They will furnish the latter independent information from an intelligent foreigner and contemporary about the advance of the East India Company in the Gangetic basin. At any rate, the titles of some of his historical treatises are very suggestive. Thanks to the care of Dr. John Bernoulli, two of Tieffentaller's works have been preserved to us in a German translation. The first is an historical and geographical description of India ; the other gives a description of the Ganges, with three huge maps, showing the courses of the rivers Ganges and Ghogra. His geography forms quite a stately volume of 340 pages quarto, the Latin manuscript of which was sent to Copenhagen, as has already been mentioned, in 1773. Dr. Bernoulli was informed about this fact by the *Journal des Savans*, 1777, Janvier, Edition de Hollande. He eventually obtained the manuscript, and, on perusal of the same, at once determined to publish it, and " save such a remarkable work from o bli-

vion." The translation, appeared at last, in 1785, in two editions of unequal size.

Before taking up the review of these two works, the reader will surely not disdain to follow a short sketch of Tieffentaller's career.

The historian Growse has already informed us that Father Tieffentaller was born at Botzen (the Pons Drusi of the Romans) in Tyrol, the land of lofty mountains and frankhearted people. In a letter, dated Narwar, July 1759, to his friend Anquetil then staying at Surat, Tieffentaller mentions that he had left Germany in 1740, and, after a stay of over two years in Spain, sailed from Lisbon to Goa in 1743, and from thence reached Surat by a Portuguese boat in the same year.

To describe Tieffentaller's 42 years' activity in India, as a missionary, cannot be the aim of this narrative; yet a short survey of the extensive missionary field which he was called to labour in, will readily show how his higher or spiritual duties brought him to districts very remote from one another, thus enabling him to visit and study many parts of Hindustan, which, in those days, were very little known as yet to the Europeans.

The Jesuit Mission in the Moghul Empire dates back to the year 1579, when Akbar sent an embassy to Goa requesting the Viceroy, the Archbishop, and the superior of the Jesuits, to send him two learned Jesuits, in order to acquaint him with the tenets of the Christian religion. The aim Akbar had in view by calling these missionaries to his court, is too well known, and need not be discussed here. The results the missionaries achieved have been variously estimated, belittled by many, overrated by others. Be that as it may, the fact is that, in due course of time, a numerous congregation gathered around the church of Agra, built by the order, and at the expense, of Akbar. Soon the Jesuits extended their missionary activity far beyond Agra, establishing settlements at Cabul, Quettah, Srinagar, Ladak, Chaprang, Mana, Nepal, Patna, Lucknow, Fatehpore, Delhi, Lahore, Sambher, Narwar and Cambay, not to mention their stations along the east and west coasts.

Agra, however, always remained the central point of the mission. There they had, in the northern part of the city, between the new and old walls, an imposing college building, which was remarkable for its architectural beauty, even in a city of famous buildings. This college had been liberally provided with funds, about the year 1617, by a rich Armenian, or Persian, Mirza Zulkarnen, who had been appointed by the Great Moghul Governor of the province of Sambala. To prevent the confiscation of these funds by an arbitrary act of the Moghul rulers,

Mirza sent Father Castro to Goa, in order to buy up landed properties at Bandra in Salsette. A part of these estates was at Parel, in the island of Bombay, for we read in Tieffentaller's geography that the Jesuits had landed properties at Parela (Parel), and that the rents derived from them belonged to the College of Agra, but it had then come into the hands of the English.\* Thus the founder's precaution of making the funds as secure as possible, proved futile.

For aught we can guess, Tieffentaller must have been destined by his superiors for Rajah Jay Singh's astronomical observatory at Jay-pore; on the latter's death, however, which occurred in 1743, the year of Tieffentaller's arrival, he was attached as a teacher to the college at Agra, for which office he was equally well qualified, having received an excellent education and intellectual training. To gauge his mental culture from Anquetil's and Bernoulli's estimation of the man, Tieffentaller was an accomplished scholar in many branches of learning. He spoke German, Italian and Spanish, and mastered French so as to be able to write tolerably well several treatises in that language. Most of his writings are in good Latin. During his long stay in India, he acquired a good knowledge of Hindustani, Persian, Arabic and Sanskrit; and eventually composed a Sanskrit-Persian dictionary, and wrote at least two treatises in the Persian language. In mathematics and astronomy, too, his knowledge was up to the standard of his age. He was likewise acquainted with the latest authorities in those sciences, whom he occasionally quotes. Thus equipped, Tieffentaller cheerfully launched himself, with great enthusiasm, in his new career, with a firm purpose ever to increase his knowledge of the country of his adoption. "Next to the salvation of souls, and their conquest for God"—thus he wrote to Anquetil in 1750—"nothing has afforded me greater pleasure than the study of the geographical positions of places, the variation of winds, the nature of the soil, and the character and manners of the regions through which I am travelling. . . . It has been my endeavour to investigate, and commit to writing, whatever fell under my notice. I have spared no trouble, and undergone great hardships to disclose the mysteries of nature; thereby to acquire a greater knowledge of the Creator, and fix my mind on things heavenly."

A man of such single purpose and high ideal could not fail to make a mark as a scholar in the long run, considering, further, that he set about his work with a very rational method. Being convinced of the

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\* This estate, together with the improved buildings, is known as the "Pare Government House and grounds."

utter futility of drawing maps, or writing a geography of a country, without first ascertaining the geographical positions of, at least, its principal towns, he began, from the very outset, to measure the parallels of latitude of most of the places he touched on his journeys ; and "I did it," so he assures us, "in order to be able to draw a map of the country later on, should I feel inclined to do so."

The geographical position of any point on the earth's surface is determined, as everybody knows, by its latitude and longitude. These two elements of the geographical position of any place are now-a-days ascertained with ease and accuracy almost mechanically, by means of a sextant at sea and by a theodolite on land for latitudes. Longitudes are measured by the help of a chronometer, indicating the time of a place under any given standard meridian. The difference between the local and the standard meridian time, indicated by the chronometer, is the longitude of the place in time, which, in turn, can be changed into degrees, it being known that a difference of 12 hours is equivalent to  $180^{\circ}$ .

In Tieffentaller's time, both instruments and methods were still clumsy and defective. As a rule, Tieffentaller had at his disposal only a quadrant for latitudes, and an armillary astrolabe (now an obsolete instrument) for longitudes. The measuring of the longitude of a place was then a very difficult problem. Once or twice he ventured to estimate it by the dip of the magnetic needle, but he had the good sense to distrust the results obtained. In other cases, he calculated the longitude by the mileage of the place, east or west, from another place the longitude of which was known to him. This method, too, offered some difficulty, as the arcs of the degrees of longitude vary with the latitude. But from time to time there occurred some phenomena in the sky, such as the occultation of one of Jupiter's moons behind the disk of that planet, or a lunar eclipse. These were grand opportunities for the zealous geographer to measure the longitude of a place with the "Ephemerides" in hand. But after all, as may be expected, in the absence of chronometers and telegraphy, the values of his longitudes could not claim any great degree of accuracy.

Let us now follow Tieffentaller in his scientific rambles. His very first observation was a disappointment for him. "At Goa"—so he tells us—"in 1743, on the 4th November, at 2 p.m., I observed Mercury, resembling a glowing coal, pass across the disk of the sun ; but owing to lack of instruments, I was unable to watch either the ingress or the egress, and thus"—he mournfully adds—"no advantage to astronomy

resulted from my observation." He was more successful in assigning to Goa a latitude of  $15^{\circ} 10'$ . Thenceforward, he kept a register of the latitudes of all places at which he was able to measure the sun's meridian altitude. This register is lost, and only about a hundred values are given in his geography.

On his journey northward, he touched at Bombay, where the tower of the St. Thomas' Cathedral was just in progress of construction. Damaun was reached in December 1743. On 2nd February 1744, he was already at Surat, to observe the occultation of Jupiter by the moon. As a result, he found the difference between Bologna and Surat local times to be 4 hours and 2 minutes, which, changed into degrees, gives  $60^{\circ} 30'$  east of Bologna, or  $71^{\circ} 50'$  east of Greenwich. Having also measured the sun's meridian altitude, he registered for Surat a northern latitude of  $21^{\circ} 5'$ .

In March, there appeared a comet, and he hastened back to Damaun, to observe the "hairy star." On 26th April of the same year (1744), another lunar eclipse occurred, by means of which he calculated the difference between the Paris and Damaun local times to be 4 hours, and 40 minutes. Thus he valued the longitude of Damaun at  $72^{\circ} 21'$  east of Greenwich and its latitude at  $20^{\circ} 6'$ .

On the 20th May he noticed that the sun stood overhead at noon and that on the following days he cast his shadow southward, as he did it northward previously; and then adds: "This was a phenomenon both agreeable and novel to me, as I had never seen it before."

As a rule Tieffentaller is very sparing of anecdotes, but he has one to tell in connection with the conquest of Damaun by Constantine Braganza, the Viceroy of Portuguese India, who personally commanded the attack. The Portuguese opened fire early in the morning, and no one expected the place to fall so very soon, but it actually fell in the forenoon. Braganza then, wishing to celebrate the victory by a solemn thanksgiving service, sent for a priest to celebrate mass; but all the reverend clergy had taken chota hazri. Only after some search they found one, Gondisalvo Silveira, of the highest nobility, who had kept fasting all the time. This saintly man was thus able to comply with the Viceroy's request, and received as a reward one of the finest sites of the conquered place for the erection of an educational institute.

Tieffentaller would not leave Damaun without giving a very realistic description of its wonderful "Waterworks." They were anything but artificial, and consisted of numerous pools, big and small, in the open flats, filled once a year by the periodical rains. The citizens of Damaun

fetched their supply of water from these swamps full of frogs, fishes, lizards, and leeches. As soon as the pools were drained of their contents, the people resorted to pits in the ground, from which they drew a brackish liquid, productive of fever and all sorts of bowel disorders.

Having vented his resentment against all the evil effects of such loathsome beverage, Tieffentaller returned by sea to Surat, avoiding Billimora as much as possible; for Billimora was then a nest of free-booters who privateered along the coast, capturing small boats, and fleeing back into the creeks for safety at the approach of bigger vessels.

In the beginning of the cold season, he set out by land, and reached Broach on 2nd November, where he registered for the dip of the magnetic needle  $30^{\circ} 30'$  westward, and for the latitude  $21^{\circ} 30'$ . Baroda- $22^{\circ} 4'$ , was the next stage of his journey. From thence he proceeded to Godhra, at the border of a forest country. At Billimora he had successfully escaped the dreaded pirates, but here, he now stood face to face with more awe-inspiring enemies, viz., robber tribes and wild animals. In those days there extended, in an almost uninterrupted stretch, extensive forests from Godhra to Oodaipore; and these forests, he assures us, were full of tigers. After the passage of Lunawara,  $33^{\circ}$ , and Sagwara, wild mountain scenes presented themselves before the traveller, the road leading between hills and through steep ravines, until he was nearing Kevera, where the mountains closed in, rising up like walls on either side of the pass. There was then no other road leading from Guzarat to Oodaipore than this narrow gorge; but even this was shut up by a wall, joining the two mountains across the pass. From thence he descended into the plain of Maywar and reached its capital Oodaipore,  $25^{\circ}$ , on 23rd November. The pass leading from Maywar into Jaypore territory resembled the one leading to Oodaipore from the south. Tieffentaller describes the country between Jaypore and Agra as fertile, producing wheat, lentils, and sugarcane. The shortest line of communication between these latter towns would have been over Bharatpore, but the trade route, which Tieffentaller also followed, led through the following places: from Jaypore to Parasoli, 13 coss \*; from thence to Godda, 12 coss; to Pendain 10 coss; to Barodoi, 7 coss, from thence 10 coss to Deeg, once capital of the Jat ruler. At last, after untold hardships and many hairbreadth escapes he reached Agra, the place of his destination, towards the end of 1744.

The May holidays, to which every teacher in India so anxiously looks forward, having come round, he set about to ascertain the latitude

\* One coss equals two English miles approximately. \*

of Agra. He tried to be particularly careful and watched the altitude of the sun at noon on three successive days (1st, 2nd and 3rd) of May and believed himself correct in assigning to Agra  $27^{\circ} 15'$ . He then started for Muttra, to inspect the astronomical observatory of the late Rajah Jey Singh. Before returning, he also paid a visit to Brindaban to study the worship of Krishna in his supposed birthplace. On learning the full account of the ancient myth, the good missionary was shocked at the idea of a god incarnate playing his licentious pranks upon the traditional host of Gowalees. Seven years later, when he was fully acquainted with the language of the country, he returned once more to Brindaban. This time, his first bad impression intensified to horror, as he listened to the obscene songs of a crowd of almost naked male and female Beragies, praising, before thousands of pilgrims, the indelicate love scenes between Krishna and Radha, his adulterous mistress. Idolatry showed itself, before the advent of the Europeans, in a cruder and more debased form than now, and Tieffentaller may well be pardoned when he condemns it in his writings in the strongest possible terms.

For the next 20 months there is no event on record about Tieffentaller's movements. However, on the 7th March, 1747, there occurred a lunar eclipse, by means of which he found Agra to be  $76^{\circ} 13'$  E. L.. The May holidays of 1747 he spent with his countryman, Father Strobel, at Delhi, who was then in the service of the Great Moghul. Soon after his arrival, on the 16th and 17th May, he was already at work to measure the latitude of the place and estimated it at  $28^{\circ} 25'$ . Geography had, indeed, become his favourite theme, yet Tieffentaller's was a many-sided mind, and he had preserved a sense for all that was noble and beautiful. Delhi was then a very great and populous city, adorned with stately palaces and magnificent mosques and mausolea. Tieffentaller did full justice to their splendour in a lengthy description of five quarto pages which he concludes with the naive remark that he would have to write a whole book, if he were to describe all the sights of Delhi.

Instead of returning to Agra, he proceeded under instructions from his superiors to Narwar in Central India, situate according to his observations on Lat.  $25^{\circ} 30'$ , and  $77^{\circ}$  Long.  $24'$  E. of Greenwich. There lived, at that time, at Narwar a Christian of Armenian descent who stood in high favour with the Great Moghul, and was subsequently appointed governor of that province. He resided in one of the finest palaces of the city, and had houses built for his numerous relatives and employees, as well as a chapel, in which he and all his Christian retinue attended

divine service on Sundays. Tieffentaller's new duty was to attend to the spiritual needs of this Christian community. He became much attached to Narwar, of which he gives a long description, with an accompanying engraving, in his geography of Hindustan. In fact, Narwar was for him, for the next twelve years, the starting point of numerous scientific explorations.

In 1750 he set out on a journey to Bombay. The usual trade route which then joined Agra with the west coast, went, as in Akbar's times, over Narwar, Seronj, Sarangpore, Oojein, Mandoo, across the Nerbuddha to Sindwa and Sultanpore, and along the right bank of the Tapti to Surat. Tieffentaller followed this road as far as the Nerbuddha. From Narwar he followed for some distance the river Sindh which was crossed by two stone bridges, first at Narwar itself and a second time on the road to Sheopuri. Both were solidly built of square-stone, the latter counting not less than 24 arches, the former 17. This circumstance will correct the wrong notion of many Europeans who believe that this kind of engineering was first taught in India by Europeans. A careful perusal of Tieffentaller's "Geography of Hindustan" convinces us of the fact that the Indians were clever bridge-builders, before the advent of the European conquerors.

After a journey of 57 coss, he reached Seronj,  $24^{\circ} 15'$ , on the 3rd March; another three days' march brought him over Sarangpore  $23^{\circ} 30'$ , to Oojein. His first visit was to the astronomical observatory of the late Rajah Jey Singh which consisted only of the most necessary astronomical apparatus. Making use of it he assigned Oojein a latitude of  $23^{\circ} 12'$ . Tieffentaller then continued his journey southwards and seems to have crossed the Vindhya mountains in the direction of Balvara; for he describes the pass as leading over a mountain top and the crest of two other ridges, down into barren and waterless valleys overgrown with jungle inhabited only by Bhils. These mountains reminded him of his distant, and dear native country. But alas! neither their height, nor the scenery, nor the fertility of the soil, would stand a comparison with his Tyrolean snow-clad Grossglockner and the vine-clad slopes of the Adige valley.

After crossing the Nerbaddha, he ascended the Satpura range, following the road leading through Sonanber, Desgaum and Carva. Between the last two villages, there extended a forest 6 coss long, which was inhabited by a tribe of savages. At last, there towered up before him, to the left, Assigarh "one of the noblest forts of Hindustan," whose doom he readily predicted, being convinced that the English guns would easily humili-

liate the proud queen, from two ridges, rising on either side of the fortress Before him, down in the rich and fertile valley through which the Tapti river wended its lazy course, there arose, gay and proud, amidst a forest of ornamental trees, the big and populous capital of the province of Khandeish, Booraunpore,  $21^{\circ} 19'$ . A village near Booraunpore, on the western slope of Assirgarh, produced most delicious grapes, and they were then (end of March) just in season, whereas "grapes ripened in his native country only by the end of August."

Having refreshed himself by this noble gift of nature, he continued his way in the direction of Ellora and Aurungabad,  $19^{\circ} 50'$ , which he reached on 26th March. We are almost distrustful of Tieffentaller's account of this city, describing it as one of the greatest and most populous towns in India. However, considering the inevitable political and commercial revolutions, which force even mighty empires to undergo the vicissitudes of prosperity and decay, we need not be surprised at the inglorious downfall of Aurungabad.

Tieffentaller is likewise remarkable for apparent omissions. Thus, whilst he succinctly describes the town of Ajunta, he does not mention at all the now famous Ajunta Caves. Ellora won his admiration ; why not also Ajunta ? Because for the simple reason that the existence of the Ajunta Caves must have been unknown to his contemporaries, as some of the most famous Catacombs were then unknown to the Romans.

*(To be continued.)*

S. NOTI, S. J.

*Bombay.*

## ALAS ! THE BRAHMAN.

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WHAT is your fate now ? Just consider. Manu framed your laws of caste nearly thirty centuries ago, and yet you are in the same old groove. The Buddhist threatened to swallow you up twenty-five centuries ago. You withstood all his humiliations and all his tyranny, and when his power went out from India to shine in other lands, you trampled upon him and wrote still more vigorously. your Puranas and legends, and made caste rules still more stiff. Then came the Muhammadan rulers. They were mostly the declared enemies of your religion. They pillaged your temples, burnt your cities, destroyed your shrines and libraries, and forced upon you their religion with their sword-points. But you never yielded. You patiently suffered all your miseries and regarded your Muhammadan rulers as your friends notwithstanding their cruelties. Then came the British rule. By some unforeseen good star in your fate these British rulers proclaimed religious neutrality, and you are now free to follow your own religion and your cherished philosophies. You worship your own gods in your own way. You have built your temples more largely. When you have disputes in your own camp, the British courts decide for you. When you celebrate your festivals, the British rulers stand as your servants on the spot to preserve the peace. Thus the laws which Manu gave you, the philosophies which you have composed and the sermons which your sages have collected for you, have been preserved intact so far. Here you thought that you had reached the *summum bonum*, like the Puritans who went away to America at the time of the English Revolution, and who thought they could worship God unmolested in their own way. But you did not dream that all the people in the world were greedily swallowing your own religion and your own philosophy soon after the dawn of Eastern

learning, by the carrying away of Sanskrit literature by Western savants. Your bibles like the *Rig-Veda* were published in Germany, in England, in Russia, and in America ; your philosophies were annotated by Western scholars ; your prayer-books were copied by Western devotees ; and your rosaries were turned over by Annie Besants and Olcotts. Your own prophets like Swami Vivekananda started religious institutions in European and American centres. Members of the Civil Service and Royal Engineers began to reserve a room in their airy bungalows for the worship of the images of Siva and Vishnu. Of course, you laughed at them and you may continue to laugh to your hearts' content. But can you deny that they were sincere devotees of your gods ? And when you found them to be so, did you invest them with your holy thread and take them into your fold and call them German Brahmans, English Brahmans, and Russian Brahmans ? Can you deny that the Theosophical Society have published more of your books than you have yourself done ?

Leaving aside these declared scholars and societies, look to your own land. The Kayasthas in the north, whom you called Sudras, were deeper scholars of the Vedas, than yourselves, and that veteran scholar and Sanskritist, the late Babu Rajendralal Mitra, was a Kayastha. The Kayasthas were for a long time aiming to classify themselves as Kshatriyas or warriors, till only the other day a conclave of your pandits declared them at Nuddea to be Sudras. Why not admit the Kayasthas to the warrior caste ? What would you lose thereby ? A generation ago in this Presidency a Komatti scholar, who held an influential appointment under the Government and who was a good Sanskrit scholar, called himself a Kshatriya, performed sacrifices like a Brahman of the Brahmans, and made the Komattis study the Vedas day and night. Such things continue only as long as the influential head lives. And why ? Because the Brahman would not encourage this strong desire of other castes. What a silly fellow this Brahman is ! Why not help the rich Komatti and share the wealth of these children of the Indian Croesuses. The battle which the toddy-drawers of Madura and Tinnevelly began nearly thirty years ago has not yet ended. They call themselves the kings of the land, the Kshatriyas, and being only the children of Southern India, they are black kings.

Were not Rama, the hero of the Ramayana, and Krishna, the neat-herd king of Gujarat, black—black like a rain-charged cloud? Does the Brahman deny them to be Kshatriyas? Why not then accept the toddy-drawers also as Kshatriyas? Imitating these toddy-drawers, the barbers of Madura, the Ambattans, called themselves Kshatriyas with more logic. For, argued they, the word Ambattan is a compound of two simple words *am* and *patlam*—the former meaning beautiful and the latter fit to rule. But being a poorer class of people, they had to give up their much-cherished theory when they found the Brahman opposition virulent. Next came the weavers of Madura, who were for a long time the most backward class. Possessed of a fair colour, due mainly to their inhaling the atmosphere of their dyepots, they have set themselves up as Saurashtra Brahmans. They did not stop at the second stage, the Kshatriyas, but went to the topmost point, the Brahman himself. So year after year everyone in India is trying his best to elevate himself to higher and higher castes. Why should they not do so? And finding so many people evincing such a strong desire to become higher in caste, why should not the Brahman freely admit them instead of always fighting with them and wasting his energy?

Buddhism, Muhammadanism and Christianity daily admit new members into their folds. At least, those who desire to embrace these religions are freely taken in. This is proof positive that these religions are becoming stronger and stronger every day, while every Brahman lost is lost for ever, till the day will come when the Brahman will disappear, to the consolation of so many other castes. But alas! this proposition, though it sounds logical, will never prove to be true. Every caste still pays some respect to the Brahman. As all the learning was centred in the clergy in the Middle Ages in Europe, all the learning in India in the rural parts is supposed to be possessed by the Brahman. If a child is born in any non-Brahman house, a member of the house says: "Let me go to the Brahman to have the horoscope cast." If an auspicious day for marriage is to be fixed, the non-Brahman invariably consults the Brahman. "O Brahman, when is the new-moon day?" asks the labourer of any Brahman who walks by his field, and if the Brahman is silent because he himself does not know, the labourer laughs and says: "Is it not shameful for you, a Brahman, not to

know the particular day ? Therefore it is that the rains have failed." It is always a common superstition among all non-Brahman castes that things go on well as long as the Brahman follows his religious code. And any failure in seasons, in crops, etc., is laid at the door of Brahmanic deviation.

Thus it will be seen that however much the Brahman is hated in towns, he is worshipped in villages. And every non-Brahman considers the Brahman as a type to be imitated. If the cookery is good, he will say it is Brahman cookery. A Mudaliyar will say that the *rasam* or pepper water in a Brahman's house is always the best *rasam*. A Chetti who finds his boy dull will tell him to go and sit by the side of a Brahman student and learn his lesson well. Thus, while everyone likes you and respects you, why, O Brahman, do you not love others and take them into your fold ? You are degrading yourself and you pull down other castes. So many non-Brahmans imitate you. The Pillais of Tinnevelly and the Vellalas of North Arcot have devised Mantrams and Tantrams in Tamil, and they bathe and perform Pushai every day. They observe Amavasai and Ekadasi. The Brahman did not ask them to do so. What would he do if they want to become Brahmans ? The Dukukas of the Ceded Districts, who are all Muhammadans, follow many of the Hindu practices. Regarding these, the Bellary Gazetteer says : "They profess to be followers of Islam, attend the mosques, submit to the authority of the Kazis, speak Kanarese or Telugu far more than Hindustani, dress like Hindus rather than Muhammadans, add Hindu titles to their names (e.g. Hassainappa), consult Brahmans regarding auspicious days, tie *talis* at their weddings, do occasional worship at Hindu shrines and follow the Hindu law of inheritance." Did the Brahman ask these Islamis to follow him ? The Syrian Christians or certain Roman Catholic Christians, it is said, have castes among them even after embracing a noble religion. There are Brahman Christians, Kshatriya Christians, and Sudra Christians, and no interdining or intermarriage is allowed. Did the Brahman influence them to do so ? Why, then, blame the poor Brahman ? In Madras there are right-hand and left-hand castes, who have been fighting since their castes began. The Brahmans welcomed a Brahman Civilian back and an orthodox Brahman gave his daughter in marriage to him quite recently, while twenty years

ago a Chetti Civilian was denied welcome by his own Chetti community. Thus, if a minute examination is made, India is brimming with caste distinctions and caste prejudices, from the Brahman to the Paraiya, and if any caste is really cosmopolitan, it is the Brahman. He has invented the so-called *prayaschittas* or purification ceremonies, and these are as ingenious as the ingenious Brahman. The Brahman says that a bath in the sea is quite enough. The time has come when the Brahman can yield everything and make himself accessible to every caste rule. But in his pride he considers that all the revilings of other people against him are as the mere barking of the dog at the moon. Our advice to him is not to do so in future. Start a Vedic school for the Paraiyas, teach all your six systems of philosophy to the Upparas and the Oddas, all your cleanliness to the Koravas and all cookery to the Pallis, and thus convert all the so-called inferior castes to Brahmanism. This is a consummation most devoutly to be wished, and the Brahmins should work to attain it. And when once the Brahman sets himself sincerely to the task, he will not fail.

S. NATESA SASTRI.

*Triplicane, Madras.*

## A TRUE INDIAN POET.\*

We know not Life's reason,  
 The length of its season,  
 Know not if they know, the great Ones above,  
 We none of us sought it,  
 And few could support it,  
 Were it not gilt with the glamour of love.

(Title-poem in *The Garden of Kama*.  
 There is no other joy, I learned to know,  
 And so returned to Love, as long ago.

(Verse by Taj Mahomed, same volume.)  
 Hark to the frantic sobbing of the river,  
 Wild to attain extinction in the sea.

(“Listen, Beloved,” in *Indian Love*.)

PROBABLY the truest successor of Matthew Arnold in the criticism which is fine literature is Professor George Saintsbury, with his almost too vast reading, and his sensitive appreciation of the merits even of minor writers. Yet, in an article in an American magazine, a year or two ago, Professor Saintsbury said that of late no clear, original singing voice had been raised in England, or that, if so, he had not heard it. I could not help wondering, at the time, if he had read the *Garden of Kama*. Now that the singer's earthly voice has been silenced for ever, and so tragically, now that the tale of her verses has been completed by a fragmentary last volume, I would like, with the utmost deference, to appeal to Professor Saintsbury, and at the same time to all

\* *The Garden of Kama*, and other Love Lyrics from India. Arranged in Verse by Laurence Hope. Heinemann, 1902.

*Stars of the Desert*. By Laurence Hope. Heinemann, 1903.

*Indian Love*. By Laurence Hope. Heinemann, 1905.

lovers of lyric poetry, to know if here is not the real thing.. Personally, the *Garden of Kama* hit me harder than anything since the first series of *Poems and Ballads*. The impression is persistent. There is no wish to compare Mrs. Nicolson's poignant lyrics with the magnificent utterances of the greatest living poet, whom his elect must always honour only on this side of idolatry. Indeed, some harm was done by indiscreet comparisons of this sort in connection with the pathetic last volume. Yet at her best, Mrs. Nicolson does seem to me to illustrate Swinburne's own early definition of lyric verse as that which shall " sting and smite one, in lonely places, or by the sea." Her three volumes contain, respectively, 84, 69, and 43 poems, besides the heart-rending dedication to her heroic dead husband. So it was just 200 songs which she sang during the last few years of a life which never reached the dreaded bathos of middle age. Of these 200, it seems to me that quite one quarter are true jewels of song. Almost the whole of *The Garden of Kama* is more or less golden. If Mrs. Nicolson's name lives, it must be on the strength of this volume. Or even better, I should like to see a collection of the best pieces alone, consisting of about three-quarters of *The Garden of Kama*, with half a dozen poems each from the other two volumes. I will here, so far as I am allowed space, quote lavishly from these finer pieces, with the minimum of comment.

I never met Mrs. Nicolson, and it is only the very least that I can tell about her life. She always kept her name out of "Who's Who," in which the notice of her husband was of the briefest. It has been somewhere said that she was a sister of the well-known novelist, Victoria Cross: there must have been tender hands, somewhere, to gather up her last literary remains and see them so carefully through the press. If any of her friends or relatives could publish even a few details of her life, they would be intensely welcome to the admirers of her poetry. There are many people, specially in the north of India, who remember her grace, her courage in taking her own line, and her devotion to her husband. Hardly a lustrum ago, she was the *burra Memsahib* of so important a station as Mhow. Her husband was Lieutenant-General Malcolm Hassels Nicolson, C.B., and A.D.C. to Queen Victoria. He was born in 1843, served in Abyssinia and on the Afghan Frontier, was a distinguished linguist, and was commanding officer at Karachi and at

Mhow. In the Sind sea-port he left a special memory of madcap gallantry, shown in such exploits as the crossing of a tank on the backs of crocodiles. One may still encounter, here and there, a comrade of General Nicolson, who remembers him as among the handsomest of men. He must have been quite twenty years older than his wife. He spent some years at Home in retirement, and came out again to India, dying in 1904. After some travel in Mala-bar, and other curious climes, he and his wife went to Madras, which was their destined goal. There he died, on the 7th of August, 1904, at Mackay's Gardens Nursing Home, and was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery. Mrs. Nicolson followed him to the same resting-place, within less than two months. It was a startling extinction of a very distinguished couple. But before considering the second death, we must pause upon the "Dedication to Malcolm Nicolson," prefixed to the volume of *Indian Love*.

I, who of lighter love wrote many a verse,  
 Made public never words inspired by thee,  
 Lest strangers' lips should carelessly rehearse  
 Things that were sacred and too dear to me.  
 Thy soul was noble ; through these fifteen years  
 Mine eyes familiar, found no fleck or flaw,  
 Stern to thyself, thy comrades' faults and fears  
 Proved generosity thine only law.  
 Small joy was I to thee ; before we met  
 Sorrow had left thee all too sad to save.  
 Useless my love—as vain as this regret  
 That pours my hopeless life across thy grave.

The last of Mrs. Nicolson's volumes, though the least in poetical value, is personally the most revealing. There are pieces in it which, despite her warning, it is impossible not to connect with her life. There is also a portrait, showing her as better looking than a singer of genius has any need to be. This face is really beautiful, or would be, but for the expression of dreadful sadness. She is shown in evening dress, with short hair, her face resting upon her hands—beautiful hands, with evidently supple, skilful fingers. Her eyes have "no end of drawing" about them, but are full of despair, as if containing "all the farewells in the world." The photograph may have been taken when she knew

her husband to be dying. Mrs. Nicolson does not here look to be forty. The opening poem, "The Masters," is evidently inspired by General Nicolson. Most of her earlier lyrics are put in the mouths of men; but here she says frankly: "See in my songs how women love." Men are the masters, whom she asks

To read how by the weak, the strong

Are weighed and worshipped and desired. . . .

Oh, brain, that did not gain the gold !

Oh, arm, that could not wield the sword,

Here is the love, that is not sold,

Here are the hearts to hail you Lord ! . . .

When your returning footsteps choose

The homeward track, our love is there.

By all that can be gathered, General and Mrs. Nicolson were a perfectly united pair, loving each other, if possible, too keenly for happiness. There is another poem, "Surface Rights," which it is impossible not to connect somewhat, with their own last days.

Wistful voices of wild birds calling—

Far, faint lightning towards the West,—

Twinkling lights of a Tyah homestead—

Ruddy glow on a girl's bare breast.

Drifting boats on a mournful River,

Shifting thoughts in a dreaming mind,—

We two, seeking the Sea, together,—

When we reach it—what shall we find ?

There will be further occasion to speak of Mrs. Nicolson's philosophy of despair. Though evidently full of gentleness, goodness, and kindness, she found, or thought she found, her own brilliant existence not worth leading, at least alone. She sometimes suggests the sombre eloquence of Macaulay when describing the congenital melancholy of such a nature as Lord Clive. Without the slightest bitterness, she is a pessimist like Mr. Housman, the exquisite singer of Shropshire, holding that life has some good, but more of ill. Yet we may hope that it was only towards the end that she reached the attitude expressed in a poem called "Feroke," where she describes a young stranger washed down in the monsoon floods :

But, oh, my brother, I had changed with thee !  
 For I am still tormented in the flood,  
 Whilst thou hast done thy work, and reached the sea.

No life would long be possible at that rate. At other times, even near the end, she seems to have found consolation in nature, if not, as she might have done, in her own genius. The "Song of the Parao (Camping-ground)" expresses her relief at escaping from the frigid conventions of the North, to congenial Malabar :

Heart, thou hast wandered and suffered much,  
 Death has robbed thee, and Life betrayed.  
 But there is ever a solace for such  
 In that they are not lightly afraid . . . .  
 Thy joy in thy dreaming lives to prove  
 Thou art not mortally wounded yet.

The lucid air is kind as a kiss,  
 The falling twilight is cool and grey.  
 What has sorrow to do with thee ?  
 Love was cruel ?—thou now art free.  
 Life unkind ?—it has given thee this !

In the absence of further information, two letters from Mrs. Nicolson, at this period, may be useful. Early in July, 1904, I was able to express, in the *Madras Mail*, something of what her lyrics had meant to me. I rather carelessly took for granted that the superior first volume contained the poetry of a lifetime, and the second only that of a year or two. I had asked to have a copy of the article sent to her English address, Parliament Street, Westminster. But to my surprise, the following answer quickly came to me, through the courtesy of the newspaper office.

*Feroke, Malabar, July 8th.*

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to thank you for your very sympathetic review of my books in the *Madras Mail* of July 7th. It is such a great pleasure to think that anyone cares enough about what one writes to carry the book about till it becomes travel-stained, as you say you have done.

Might I explain that the second book was not really written in two years: most of the Indian pieces in it were written during the same time that the *Garden of Kama* ones were; some had not appeared in papers that had accepted them, and others were not in order in manuscript,

and so on, otherwise most of them would have been included in the first volume.

If you could send me any further criticisms by letter I should value them as I am preparing another book, and the views of another mind would be a help.

Yours truly,  
A. V. F. NICOLSON.

I now regret the delay of some weeks which I allowed to occur before answering this letter. Mrs. Nicolson's other letter was written when the shadows were already closing about her. The above letter is clearly type-written ; the second letter is written in a good, but faltering, hand, and the word Kashmir, which she knew so well, is given an "e" at the end.

*Connemara Hotel, Madras, August 19th.*

DEAR MR. BRUCE,

Thank you so much for your kind letter. I have just lost my husband, and am too ill to write ; but he had, as one of his last little pleasures, your article read and re-read to him, he took such interest in what I wrote.

He was looking forward to your reply to my letter, but this came too late.

Yours sincerely, with many thanks,  
VIOLET NICOLSON.

General Nicolson had died on the 7th of August, and his wife followed him on the 4th of October, 1904. When I told my Kashmiri boatman how this singer of sweet songs had refused to survive her husband, he burst into tears. "Ah, that was a good deed, that was a good woman ! Great will be her reward in the other world." This shows the more than Hindu, the Asiatic, point of view. The English point is naturally different ; and our robust feeling against suicide, combined with the subject of her poems, has somewhat clouded the poor lady's name. She was of a position to be offered apartments in Hampton Court ; but she might not have got along with the dowagers. The *Madras Mail* thus reported the end :

We regret to record the death, by her own hand, of Mrs. Nicolson, who poisoned herself at Dunmore House yesterday afternoon . . . . It is stated that she has never been quite rational in her behaviour since her husband's death, and has been medically attended since arrival in Madras. Yesterday afternoon she was taken violently ill and was

attended by Major Giffard, I.M.S., and Surgeon-Major Clarence Smith, who found that she was suffering from poisoning by perchloride of mercury. All remedies administered proved ineffectual, and she died at about 4 p.m. the same day.

Such, so far as can yet be known, was a modern Sappho, who lived and died for love, and whose Leucadia was Madras. A correspondent in Madras wrote to me that, though he had not known Mrs. Nicolson, he believed that she was off her head. This, too, was the verdict of the Coroner's jury. So that there is room for no moral question, only for infinite pity, together with admiration. Yet there are what seem like three remarkable anticipations of her own death, one in each of the volumes. The first, in *The Garden of Kama*, is a poem of but one prolonged quatrain, bearing the almost uncanny title: "Till I Wake." In this case, at least, the 'loving anticipation was doomed to be sadly belied :

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,  
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop in the wind from the South.  
So I may when I wake, if there be an Awakening,  
Keep, what lulled me to sleep, the touch of your lips on my mouth.

The second passage is from a poem in *Stars of the Desert*, bearing the now unintelligible title: "Gathered from Ternina's Face (To N. L. K. in memory of June 23rd)." The subject is evidently that great legend, so greatly handled by Matthew Arnold, by Swinburne, and by Wagner. More than Keats, who was sometimes "half in love with easeful death," the writer seems passionately to exult in the thought of death :—

Tristan, Oh Tristan ! Death has set us free ! . . . .  
We, from this night, no more of night shall know ;  
For us, no paling stars, no dawning glow ;  
Ah, I am more than glad to have it so,

Tristan !

I feared the poison, now I feel it thrill  
Through all my veins like liquid fire, and still  
It brings no pain, nor any sense of ill,

Tristan !

There will be no to-morrow ; I shall keep  
Tristan for ever in my arms asleep.  
Not even dreams will share a rest so deep,

Tristan !

Never a lover has been loved as thou !  
If this is Death, I have not lived till now !

The last passage is from *Indian Love*, at the end of the last poem, otherwise weak enough, called "Vayu, the Wind" :

And now I almost foresee the place and the hour  
When I shall open my dying lips to thee  
And receive a last cool kiss.

Enough has already been quoted to indicate the excellence of Mrs. Nicolson's style, the resonance of the strings she struck. It is easy to understand the point of view of a lady who returned a copy of *The Garden of Kama* with the remark that she admired the technique, but did not care for the subjects. There is one striking poem in this volume which I like to put forward as showing how Mrs. Nicolson could write, quite apart from the subject. It is the "Song of the Colours : by Taj Mahomed." This, for example, is Scarlet :

Colour of War and Rage, of Pomp and Show,  
Banners that flash, red flags that flaunt and glow,  
Colour of Carnage, Glory, also Shame,  
Raiment of women women may not name.

Or Green :

I am the Life of Forests, and Wandering Streams,  
Green as the feathery reeds the Florican love,  
Young as a maiden, who of her marriage dreams,  
Still sweetly inexperienced in ways of Love.

Colour of Youth and Hope, some waves are mine,  
Some emerald reaches of the evening sky.  
See, in the Spring, my sweet green Promise shine,  
Never to be fulfilled, of by-and-by.

Never to be fulfilled ; leaves bud, and ever  
Something is wanting, something falls behind ;  
The flowered Solstice comes indeed, but never  
That light and lovely summer men divined.

Or, finally, Yellow :

Gold am I, and for me, ever men curse and pray,  
Selling their souls and each other, by night and day.

A sordid colour, and yet, I make some things fair,  
Dying sunsets, fields of corn, and a maiden's hair.

Thus they discoursed in the daytime, Violet, Yellow and Blue,  
Emerald, Scarlet, and Rose colour, the pink and perfect hue.

Thus they spake in the sunshine, when their beauty was manifest,  
Till the Night came, and the Silence, and gave them an equal rest.

There is probably only one other poem in Mrs. Nicolson's best efforts, which does not deal with love. This is "Trees of Wharncliffe House," in *Stars of the Desert*. Looking at the green and leafy Wharncliffe trees, amid the London dust, they do not really seem sweet to her, "Who see what I have seen," longing for the East :

I always feel a sense of loss,  
If, at the close of day,

I cannot see the Southern Cross,  
Break through the gathered grey. . . .

I want the lonely, level sands,  
Stretched out beneath the sun,

The sadness of the old, old lands,  
Whose destiny is done,

The glory and the grace, that cling  
About the mountain crest

Where tombs of many a faithless King  
Guard, faithfully, their rest.

Love always needs his ally, Youth,  
Or lost is all his charm ;

A sunset is a golden truth,  
Nor age nor ill can harm. . . .

Ah, waving trees of Wharncliffe House,  
That tremble to and fro,

Old dreams and fancies you arouse,  
Old fires you set aglow.

Your shaded greenness soothes the eye,  
Worn out with dusty hours,

But still I crave that Eastern sky,  
Those brilliant Orient flowers !

(To be concluded.)

H. BRUCE.

Srinagar, Kashmir.

## THE SPIRIT OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

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THE **S**vadeshi movement is still in the air. In spite of much adverse criticism and most obvious discouragement, the movement has lasted longer than was expected and is every day gaining more influence than one could have anticipated at the outset. Leaving a wide margin for the lack of experience, the shortsightedness and other imperfections of some of the leaders of the movement, one might yet recognise in it the awakening of the industrial mind in India, and the consciousness of a method which appeals strongly to the natural man in India as much as in any other country in the world. Though it is absurd to shut one's eyes to some of the obvious blunders (I mean economic blunders) of some of the methods by which the Svadeshi movement is pushed forward, still one cannot help sympathising most heartily with the legitimate aspirations of the labour and capital of India. Human nature being what it is, when rival interests clash, might usually triumphs and assumes the airs of being "right." This fact is made very significant in this materialistic age." The best way to ingratiate oneself in the eyes of humanity is to discover something that, even remotely, contributes to the sum of its material necessities and luxuries, while the most efficacious method of scoring a triumph would be to hit on the piles of gold and silver that seem to carry on their heights all the charms of modern life. A cursory observation of the events of the world would make it plain how successfully one could push forward or crush out of existence the gigantic undertakings of the modern era, by a skilful pulling of the ropes of profit and loss. The aim of the "Boycott" theory is to try to take advantage of this aspect of human nature. There are more Esaus than one in the world who would willingly part with their birthrights and all the privileges of manhood for a morsel of the most transient pottage. In taking advantage of this situation, if a country is only demanding its own due, no serious charge of crime could be laid at

its door. If a nation could successfully effect a boycott on a large scale and that for a righteous cause, the results of the act would be of a far-reaching character and the power wielded by the nation could not be other than tremendous. If India could successfully launch her dreams of a wholesale boycott, it might be possible for her to secure some privileges. Whether India can ever carry out a scheme of a wholesale boycott, it is not my purpose to discuss here. Suffice it is to say that this economic question is pregnant with many ethical and social possibilities, and it should be approached with caution and deliberation.

Instances are not wanting in the history of nations of how a boycott achieved marvellous results. While the French Republic were concentrating their scientific skill and pecuniary resources on making the last Paris Exhibition a great world's success, the public attention was engrossed in the iniquitous charge brought against Captain Dreyfus at Paris. The London press was vehement in condemning the whole procedure of the trial, and the continental press too, except the French press, was almost unanimous in declaring Captain Dreyfus innocent. But none of these had the slightest influence on the French court-martial that had kindled against itself the wrath of the whole world. Suddenly it struck one of the ingenious London journalists to propose to boycott the Paris Exhibition. The London press was full of the idea, and it spread like wild-fire throughout Britain, and London was throughout placarded, "Shall we Boycott the Paris Exhibition?" So boycotting may be considered as a passive method of enforcing a nation's will. If all other direct methods have been tried and found useless and ineffective, and the cause is worth achieving at all costs, a boycott might be had recourse to, and it might then assume an ethical significance.

The spirit is generally willing, but the flesh often finds it hard to realise the object through its inherent weakness. Those that are in power do not stand in need of using the spirit of passive resistance, whereas those that form the vast majority of humanity, known as the masses, have always felt it their privilege to claim it as their prerogative. At a certain stage of the development of society, the arbitrary will of the ruling power is given implicit obedience, and there hardly exists a sphere in which the right of individual opinion can be claimed with propriety. But with the spread of education and the gradual recognition of the worth of human life and individual responsibility, the spirit of passive resistance, as against the most abject acquiescence to the powers above, takes a unique significance. In fact, the boast of the modern age is the paramount importance given to the spirit of passive

resistance, whenever it is possible, and the State that is most progressive is the foremost to recognise this spirit in the mass of its people. The least intervention by the State becomes possible only when the mass of the people realise their responsibilities and try to achieve them. When the ideals of the State clash with those of the people, the latter can give expression to their conviction by their passive resistance. It becomes an index to the spirit that gets dissatisfied with the existing imperfections and longs after an ideal—an ideal often higher than that of the classes in authority. The higher and the more perfect education becomes, the healthier and the stronger grows public opinion, and the finer and the more idealistic the mass of the people, the stronger grows this spirit of passive resistance *until the people do get what they want*. In this light, then, the presence of passive resistance might be reckoned as a very safe and accurate index of the progress and development of a State. It is worth our while to ask whether there is really much of what is called passive resistance in India.

The genius of the Indian civilisation is to be conservative; our social life, our habits and customs, our religious scruples and national sentiments, nay, our very hopes and despairs, struggles and achievements, are continually tinged with an air of conservatism, so peculiar to this country. Those of us who wish to see India take the lead and become one of the foremost countries in the world, naturally bemoan this invincible conservative tendency in the race. But in spite of the continual foreign conquests to which India has been subject, and in spite of the great chaos and turmoil that prevailed in the country, century after century, we still have the Indian life preserved to us. Perhaps it is to this conservatism that we still owe the simplicity of our life, the sacred sense of home, the passion for domestic life, the intense consciousness of a Hereafter, and all that adds grace and beauty to an oriental life, including the sublimity of our poetry, the delightful intoxication of our music and fine arts, and the most profound satisfaction of our philosophy. Efforts have been made to replace them, but to this day they have preserved their integrity and have become our differentiating characteristics from the rest of the world. Shall we not, then, consider this fortunate conservatism almost synonymous with the spirit of passive resistance in the Indian body politic? The great Indian ideal of life, asceticism, is in fact one way of expressing the same spirit of passive resistance, against the seductions of the world at large. It is the manifestation of a principle, a short cut to the realisation of an ideal and the mute expression of an unconquerable soul. It is implied in the meek surrender of a martyr,

foreshadowed in the speculations of a philosopher and vindicated in the songs of our greatest poets.

But the passive resistance born of conservatism runs the risk of deteriorating into bigotry and superstition. Hence arises the need to formulate it on a new basis. The modern idea of passive resistance is due to the recognition of the individual as an individual, and his right to have his own views of life. The body politic—be it composed of rich and powerful men or those that belong to the humblest and poorest stations in life—must be allowed to live a life according to its own ideals, provided they do not violently clash with the ideals of others. When those in authority, be they in the Government, the Church, or society, do not realise this, it is the duty of the masses to demand from them what is due to themselves as human beings and members of human society. This is an everyday affair in European countries. Perhaps this is the chief point of difference between an Englishman and an Indian, or rather between Europe and Asia. The one meekly submits to the powers that be, while the other tries to defy them when they go against his will. "Submission" and "Rebellion" may be considered as the watchwords that guide the destinies of the Eastern and Western worlds. Order, obedience and submission are good in themselves and form the most essential basis of a civilised life; but an occasion might arise, when submission, meek and abject, is impossible for a human being. All refined, cultured and developed human nature might impel us to assert our rights as men and women, and break the shackles that try to bind us down to the ignominies of life.

Others cannot see us through our own spectacles and cannot sympathise with us in all our situations. Often good, noble and generous intentions might express themselves in undesirable and reprehensible deeds. It is a truism that he who wears the shoe knows best where it pinches, even with due deference to the wisdom of the cobbler that makes it. Now and then a magnanimous autocrat might become the leaven that leavens the whole mass into a higher degree of progress. But often the people have to voice their grievances insistently, and demand their rights, if they hope to get them within a reasonable period. The present chaos in Russia and the only chance of an order emerging out of it depend on the success which the spirit of passive resistance can command there.

Taking into consideration the system of caste as it prevails in India at the present time, the "higher castes" would sooner see their folly and more readily forsake their isolation, if those who are called the "lower classes" refused to put up with the treatment accorded to them

and showed to the world that they are in no way inferior in culture or capacity to their betters. As long as the Pariah thinks he is in every way inferior to the Brahman, and that he is not even worthy to wipe off the dust from the foot that kicks him, it is not humanly possible for the latter to recognise his brother in the former, who lies prostrate, selfless and soulless, before him.

Even as regards the women of India, I do not see the reason why the average man should try to improve them when they are simply content with their lot. Man is essentially a selfish creature, and it is not possible for him to rise above his weakness, when the woman panders to his passion by absolute submission to his will. But, on the other hand, if woman should realise her position, feel the sting of the injustice done to her, and effectively demand her rights from man, man cannot help complying with her wishes.

Now and then a priest might get a call from on high, and, burning with holy zeal, might spend himself in works of love and charity. But when the man in the street chooses to be ignorant, and superstitiously allows himself to be led astray by the priesthood, the latter do not often see why they should not make the best of the situation.

The man in the street in India has always associated something supernatural with the mighty, and without the shadow of a reason allows himself to be taken advantage of. Our labouring classes slave to death on starvation-wages. They have no organisation, like the guilds and trade unions of the West to make the capitalists realise the dignity of labour and reward it accordingly. On the other hand, one is thankful to note that some of the lower classes in India, *i. e.*, the dhobies, potters and scavengers, have a kind of trade unionism among themselves, which often comes to their rescue at critical moments. Instances often crop up, of how they are able to resist municipal regulations by timely strikes, and uphold the integrity of their caste by the excommunication of those that openly lead an immoral life with persons belonging to another caste.

Still, taking a general survey of Indian Society as it is now-a-days, the modern aspect of passive resistance does not seem to have taken a deep root in the national consciousness. I do not in the least wish to minimise the importance of educating the Indian social, spiritual and political autocrats as to their duties to the meek, submissive and timid masses. But efforts must be made on a large scale by the press, the platform, the pulpit and the stage, to make the masses realise their abject condition and to instil into them true self-respect and genuine self-confidence. Our leaders must be imbued with that lofty spirit which shows

itself in righteous wrath against all wickedness, either expressed or implied. We find instances of this in the past history of India and in the Buddhistic period in particular. The rousing of the national consciousness has met with some success in the past, and one does not see why it should not meet with greater success in modern India.

D. RAMACHANDRA RAO.

*Bezwada.*

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## REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING.

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[ *For Music.* ]

Vainly, ah ! vainly, yet,  
In spite of time and tide,  
Shall I remember—you forget,  
Lost laughter, tears long dried !

Your eyes are fix'd on other scenes,  
Your eager heart is set  
To find out all the Future means,  
Whose watchword is 'Forget !'

But my sad gaze is backward turn'd,  
The Past I love lies there,  
And the only song I ever learn'd  
Is, O for days that were !

So vainly, vainly yet,  
Thro' many a coming year  
Shall I remember and shall you forget,  
Laughter and long dried tear.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

*Kelso. N. B.*

## NATIONAL ERRORS.

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OUR lives are chiefly influenced neither by destiny nor an unpractical Providence, but by a few forceful fixed ideas which dominate our conduct. A God who, while giving a commission to an individual with powers to carry it out, and a free will to act, would, by interfering in details, stultify Himself, would be, from a purely business point of view, wholly to blame for any failures. Humanity, with its scanty wisdom compared with what it concedes to God, sees the absurdity of allowing the individual to escape responsibility under plea of God's pleasure or displeasure in any case whatever. All business methods are arranged as far as possible, so as to admit of responsibility being clearly defined, and the effect of powers used or abused being traced to the individual concerned ; and he is judged by results.

The fixed ideas which dominate conduct may be good or bad, and affect the individual according to the frequency with which they are brought into play. A drunkard cannot dissociate from his thoughts the image of a bottle, though the contents of it are, from its ill-effects on him, a veritable poison. The cure of the drunkard lies within himself, and the knack of extinguishing the thought and the image of the bottle, as a boy wipes out his errors on a slate, is only a matter of a little practice and patience. By trying the experiment with a single peg when the image comes up, the desire for that peg may be suppressed in a short time. A second peg may then be grappled with ; and a further extinction of desire, a fresh accession of self-control is acquired ; that gives much more pleasure than any peg could give, since it is a permanent one, on an upward grade, instead of one on a downward course. It is as easy to get rid of a bad habit as to acquire it, if only the attempt is made, but it takes a little time, and manly resolution to start with, and perhaps a friend to persuade and assist.

The dominating thought of most power for good is that which impels the individual to do the Will of God, rather than his own, which he may be sure will fail some time or other from ignorance. The study of this Will of God forms the subject of most religions. It may be pursued to such an extravagant degree as to exclude the possibility of an individual having time or inclination to attend to worldly affairs and may also be accompanied by many false beliefs.

Persistency in this line of thought to the exclusion of all others fits a man to become an ascetic or a monk but not to fill an active position in the world : because the world has other thoughts connected with practical matters ; and for common aims men must in a large measure be impelled by similar thoughts and give up time to others. Most men are influenced by the desire to secure first, the food supply, next comforts, and finally pleasures and luxuries. By associating together, the attainment of common desires is facilitated, and accordingly those agreed as to ways and means to gain common wants by continuing the same line of fixed ideas, practically become of one mind. Thus the individual mind is mostly formed from the fixed ideas of the collective minds of certain associations, and even if he were free to exercise his own judgment in all matters, it would do him no good, for his neighbours, thinking differently, would not co-operate with him on his plans till he had converted them. As the effort to convert a whole society to a new idea would perhaps take a long time, while daily needs are urgent, the individual is often obliged to act in opposition to his judgment. He is to that extent absolved from responsibility. The thoughts which lead to the perception of good and evil are the outcome of experience or study. The individual is also affected by the number or quality of the people entertaining the same common thought or fixed idea by whom he is surrounded.

The fixed ideas of the entire human race affect everybody, and they are naturally the most difficult to alter. The effort to change them needs a Christ, a Mahammed, a Buddha. The consequences of such changes are felt throughout the world, the intention being always for good. These are the chief rulers of mankind. Our fixed and unalterable ideas are derived from them. It is on the basis of these ideas of conduct that men agree to co-operate with one

another for mutual advantage. It is important that they should be founded on truth itself.

The fixed ideas entertained by Nations and Races, peculiar to their position and surroundings, form the National or Racial character. No man is really free from the bias or obligation to act in unison with the National or Racial mind for the common material welfare.

From this stage it is easy to trace by successive descending steps the collective mind of the Country or District, the Village, the Home, the Caste, as regards Wealth, Labour, a Trade or a Calling.

And so the individual mind is bound in a large measure to be made up of the thoughts which pervade the minds of the collective bodies by which he is more or less governed. I must share in the errors accepted as truth by these bodies, and naturally be absolved from individual responsibility for them. But as we have to suffer for our errors, whether we are conscious of them or not, and as error in the community is vastly more serious than in the individual, it is of first importance to enlighten the community. If this is so, it cannot but be a greater good to enlighten the community of Nations and Races in matters which jointly affect them.

Now there is perhaps no idea so permanently fixed in the minds of all humanity as that it can, and should be, able to expand itself indefinitely, without any thought of the "Useful Limit." It means that God is expected to provide for ever-growing populations, the limits to which no individual considers it his special duty to pay any attention. In most other matters economy is studied, and ways and means are carefully considered before allowing any extravagance, because without doing this a time may come when disaster overtakes us, and our illegitimate joy is turned into deep mourning. This is what happens.

When population increases beyond the capacity of the country to feed it, wars of extermination arise in the effort to seize the food-supply of a neighbouring tribe. We have not yet emerged from the primitive stage of fixed ideas which accepts this condition, as one laid down as a divine ordinance for the destiny of man. Responsibility for his birth is to be fixed on nobody, and he is to go to his death in due course or survive as the fittest in a struggle

for the food available. Then where is the vaunted superiority of the human over the brute mind ?

The civilisation we boast of seems to consist in the gross of mighty efforts to produce the biggest gun and the most destructive shell ; but little or no effort is made to indoctrinate the idea of personal self-control, in the interests of humanity at large. The mere suggestion that there is a useful limit to population is received with a shudder of righteous horror. The application of reason, to assimilate humanity to the attributes of the Almighty, and follow His laws to their logical conclusion, is debarred by the determination to forbid discussion, and rule humanity through a blind and ignorant faith.

Meanwhile, one of the chief sources of all the suffering humanity is called on to endure, arises in the ignorance of the masses, and the teaching of religion which, unaccompanied by scientific education, fails to bring reason to bear on social questions so as to indicate where the economical limit of population is being exceeded.

For those nations who would turn a deaf ear to science under these circumstances, those who would be guided by it should combine to inflict the proper penalty which in these days needs an effective use of combined force.

In dealing with the scientific side of the spread of civilisation then, the first requisite seems to be to decide whether peoples who aspire to govern themselves, can and should be made responsible either to keep their populations within their means of feeding them, or whether the food-supply of the world should be considered the common property of all mankind, and there should be free trade in it, and a free movement of people from one nation to another. Australia and South Africa are opposed to receiving coloured aliens, and have taken effective measures to prevent them landing.

England, too, finds the inconvenience of receiving aliens, who through poverty, must be supported on the poor rates. It is difficult to see how any government can effectively use its powers co-operatively with the people, to preserve the balance of population and food-supply, if there is absolutely no check on the influx of foreigners.

But to arrive at an agreement between governments is no less difficult, since some are overflowing with population, and, failing

universal understanding of the subject, it is certain that no remedy less than that in which the people of these nations are ready to co-operate, will secure the peace of the world, and the triumph of right over might.

The nations most concerned are Germany, England, Japan, China and Italy ; these furnish most of the emigrants to the New World. As long as the New World is ready to receive them, and people are ready to go there, universal trouble may be avoided. But nevertheless, the relief is only temporary. The inevitable time must arise when the new fields will all have been occupied.

From this it appears that the progress of civilisation is anything but real, because it is based on erroneous ideas.

The first error is to imagine it necessarily a good thing or even a Divine mandate to populate the world, without exercising wisdom, so as not to create suffering for posterity.

The next error is the thought that universal competition to secure monopolies has the Divine sanction. As long as there are dissentients to this doctrine, it cannot be true. Those who go under in the strife naturally object to it. They say that individuals must be protected from the effects of unlimited competition by co-operative organisation, which secures the useful limit to it. Otherwise, for the benefit of some, others must perish ; this is not a just view of the intentions of the Almighty, and is opposed to common sense. Such an idea could only prevail from men's minds being wholly concentrated on the gratification of their own selfish desires, oblivious of every obligation to limit them in the interest of humanity. They have some justification for this sensual attitude, from the apparent hopelessness of a universal adoption of any other, by the peoples of the world. For Europe to limit the expansion of its population, while Asia persisted in it, would, however, be practicable, if Europe was united to give effect to the policy, and could forcibly prevent an overflow from Asia. In the absence of agreement to such a policy, Europe has no control in the interest of its populations ; and if kingdoms have no protection through a united policy, how are individuals to be protected by their governments ? The feeling of individuals in the State is akin to that of a thrifty wife who, seeing her husband squanders pounds, while he pinches and saves pennies, and that ruin is not far off, thinks she had

better get what she can for herself while anything remains. She there-upon joins in the extravagance and the end soon comes. If kingdoms are secured against unwholesome competition to populate the world, the individual may be protected against his neighbours, by organised methods and legislative measures, which will fix responsibility on each person for any extravagance at the expense of the community. This is perfectly practicable.

If this is done as the outcome of common sense which requires very little scientific knowledge to back it, Christian Governments will then be giving practical effect to the religion they profess. With responsibility fixed on individuals, the means to exercising it will not only become a subject for much wonderment, but also much opposition and dismay to many, since it means a total reversal of a dominant and fixed idea. To those, however, who imagine such things to be impossible, it is easy to point to the common sense practice of regulating habits through the thoughts, taught by modern scientists. Excesses of every description are as easy of regulation as the craving of the drunkard, if systematically taken in hand. The education of the masses for this purpose is the duty of the leaders of religion and scientists, who, if they would occasionally step out of the spiritual atmosphere and descend to the mundane, would be able to show the ignorant how they can learn to govern themselves by a new dominant idea and avoid being slaves to their passions. An intelligent use of the mind is all that is necessary.

Unfortunately, the commandments in certain portions of scripture, suitable to the then time and place, have been adopted as a law for all times and every place. Reason revolts at the illogical results which follow, necessitating recourse to the breaking of other equally important commandments. In one place we are told to increase and multiply ; while at another we are forbidden to commit the murders which are inevitable, when the needs of a population exceed the available food-supply and war is a consequence. A modification of the religious fixed ideas is evidently necessary to an approach to the millennium, and with common sense applied to religious dogma considerable progress can be made.

And without the use of common sense in the practical affairs of life, the mystery of religion is thrown away as a force. We can

trace effects to causes up to a certain point wherein we find verified our religious precepts. Then we are lost because we fail to perceive the errors of the collective minds under which we have been brought up and educated. The precepts of Truth have not been adhered to by authority in the development of our social systems. We have accepted the errors of the corporate mind as the truth. We have now to look through these various minds and analyse their composition, and then find that there is no truth in some of the fixed ideas by which they are governing us. We perceive the truth only in the words and life of the Great Teacher, and our corporate and individual efforts are now essential to remodel our thoughts, to bring them in unison with His, when our practice will follow. The initiative must be taken by the Governments on a distinctly scientific plan without which the salvation of the individual cannot proceed. In England it is doubtless in progress in some degree, forced on the country by the industrial expansion going on, and the straits to which the classes are often reduced. But much is sunk in mystery which the public should understand. Unless the State rises to its responsibilities, the individual is helpless. Until the individual is spiritually informed, he will not know how he may help the State, and consequently himself. Religion and science must go hand in hand, in the Council Chamber and the workshop. The former teaches the individual to govern himself, the latter how he may be directed in co-operation with others. To divorce the two is to stultify the objects of civilisation, which are to make life happy and profitable to all.

T. F. DOWDEN.

*Coonoor, South India.*

## THE ANCIENT KINGDOM OF KERALA.

DURING his visit to the metropolis of Southern India, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales received, on behalf of his imperial Sire, the homage of some of those Princes of India whose antiquity takes us back to the age of Indian legends. Most Royal Houses in India, if we except those that were founded on the ruins of the Moghul Empire, trace their descent from the line of Ikshavaku of the solar dynasty or from the line of Kaurava kings of lunar descent. Such houses are to be found mainly in Rajaputana, and if we leave Rajaputana, only in the extreme south, the mountain fastnesses of the former and the interminable distance of the south-western principalities hedged round by a high range of mountains having secured them from the inroad of foreign conquerors. Nothing is more enchanting in the eyes of the Hindu than the legends that encircle, like an undying halo, these ancient dynasties, legends which, possess to him a reality which the rolling centuries and the revolutions they have witnessed have not effaced. Such is the hold the remote past has on the Hindu that to him the wars of the Ramayana are as events of yesterday. Whatever may be taken away from him, he looks upon the past as the one heritage of which he cannot be dispossessed. Ajudiah may be ruled by a Civilian Lieutenant-Governor, but he has not ceased to think and dream of it as the land that Rama ruled. Delhi, the capital of Emperors, the seat of imperial revolutions, recalls to the Hindu the imperishable Hastinapura, while present events fade out of his memory. Ancient Madura, the headquarters of a Civilian Collector, is to the South Indian mind the proud capital of the Pandya line of kings. Like the shadow of the shifting clouds on earth, changes may have befallen them, but none of them could change the essential character of these places which they derive from the immemorial past.

In one important respect, however, the southern principalities differ from the princely houses of Rajaputana. In the case of the latter the identity between the ruling dynasty and the kingdom ruled has been lost. The founders of these kingdoms took, no doubt, their gods with

them, and preserved the traditions of the family ; but the original kingdoms are not theirs. Udaipur may possess all the halo which unsullied chivalry has ever lent to royalty ; but it was not the same as to those events which legend connects with their houses. No doubt, the kingdoms the Rajput Princes have founded in exile have imparted to them a freshness which looks like an authentic proof of their ancient record. Yet, all the same, they and their inheritance are apart, a circumstance that may call for greater respect, but which nevertheless makes a difference. On the other hand, if we turn to the South we shall find at any rate one conspicuous example of a royal house which, continuing its existence through all the stages of legend and history to the period of a Representative Assembly on an elective basis, has preserved its identity with the Kingdom and its capital.

Lying between Cape Comorin and Gokurn, the territory that was, according to the Puranas, reclaimed from the sea by Parasu Rama, an *Avatar* of Vishnu, Travancore represents an integral part of the ancient kingdom of Kerala, the reclamation being an incident that is said to have taken place in the *Thretha Yuga*, i.e., at a period that is beyond all human calculation. The Puranic account of the reclamation is that the temple at Gokurn having been submerged under the sea, Parasu Rama threw his sacrificial spoon into the ocean, which from Gokurn to Comorin receded to its present limits. Modern critics have seen in this version the occurrence of a seismic disturbance which resulted in the reclamation of the strip of land between the two points. But modern criticism cannot similarly explain the Puranic accounts that follow this work of reclamation. For, Parasu Rama did not simply reclaim the territory, but peopled it, gave it laws, consecrated numerous shrines, parcelled out the territory into divisions, nominated chieftains and had even coins struck. All the West Coast between Gokurn and Cape Comorin is known as the land of Parasu Rama. The temple at Trivandrum was consecrated by this militant Brahmin sage, and the town itself is called after the deity Thiruvananthapuram of which Trivandrum is a corruption. These Puranic accounts, a weird admixture of the possible and the impossible, have nevertheless so remarkable a consistency and in themselves have so many features intimately connected with existing records, that the task of rational criticism of a constructive kind seems well nigh impossible. But there are certain conclusions which are indisputable, such, for instance, as the identity of Travancore as an integral part of the ancient Kerala Kingdom which finds mention in such works as the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. Kerala is one of the kingdoms to which emissaries.

of Rama are sent in search of his lost wife Seeta, and the Ruler of Kerala is one of the feudatories who fights on the side of the Pandavas at Kurukshetra and is one of the many valiant allies who perish on the battle-field. The identity of Travancore as a part of the Kerala Kingdom, and the indissoluble connection between the Royal House of Travancore and the capital city of the Kingdom, Thiruvananthapuram, modern Trivandrum, remain unclouded through all these accounts of legend and history. Revolutions have doubtless taken place, but the Royal House of Travancore has nobly weathered all storms ; and if unbroken lineage of a tributary sovereign could add lustre to the Suzerain, none so well as Travancore can do it.

Sir William Lee-Warner raises, in his interesting book dealing with the Protected States of India, the question —“ Why was this vast tract of territory left above the tide of British conquest as it rose and submerged the 964,993 square miles which represent India under the Queen Empress ? ” The reply that suggests itself to us is, that the tract of territory under native rule may probably have formed the ground of elevation from which the tide of conquest flowed and submerged the territory that is now under British administration. But if the question should be directed to a particular State, it is clear that a variety of circumstances would present themselves as the probable explanation regarding Travancore. As we noticed above, its distance and its mountain barrier secured it an immunity which was denied to its sister Kingdoms. Its security from internal revolutions, however, it owes to the wisdom of its rulers, which has placed it on the bedrock of permanence.

Modern Travancore may, in almost every essential respect, be said to have begun from the reign of its most distinguished sovereign, Marthanda Vurmah, who ruled and consolidated the kingdom between 1729 and 1758. The middle of the 18th century saw the beginning or the expansion, or the decay, of several principalities, and was also the period when the foundations of the Paramount Power were laid. In events of enduring importance it was most prolific ; if it was then that the French and the English stepped into the arena of Indian diplomacy, intrigue and conquest, wherever their eagle eye perceived a chance, if it was then that Haidar Ali was making modern Mysore, and if it was then also that the Mahratta confederacy was equipping itself for the mastery of India, modern Travancore had also its beginning then. A contemporary of Haidar Ali of Mysore, Marthanda Vurmah was his equal in valour and diplomacy, in energy and thoroughness, in wisdom and statesmanship. It would be difficult to find two such contemporaries

whom nature had equally endowed, but the circumstance of whose birth made all the difference that could be found between them. The one succeeded to the throne as its lawful and legitimate heir; the other was one of the most consummate and successful usurpers that history has recorded. The one came with all the training and tradition, aptitude and culture, which descent from a long line of kings conveys; the other was self-taught, self-disciplined, and was little better than an upstart in point of birth. But both had in an equal measure the instinct and the valour for building a kingdom, for creating order out of chaos, for making the yoke of conquest as little pressing as it can be made. Both dreaded obligation to foreigners and strove to make the best use of the instruments they had. Both had equal sagacity to make religious tolerance the groundwork of political security and loyalty to the sovereign, and both made merit the only test for office, and loyalty the only condition for reposing trust and confidence. Adventitious circumstances such as birth, caste, creed and race had no weight with them, and both had the security of the kingdom as the highest end in view. Above all, both had unerring perception to appraise danger aright, and would not venture beyond their depth. With all these points of resemblance, the House of Marthanda Vurmah is in existence, the House of Haidar Ali did not survive the life-time of his son, although its far-sighted and intrepid founder had endowed it with all the conditions of permanence, except that of guaranteeing that his successor would scrupulously follow in his footstaps. There was indeed no way of doing it for one who was a usurper, and a Mussulman usurper, of a Hindu Kingdom. It required a Haidar Ali to build up modern Mysore, and in the conditions of the 18th century it also required a Haidar Ali to safeguard it from disruption or overthrow. Travancore was no exception to the conditions that obtained in the latter half of the 18th century, and if Marthanda Vurmah made the modern Kingdom of Travancore, he had the prevision to guard against what he had made being lost to his successor in the revolutionary political conditions that obtained throughout the country then. On the Malabar seaboard itself there were so many rival powers to Travancore, some of which had been subjugated by him, some of which were forced to be at peace, while some others had never ceased their hostile preparations. Outside the border, danger from Mysore, from any trooper of the Karnatic forces, from any Mahratta horde, was always to be expected, while steering through the trade and territorial jealousies of the Dutch, the French and the British called for all possible self-restraint and no mean talent

for diplomacy. The danger of successful revolt on the part of a powerful subject was one that might not be overcome as well as it was possible for him, and in a country ruled by a hereditary line of kings the occupant of the throne was liable at any time to be overreached by an unscrupulous rebel. Marthanda Vurmah himself had made out of a small principality a decent kingdom ; had put down formidable conspirators and held his own against the attacks of neighbouring powers ; but what guarantee was there that his successor might not succumb to what he had overcome ? We have seen how the principality of Padmanabapuram was an integral part of the ancient Kingdom of Kerala created by Parasurama ; the temple of Padmanabha, the tutelary deity of the Royal House of Trivandrum, had been consecrated by Parasurama himself ; and despite all the unscrupulousness which political ambition engenders, religion had a sanction which no other institution could have had, and with Hindus it was the most powerful sanction known to them. Marthanda Vurmah, as the final act of the consolidation of the kingdom of Travancore, transferred it formally to the deity Padmanabha, declared himself his slave or dasa, and enjoined that his successors were simply to carry on the Government on behalf of the god. It was, indeed, an act of annexation of the state to the temple, the conversion of the state into a property of the church. The hero of a hundred battlefields, the man who had proved a match for every conspiracy, the ruler who had won the affection of his conquered subjects, proceeded to the temple in state, accompanied by his ministers, and his heir and successor, and after the performance of the prescribed rights placed the sword of state on the altar, made a solemn gift of the state to the deity, and declared that from that hour he and his successors would rule the Kingdom in trust for the god whose property the state had become. And from that day forwards every sovereign of Travancore has faithfully styled himself Padmanabha Dasa.

Mediaeval history is not without instances when the Christian Church was regarded as the prop and pillar of the temporal power of kings, and when Emperors had humbled themselves before the house of God. And not long ago in the history of Europe was the authority of the Pope looked upon by the crowned heads of Christendom with the same regard that the award of an international tribunal would be expected to command at the present day. Yet neither in the West in days when the Church enjoyed unquestioned supremacy nor anywhere in this country was there an instance of a deliberate annexation of the entire State to the Church. Of course, it did not mean in Travancore

the subordination of the King to the priest, for by the very constitution of kingship in India the king is subordinate to the priest in all matters of religion, while in temporal affairs the king is supreme and the priest is enjoined to recognise his temporal supremacy. But it meant something more significant ; it meant the establishment of a triple identity : identity between the sovereign and the deity as Lord and Vassal, identity between the deity and the state, and thirdly, identity between the state and the vassal ruler. And the significance of this dedication lies entirely in the fact that it was made by a ruler of the type of Marthanda Vurmah. If it had been the act of a weak or an incapable prince, or if it had been the refuge of a profligate ruler, the desperate remedy of an imbecile monarch who could not hold his kingdom in his own hands, the dedication would have failed of its purpose and lost its sanctity. But it was the work of one who seems to have actually built up the kingdom for the sake of that dedication, and the act was performed at a time when the Royal donor had nothing to fear from internal treachery or external hostility. The populace saw in it the hand of destiny and beheld a solemnity and a heroism which they had come across only in the legends of the Puranas ; the valiant and the ambitious were struck with the self-effacement that it denoted, and conveyed all the tribute of admiration they could offer ; while political foresight perceived in it a stroke of statesmanship prompted by the highest sagacity. Is it strange then that Travancore is to-day the only state in India which is almost theocratic in its form and constitution ? The state is literally looked upon as subject to Padmanabhaswami ; the King literally regards himself as the vassal of his deity, and the entire population knows how unshakable this faith is.

It is an interesting fact, to be noted, that Marthanda Vurmah once actually sought the aid of Haidar, but soon repented the unwisdom of the request, and when the latter readily embraced the opportunity offered him and replied that his troops were at the service of the King of Travancore, Marthanda Vurmah thanked the formidable usurper for his ready compliance, and said that the necessity he had apprehended had been overcome and begged to be forgiven for declining the assistance that was so kindly proffered. The two were contemporary sovereigns of whom all India may be proud ; but if the one unfortunately failed, while the other succeeded, the failure was due to circumstances beyond the control of the contemporary of the Hindu Sovereign. And yet none would wish that Haidar Ali, in spite of his usurpation and in spite of the wars he carried on, had not played the

part he played in history as the central figure in a brilliant episode which has become part of our national legacy. Before we conclude our estimate of Marthanda Vurmah, we would only quote the opinion entertained of him by a contemporary European writer of the period then living in Travancore, who, shortly after Marthanda Vurmah's death, wrote with the evident satisfaction the reign of Marthanda Vurmah had produced in all. "Thus ended the dominion of the petty Malabar Princes and Sovereigns ; thus was humanity avenged ; thus were the crimes punished and the licentiousness suppressed, by which this country had been distracted ever since the tenth century. The merit of Marthanda Vurmah's rule, the patriotism it had engendered in the people, the order and efficiency it had brought about in the Government, and the confidence and regard it had evoked in the allies of Travancore, were all soon to be put to the test by Tippu Sultan. No son was a greater contrast to his father than Tippu was to Haidar, and the policy which Tippu followed in regard to Travancore was one powerful cause that led to his precipitate downfall. Haidar knew his opportunities ; Tippu invariably misjudged his. Haidar had a well-aimed purpose and plan, and all the operations he undertook had reference to strengthening his position. Tippu's expeditions were often military extravaganza, and he was misled to sacrifice the permanence of his rule to military vainglory and the empty applause of the world of Islamic bigotry. Fitful, intrepid, revengeful and thoughtless, his valour and his bravery betrayed him into situations from which to emerge successfully he had not the requisite wisdom. His repeated attempts to overrun Travancore strengthened the alliance between the state and the English East India Company, and it was during the reign of the successor of Marthanda Vurmah that the first Resident in Travancore was appointed. But the East India Company regrettably failed to help the Maharajah Rama Vurmah at the critical moment, and it was the military genius of Keshava Dass, the then Commander and Minister in Travancore, that repelled with disastrous effect the invading Tippu, who himself was picked up from among the dying and the dead. Keshava Dass was honoured with the distinction of Rajah by Lord Cornwallis, and throughout the career of Tippu he guarded Travancore with an energy, courage and circumspection that would entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the sovereigns of Travancore. Ramayen Dalawah, Minister under Marthanda Vurmah, and Keshava Dass of Rama Vurmah's reign, were two ministers that helped the State to tide over a particularly critical juncture in its history. The English, after the first defeat of Tippu in Travancore, took heart and pursued the

tiger of Mysore, and the Travancore army remained and fought with the British force against Tippu up to the conclusion of the war by the Treaty of Seringapatam where Keshava Dass was present. The ultimate fall of Tippu relieved Travancore of a perpetual nightmare, and brought the state under the paramountcy of the British power. The status of Travancore as the hospitable refuge of Malabar kings during the period of persecution by Tippu rose high, and by common consent it came to deserve the proud distinction of the "land of charity" *par excellence*; it was more than that, the land of protection of the religion and personal honour of Royal refugees."

The subsequent history of Travancore is partly a record of the intrigues of ministers under a weak and vacillating sovereign, and partly of hardships the state had to patiently endure under the ever-increasing demands of the East India Company. The reign of two successive Maharanees from 1811 to 1830 was a glorious proof of the permanence of native rule in Travancore under the ægis of British Government by the vassal of Padmanabhaswami, even when that vassal happened to be a woman, to be succeeded by another woman. It was only once during the time of Lord Dalhousie that fears prevailed of the likelihood of the East India Company violating on some pretext or other the autonomy of the state. For Lord Dalhousie, while at the Nilgiris, indited a strong minute with the exaggerated allegations that were made in the "Athenæum"—as the principal warrant of the threatening strictures he passed. Soon after 1858 T. Madhava Rao (subsequently Rajah Sir) was appointed Dewan, with the result that in 14 years he made the state a model one and won for himself, from so eminent an authority as the late Mr. Fawcett, the proud testimony of having accomplished what might have been expected of a Turgot.

Conservative to a fault, yet remarkably hospitable to alien creeds and religions, Travancore is a fine example of a Hindu kingdom which equally with the most liberal and enlightened polity is scrupulously content to live and let live. Some of the earliest Christian communities in India were planted on its soil and never failed to receive the sunshine of liberty and freedom. For every ten Hindus in the state, there are three Christians and one Mussulman. And yet be it remembered that even to-day the Maharajah has to discharge responsibilities in the temple which entail physical exhaustion infinitely more than what the temporal office demands. No other ruler in India has to bear even a fraction of the trouble in this respect, and the duties that devolve on the Maharajah of Travancore by virtue of his vassallage to the deity would require

an article to describe. This spirit of conservatism, that is so intense and yet so tolerant, as is but natural, governs the system and methods of secular administration as well. The secular administration was in fact adapted to the central conception of the state and the sovereign as handed down from the middle of the 18th century, and is consistent with the other institutions of the day. But after the Dewanship of Sir T. Madhava Rao and during the years that succeeded it, Travancore began to progress by leaps and bounds in education, while outside the state the world began to change rapidly. Still, with an innate reverence for conservatism, Travancore stood still in its methods of administration and the machinery of the state. No step had been taken for a long time to bring it abreast of the times, abreast even of the progress of education in the state, abreast of altered requirements and circumstances. And this task, a second enlargement of the basis of Government, was reserved to the ruler who presides over the destinies of the state at present. He has been on the throne for twenty years, has closely followed the progress of events, and now, with a firm grasp of the situation, is proving himself a second Marthanda Vurmah in the existing conditions of the state. A short time ago the last of the male heirs of the state took ill and died, to the great misfortune and sorrow of Travancore. The custom in the territory is not to adopt a boy who would be a son and successor but a niece to the Maharajah, whose children will become the rulers of the state. There are now two adopted Maharanis, both very young, ten and eight. Before Travancore gets another Maharajah to rule it many years must necessarily elapse, and that too if the fates ordain the birth of a male issue.

The mutual bond that subsists between the present ruler and his subjects needs no description; it is an honour to both. Under these conditions a ruler of his keen perception can only resolve on doing one thing, and that is, accomplishing all that could be accomplished in the permanent interests of the state. At the beginning of 1904 he called to the office of minister a talented colleague of that lamented statesman, Sir K. Seshadri Aiyar, intimately associated with him in all his work of reform, and has now started the state on a career of progress, expanding and broadening its basis in a manner that has won general esteem and admiration. The ancient system of state accounts, the unending operation of the Settlement Department, the system of collecting tax in kind, the lack of system in the co-ordination of departmental services, the dishearteningly low scale of pay, the absence of a system of centralisation that will secure efficiency and honesty, all these and seve-

ral other deficiencies had to be rectified. And that great guarantee of all good government, contact of the people with the head of the administration in a regular, unfailing and methodical manner, had to be introduced. The Maharajah, with the aid of his minister, Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., has within 20 months accomplished the work of a quinquennium. One of these measures, the constitution of a Representative Assembly partly on an elective basis, named after its august founder, the Sri Mulam Popular Assembly, will be as memorable a landmark in the history of the state as the inviolable identity Marthanda Vurmah established between the deity Padmanabha, the Royal House and the state. The second meeting of the Assembly was held in October last, and the budget of administrative improvements which Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao placed before it is an eloquent vindication of the foresight that prompted his appointment. The proceedings of the meeting show how well Travancore has been equipped by wide popular education to enjoy the privilege of such an institution. In Travancore the percentage of pupils under instruction to total population is 6.6 as against 1.99 in Mysore; 3.0 in all British India; 3.09 in Madras; 4.0 in Bengal and 6.2 in Bombay. The percentage of male pupils to the male population of school-going age is 66.4 and of girls under instruction to the female population of school-going age is 21.6, figures that leave behind all the rest of India beyond any hope of approach on the part of the latter for a long time to come. The expenditure on education in Travancore is 9.56 per cent. of the total revenue as against 6.5 in Baroda, 1.17 in Bengal, 1.44 in Bombay, and 1.33 in Madras. In point of literacy also Travancore takes the lead, one in every eight persons being a literate as against one in twelve in Baroda and one in fourteen in Bombay, the leading Province in British India, and one in fifty in Gwalior. In point of female literacy, while only one in a thousand is literate in Gwalior, it is as high as thirty-one in Travancore. For affording special educational facilities to backward classes the beginning of the system of free education has been inaugurated, and 20 new schools were started last year, while additional grants to the extent of 17 thousand rupees have been given to 200 schools in all. Four schools have been started for training teachers for backward classes, and the elevation of these classes by imparting education and raising them in status has been undertaken with a liberality and an earnestness deserving high credit. The proceedings of the last two meetings of the assembly show that the people of Travancore deserve the gift and have political sagacity to make the institution a success—

a guarantee of efficient, enlightened and benevolent administration and a proof of popular capacity in India to participate in the active work of Government as the country becomes ripe for it. In these reforms that Travancore has witnessed within the last two years, and in the great work of administrative reconstruction which the Maharajah has undertaken, there is to be traced the hand of one individual who will be content to rejoice at the golden harvest, having no share in it except that of having aided the Maharajah in sowing the seeds. He has seen the green corn waving where it was feared that the land would have to lie fallow for a long time, and although he may not be here then, he will have the satisfaction that what he once aided in sowing has yielded a bountiful harvest, and with the advance of time there will be more seed to sow and more harvest to gather. We believe that on nothing can Lord Ampt-hill look back with greater satisfaction, more genuine pleasure and with a more profound Christian sense of duty performed with real disinterestedness, than on this work which he has been instrumental in accomplishing in Travancore. His dealing with Native Princes has been felt as but an education of the inborn facility he seems to possess for dealing with delicate and difficult questions connected with Foreign Governments. But the manner in which he associated himself with His Highness the Maharajah in inaugurating the new régime, so full of promise, entitles His Excellency to high praise and marks him out for winning confidence in situations where others may despair. His cultured sympathies, and his readiness to surrender self in doing good, have aided him not a little in forwarding the interests of Travancore and in making the annals of his Highness's rule brighter. As the Dewan of Travancore, Mr. Madhava Rao has led the public to expect of him results and achievements associated with foremost Indians such as Seshadri Aiyar and one of his great predecessors in office, Sir T. Madhava Rao. He has given proof of patience, capacity and resoluteness which to his Highness the Maharajah, who called him to the office, and to His Excellency Lord Ampt-hill, who so nobly shared in taking the initiative in the work of reconstruction with his Highness, will be a source of sincere gratification.

"Charity is our household divinity" is the motto of the Royal House of Travancore, and no more apt motto can be found to suit the history of its ruling house through all its vicissitudes. The significance of that "charity" which is the divinity of Travancore has gone on expanding, just as the rivulet, a thin little stream at its source, widens and broadens as it traverses the country, enriching and fertilising it. "Charity,"

not in giving food and raiment alone, not only in keeping down the exactions of Government to their minimum, not only in surrendering the fruits of conquest and personal glory for evolving a contented and consolidated kingdom, "charity" not only in receiving with Royal hospitality princely refugees fleeing for their ancient faith and personal protection, despite the danger that threatened to sweep over the state like a hurricane in consequence of affording that asylum; but "charity" that is involved in the inauguration of principles and institutions that will live in times to come, allowing the people to participate in the government of the state. "Charity" such as this has been the household divinity of that ancient dynasty which connects, as an infinite streak of light, the India of King Edward VII. with the India of that hazy past when tales and legends, romance and poetry, took shape and colour which, after ages of change and revolution, still continue to hold the Hindu mind captive.

K. V. RAO.

*Madras.*

### AN EVENING HYMN FOR ALL CREEDS.

(A reply to Mr. Rogers' "Morning Hymn" in EAST & WEST for January).

In God's great name ! Although I know the Right,  
My life has been but sinful in His sight ;  
And though I fain would have it sweet and pure,  
I stumble daily and am ne'er secure.

In God's great name ! The longer here I roam,  
I feel myself less fitted for that home,  
Where those great workers, who have gone before,  
Are working in His cause, for evermore.

In God's great name ! Give me, O God above,  
The strength to prove me worthy of thy love ;  
Through Thy forgiveness only can I live ;  
To earn that boon, Oh, teach me to forgive !

In God's great name ! My sin, my daily sin,  
Tells me the weakness of my soul within ;  
Ere I dare hope to reach a place in Heaven  
Let me forgive, as I would be forgiven !

In God's great home—I know not what is there—  
But there is work, in which I fain would share ;  
Oh, fit me for a place with workers gone before,  
Not to " lie tranquil on the eternal shore."

J. D. B. GRIBBLE.

*Vercaud.*

## MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LIFE OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has discharged with an excellent spirit and taste the pious obligation of paying a tribute of respect and devotion to the memory of a beloved father. Himself a man of mark as a writer and politician, Mr. Churchill is the happy possessor of a style 'not less sprightly, though more measured, than that of Lord Randolph, and his experience has taught him to avoid extravagance of writing and partiality of judgment, and to put on record a plain, straightforward narrative of a sufficiently romantic and fascinating career. What judgment must we form of Lord Randolph himself ? He played for a short time a great part in English history, but what remains of his life to teach, to warn, to encourage those who come after him ? It was my fortune to be closely associated with him in the earlier years of my political career in England, and he often talked to me about public men and affairs with the *abandon* which formed one of his greatest charms. But though I had a great liking and admiration for him, I never could make up my mind to accept him as a leader to be placed on a level with men like Gladstone and Disraeli. There can be no doubt that he had political genius, and some of the speeches he made in the country were remarkable for their versatility and rhetorical force. They fairly carried the conservative working man off his feet, and made Lord Randolph a popular idol, especially in Lancashire, where his name, as Mr. Winston Churchill has found, is still remembered with enthusiasm. But to me he always recalled the well-known lines,

Of daring aims, irregularly great,  
Resolved to ruin or to rule the State.

He had no great cause which he could champion with his whole heart ; and though he could speak on any subject with amazing facility and incisiveness, you always felt a doubt whether he could not speak equally well on the other side. Mr. Churchill, with praiseworthy fairness,

gives a long quotation from the splendid speech at Blackpool, in which Lord Randolph painted with a wealth of illustration, which the Mr. Chamberlain of these days might have envied, the decaying state of British commerce, and, enumerating one after another the industries that were "going, going," or "gone," proclaimed himself an uncompromising champion of fair trade. Only a few years afterwards the same man with equal vehemence defended Free Trade. How was it possible to retain confidence in such a speaker? You might laugh with him, enjoy his onslaughts on everyone with whom he disagreed, but you could not respect him. His distinguished son does not take after his father's character in this regard. Nothing could be more worthy of admiration than the strenuous care with which he undertook the study of the question of Free Trade, or the unsurpassed energy with which he espoused a cause which he had satisfied himself would be best for the public interest. It is no exaggeration to say that no single man has done more than Mr. Winston Churchill has done to save freedom of trade in England, and one need not wonder at the bitterness with which the Tariff Reformers pursue him, or at the place he has gained in the affection of the Liberal party.

Mr. Churchill claims for his father the credit of having invented the term "Tory Democracy," and speaks as if he were the first statesman on the Conservative side to have tried to reconcile the throne and the people. Is it possible that such great ignorance can prevail of the life's work of Benjamin Disraeli; what was the creed of young England except to repudiate the rule of oligarchies and to bring the English Monarch into closer relations with the working men of the country? Have English politicians ceased to read *Coningsby* or the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, and do they not remember the teaching of *Sybil, or the Two Nations*? It seems impossible that the doctrines of these immortal works can have faded out of men's recollections. Why, Disraeli not merely gave his literary genius to the advocacy of Tory Democracy, but he devoted to the same purpose the efforts of a long political career, and it was only towards the end of his life that he was able, after the passing of his Reform Bill, to boast that his task was accomplished, and that, to quote the words of one of his most famous speeches, he had "educated his party." The education could only have been skin-deep if it was necessary for Lord Randolph, so soon after Disraeli's death, to re-invent Tory Democracy.

A well-known Member of Parliament, at first intimately associated with Lord Randolph in public work, but who afterwards quarrelled with

him and became his bitter antagonist, once remarked to me, "Of course, Randolph has no principles, his only merit is that he does not pretend to have any." It may be conceded that Lord Randolph took up politics in a sporting rather than a serious spirit, and sought to make himself conspicuous by the piquancy of his attacks upon public men, and especially upon Mr. Gladstone, but it would be a mistake to believe that he was destitute of convictions. Nothing could be more refreshing than the vehemence of his comments on the surrender after Majuba and the abandonment of Gordon, two events which seemed to be accepted at the time as of slight importance, but which sank into the minds of the people of England, and were the final cause of the exclusion of the Liberal party from power for the long period of twenty years. Nor, although his Schemes with the Irish nationalists were carried very far when he was in opposition, and sometimes seemed to be of a suspicious character, is there any reason for doubting the sincerity of the antipathy to Home Rule which found its most vigorous expression in the famous saying, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right."

In the years immediately preceding the General Election of 1885, Lord Randolph took in hand a very necessary work, the re-organisation of the Tory party, which, after the death of Lord Beaconsfield, had fallen into a state of chaos, owing chiefly to the dual leadership of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. In the House of Commons the conduct of business was inexpressibly feeble. Sir Stafford Northcote had lost what energy he once possessed, and his principal colleagues on the Front Opposition Bench were Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. (afterwards Sir) R. A. Cross, two highly respectable personages whom Lord Beaconsfield had found useful, but who had no personal following and had nothing in common with the hot-blooded youth of the Tory party. Lord Randolph used to speak of them irreverently as "Marshall and Snelgrove." It was intensely distasteful to the Tory party, chafing under the predominance of Mr. Gladstone, to find that these men could claim, as ancient privy councillors of the Crown, the right to represent their opinions in great debates, and hilarious applause greeted the early appearances of Lord Randolph on the political stage as a man who spoke independently of the official leaders, and criticised with the utmost freedom, and with a vigour to which the House had been long unused, the proceedings of the Front Benches on both sides.

No progress is possible in politics without organisation, and Lord Randolph, not content with creating the Fourth Party in the House of Commons, succeeded, with the help of his ingenious comrade, Sir H. D.

Wolff, in establishing the Primrose League, and then formed a design to capture the electoral machine which may be called the Staff and Intelligence department of the Tory party. The lethargic condition into which the head-quarters of the party had been allowed to drop excited great discontent throughout the country, and there existed a widespread feeling that the National Union, which formed a consultative body of elected representatives whose business was to aid the Whips, should be entrusted with greater authority and a larger control of the party funds, and entrusted with the duty of stimulating the constituencies. Lord Randolph had been chosen a member of the National Union Council, and he quickly perceived that his political designs would be rapidly advanced if he could gain the control of such a representative institution. His friends began an agitation to appoint him Chairman of the Council. It happened that at that time, although I had not yet become a Member of Parliament, I had, at the earnest request of Mr. W. H. Smith, agreed to be elected to a seat on the Council, and Sir Alfred Slade asked me if I would support the nomination of Lord Randolph to the chairmanship. I gladly consented, as I had the greatest faith in the noble lord's energy and enthusiasm. A few days afterwards Lord Randolph invited me to a luncheon at his house in Connaught Place, where I met all his principal friends, and found myself, quite unconsciously, committed to be a party in a great political intrigue. As the Fourth Party gets the credit of having started this agitation, I may say that Mr. Arthur Balfour never took any part in it. He never appeared at any of the numerous gatherings which were held at the houses of Lord Randolph's friends to determine what steps should be taken to make the National Union supreme in the party. After a time, indeed, when the ambition of Lord Randolph began to take a wider scope, Mr. Balfour, resenting what seemed to be an attack on Lord Salisbury as well as Sir Stafford Northcote, became the most active spirit in an organisation formed to defeat Lord Randolph's plans.

All at first went well with the confederates. Lord Randolph was elected chairman, and his letters in that capacity to the leaders made such an impression upon men who were for the most part very timid politicians that Lord Salisbury was persuaded to promise important concessions to the National Union, and practically to say he would admit the council into partnership with the central office in the management of the party. Lord Randolph's sharp tongue had frightened the respectable mediocrities of the Front Opposition Bench into fits. I

remember one day meeting Mr. W. H. Smith in the Park, and he stopped me and said, "I believe you are one of Lord Randolph's friends I wish you would find out what he wants. He can have anything he likes to ask for, if he will only come into line with us." Lord Salisbury, being in the House of Lords, did not share this panic, and he did not scruple to express his opinions freely as to some of the demands made by the council of the National Union. His letters provoked Lord Randolph to wrath. I went early one day to lunch with Mr. Percy Mitford, and found nobody in the room but Lord Randolph. He at once pulled a roll of manuscript out of his pocket, and asked me to listen to a letter he had written to Lord Salisbury. It was a strong, not to say violent, epistle. When he had finished, he added, "I consider that Lord Salisbury has grossly insulted me." I could not help retorting, "Well, I think you have paid him out in his own coin." He flashed an angry look at me, but said no more. This was the beginning of a coolness between us, and the breach widened as it became more apparent at the meetings of the National Union, that nothing would satisfy Lord Randolph but the supersession of both Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. For this I was not prepared. I had joined Lord Randolph, thinking he would put new life into the Conservative party, but I could not follow him in breaking up the party. I had always had the greatest respect and confidence in Lord Salisbury, and I thought at first the new movement would be limited to making him the sole instead of one of the joint leaders of the party. Perceiving my mistake, and being always accustomed to act independently, I determined to bell the cat, and, without consulting anyone, I put on the paper for the National Council meeting a motion saying we would agree to work with the Central Committee of the party to secure "complete harmony and united action." This was a thunderbolt for Lord Randolph, who wrote to me to say that, if my motion were carried, he would resign the chairmanship of the Union. Lord Randolph's numerous friends in the country took up his cause, and I was besieged at the Carlton Club by deputations, the principal one headed by Mr. A. T. Forwood of Liverpool, which represented to me that my motion would spoil Lord Randolph's work. I stood firm, my motion was carried, and Lord Randolph resigned. Mr. Winston Churchill (at Vol. I. p. 325) gives a full account of the incident, and I have no fault to find with his narrative, in which he makes a friendly, and indeed complimentary, reference to my action.

But he is quite misinformed as to what happened subsequently. Lord Randolph never recovered from his defeat and resignation. His

authority was shattered, and he was driven to the necessity of recognising the superiority of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Churchill claims that he "captured" the official machine, but he did nothing of the kind. It is true that he was replaced in the chairmanship, but only on the condition that a national conference should be held and a fresh Council elected. For this conference great preparations were made on both sides. It was held at Sheffield, and Lord Randolph was the popular hero, and carried the election of a majority of his nominees. But all his chief opponents, such as Earl Percy, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Balfour, Sir E. Bartlett, myself, and others, were also elected, and Lord Randolph was shrewd enough to see that he could not hope again to carry matters with a high hand on the Council. \* He came to a sudden resolution. At a garden party at Marlborough House he went up to Mr. Balfour, and said he was sick of so much squabbling, and wished to make friends with Lord Salisbury. This overture was cordially accepted, and Lord Salisbury gave a dinner to all the members of the National Union Council, at which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who had taken no part in the quarrel, was appointed chairman. This was, as I said at the time to Mr. Balfour, the euthanasia of the National Union, which fell into the hands of the Protectionist wing of the party, and has latterly tried to reassert itself by giving an enthusiastic support to Mr. Chamberlain.

Lord Randolph no doubt made a compact with Lord Salisbury, and was granted a distinguished position in the Conservative Governments of 1885 and 1886. But this was not what he wanted. His position in the Ministry was most uncomfortable ; nearly all his colleagues had smarted under his trenchant criticisms and were pining for revenge. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he wished to make a great budget by reducing expenditure upon armaments, but Mr. Smith at the War Office and Lord George Hamilton at the Admiralty would not give way to his wishes, and Lord Salisbury supported their views. Lord Randolph thereupon resigned, and was astonished to be taken at his word, and to find that Mr. Goschen had been put in his place. To show the curious inconsequence of his disposition and his want of consideration even for his intimate friends, I may relate a little anecdote regarding his resignation. There was a ceremony in the City called the "Trial of the Pyx," to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was officially invited. One of Lord Randolph's most devoted friends was asked to meet him. On driving away afterwards together, the friend made some jesting remark about the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Randolph quietly said, "Well, I don't know if I am Chancellor any longer, for I resigned this

morning." This was the first intimation given to anyone of what he had done. It was not a single difference of opinion that led to his resignation. I sat next him at dinner soon afterwards, and he spoke very frankly of what had happened. "I went," he said, "day after day to the Foreign Office, and told Lord Salisbury the people would not stand an aggressive foreign policy." I confess it occurred to me that the Foreign Secretary must have been heartily glad to get rid of a counsellor who was determined to impose upon him what he regarded as the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone.

Lord Randolph made several desperate attempts to recover himself after his resignation, but the head of the Government would have nothing to say to him, and already his health was breaking up. The last message I had from him was a request that I would accompany him to a platform meeting at Birmingham, but the Liberal Unionists incited Mr. Arthur Balfour to take the wind out of his sails by holding a meeting first, and Lord Randolph declined the challenge. His end came suddenly, and I have always thought that the intense strain of the work he undertook after his sudden plunge into the unaccustomed and stormy waters of political life was too much for his constitution.

J. M. MACLEAN.

*Bournemouth, England.*

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

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### Mr. Morley's Opportunity.

The Liberals have been borne into power on the crest of a mighty wave. They have won a memorable victory. Will their Ministry be equally memorable? So far as India is concerned, Mr. Morley has a splendid opportunity to make his sway over the destinies of the Indian Empire a landmark in its history. Though he is believed to be of a somewhat conservative temperament, he comes to office with a prepossession in his favour in India. His conservatism may be like that of the great political philosopher and orator whose biography from his pen is familiar to every Indian undergraduate, and who championed the cause of India in the days when the foundations of the British Empire in this country were being laid. Mr. Morley has at least one noble colleague, in whose generous impulses and righteous recognition of the divine event towards which all communities are marching India reposes implicit confidence, while his other colleagues of Indian experience are not likely to prove unfriendly to any sound and reasonable reform in keeping with the spirit of the times. In Parliament he will have the support of perhaps the largest number of the friends of India, and ex-administrators of Indian experience, that ever sat in the House of Commons, notwithstanding the defeat of the Indian candidates at the elections. Wherein does his opportunity consist? It consists in the fact, which is becoming increasingly obvious every day, that India is ripe for a change. To some minds that expression may suggest the ripeness of corn for the sickle, to others the ripeness of a tumour for the lancet. In either way of looking at the situation, India is ripe for a constitutional operation. Whether it rewards merit which has waited too long, or it relieves the pain of impatient ambition, the time has come for a change, for taking a step in

advance, if not to inaugurate a new policy. At such a juncture it is an incalculable advantage to have at the head of affairs a deep student of history and a statesman with a firm grasp of principles. The man may be said to have come with the hour.

It would be idle to ignore that there is a spirit of unrest moving on the surface of the Indian waters. The movement may not yet be felt much deeper, but a student of history would seldom wait until suggestion developed into alarm. What Mr. Morley may wisely do now his successor too might have time enough to achieve. Things are not moving in India at a break-neck pace : the Government of India is so cunningly devised that strong brakes may be applied to the wheels at any time—at least at the present time. But Mr. Morley's name is not yet associated with that kind of commonsense which is averse from an intelligent anticipation of history but which would prefer to be moved to change by an irresistible compulsion of events. There are several outstanding problems of Indian administration on which the leaders of the popular party have laid stress for years: their solution will depend more upon the advice given to the Secretary of State by the local Governments than upon any policy which he may enunciate. Some of these were attacked in Lord Curzon's time, and the initiative as regards others must rest with the Government in India, rather than with the Secretary of State. The currency reforms which, after considerable discussion, came into operation in Lord Curzon's time, will in future years place such large funds at the disposal of Government that the improvement of the internal administration of the country will be almost a matter of moral compulsion, and not of choice. But there is one great question of policy, in which the driving power of a strong Secretary of State will count for more than the attitude of the local Governments. It is the question of associating the natives of the country with the Government in a larger measure than at present, both in advisory councils and in the executive branches of the administration. The Government of India has from time to time directed enquiry into the scope which exists in practice for a larger employment of the natives of India in the higher grades of the public service. Though Lord Curzon has been profusely abused for his alleged hostility to the aspirations of the educated classes, he asked the Police Commission to

report how more Indians could be provided for in the Police Department, and a similar question was referred to the Indian Survey Committee. But in the case of the highest appointments, especially those which are in the gift of the Secretary of State, that high official is the proper person to initiate a more liberal policy. The demands of the popular party comprise the appointment of not less than three Indian gentlemen of proved ability and experience as members of the Secretary of State's Council ; the appointment of two Indians as members of the Governor-General's Executive Council, and of one Indian as member of each of the Executive Councils of Bombay and Madras ; an increase in the number of non-official and elected members of the Supreme and Provincial Legislative Councils, and the grant to them of the right of advising the Councils in financial matters coming before them, the head of the Government concerned possessing the power of veto. It is the general purport of these recommendations that has to be considered ; for, literally understood, they may seem to go too far, and yet not far enough. It is no doubt intended that privileges similar to those demanded for Bombay and Madras, should be granted to other provinces as well. On the other hand, what is implied in the right of advising on financial matters may be considered by many as exceeding the bounds of what is appropriate under the principles on which the Government is at present carried on. The Secretary of State's Council is merely advisory, and he can without any inconvenience, or the feeling of diffidence or doubt in starting a new experiment, make a beginning in the direction recommended as regards his own Council. The Governor-General's Council, too, is large enough to admit of the appointment of at least one native of India on it, to begin with. As the Councils become smaller, the difficulty of introducing an untried element may become greater, but in the case of the provincial Governments the experiment may at least begin with the Secretaries. The demand which it will require special ingenuity to concede is that for an increase of the strength of the advisory councils, and the grant to non-official members of the power of "advising" on financial matters on an equal footing with official members. This demand raises a question of constitution, rather than of race. It cannot be granted without Parliamentary sanction, and hence every proposal to meet it will be

exposed to careful scrutiny from different points of view. The suggestion amounts practically to the creation of a House of Commons in India and in each of the provinces with important differences, one of which is that its vote on the supplies may be overruled by the head of the Government. As the law stands at present, members of the Legislative Councils may take part in the "discussion of the annual financial statement," but they have no power "to submit or propose any resolution, or to divide the council in respect of any such financial discussion." The desire is evidently to remove this disability. The question is not a new one : it was debated in the House of Commons in 1892, when the Indian Councils Amendment Act was before that House. The Bill was introduced in the Commons by Lord (then Mr.) Curzon, as Under-Secretary of State for India. Mr. Schwann moved an amendment to the effect that any member of the Legislative Council may submit or propose a resolution or divide the Council in respect of any financial discussion. The amendment was opposed by the Under-Secretary of State on the ground that the Government must be in the majority, because there was no Opposition to succeed it in case of an adverse vote, and the power to divide would merely emphasise the impotence of the minority. The National Congress now proposes to give the power of veto to the head of the Government. The impotence of the non-official members, however, is not thereby cured. If the non-official vote cannot prevail, it matters little whether it is defeated by the official majority or the veto of the head of the Government, who may be expected to support the official view. If the discussions are academical now, the divisions will only satisfy curiosity when the power to divide is given. Even the satisfaction of the curiosity would be a gain, if it was not counteracted by any undesirable consequences. Lord Curzon argued that divisions which could lead to no practical result would only increase the friction between officials and non-officials. Though no resolution can be brought forward and no division demanded in respect of the financial statement, the Council must divide on a Bill to impose a new tax, which is a financial measure. The difference, perhaps, is that the legislative measures on which the Councils divide are not numerous enough to deepen the gulf between official and non-official sentiment, while the items in a budget are so many.

#### EDITORIAL NOTE

that if amendments were to be moved to a budget year after year, as they were moved, for example; to the Universities Bill, the evil of friction might be so real that the official members could only hope to save their breath and their temper by voting mechanically in favour of the budget, without attention and without reply ! Experience has not shown that the right of dividing the Council on a measure of legislation has placed in the hands of the non-official members a power which they would not otherwise have possessed. In the circumstances it seems unlikely that Mr. Morley will ask the House to reverse its opinion of 1892. If he does, he may carry his proposition as he has a large majority behind him. But whether he will ask for a modification of the statute, when it is suggested neither by subsequent experience nor by the change of circumstances, is doubtful. The fact is that as long as there is no Opposition in India to take the place of a defeated Government, the Legislative Councils must remain consultative and not parliamentary bodies in *substance*, whether the right of dividing the Council is given to the members or not. Uniformity may require that they should have that power in all cases or in none : from the standpoint of the interests of the people, the question is immaterial. The transfer of the power of veto from official members collectively to the shoulders of the head of the Government will only increase his personal responsibility, and jeopardise even that amount of popularity which he might otherwise win, and which it is desirable that he should possess. Though in extraordinary cases the head of a Government may overrule his Council, the responsibility for government ordinarily rests as much with the Council as with him ; and his veto will increase the friction between him and his official colleagues, while the division may increase the friction between his official and his non-official colleagues. This objection, however, would not apply to a mere increase in the number of members, the official majority and the other restrictions remaining as under the present law. The numbers were fixed low, because, in the words of Lord Curzon, " over-large bodies do not necessarily work well. They do not promote economical administration, but are apt to diffuse their force in vague and vapid talk. And if this be true of deliberative bodies in England, it is still more true of deliberative bodies in a country like India." But whe

does a body become over-large? The test seems to be whether the part of a province or of the whole country which a member is elected or appointed to represent is of such a size, having regard to population and other considerations, that he can master the problems arising in his constituency, and requiring his advice. If, judged by this test, the present strength of the non-official element in the Councils is inadequate, then an increase in the numbers cannot be objected to, merely because it may lead to some "vague" and vapid talk." The talk will cease to be vague when the constituency is reduced to a reasonable limit. There would, however, be the difficulty of drafting into the Councils a sufficiently large number of officials prepared to vote for Government measures, to counter-balance the non-official element. Both ethically and economically, there must be a limit to the policy of checkmating non-official by means of official votes. An official undertakes loyally to carry out the duties of his office: if similar loyalty is expected of him when he is appointed to the Legislative Council, his vote becomes mechanical; if not, the Government party may be split now and then—which is not the basis on which the statute is framed. Moreover, it may not be economical to spare the services of a sufficient number of officials to outvote the non-official party, when this party grows very large. If, therefore, the people are to be represented in large numbers in advisory councils—and the representation will have to be on a growing scale as education spreads—those councils will have to be of a different type from the Legislative Councils, as we have them now. The numerical device which is now adopted to carry legislation through will have to give place to a system in which it is frankly recognised that the advisory bodies are advisory only, and that so long as the Government cannot resign, there is only a moral obligation upon it, and not an obligation imposed by a numerically preponderating vote, to give effect to the voice of the non-official body. Indeed, we may have to provide for different "estates" in the realm—the Government, the Lords, and the Commons, each deliberating separately, and the Government having the power to overrule the other two estates.

In addition to the difficulty of making adequate provision in the existing Legislative Councils for the growing class of representative men of education, there are two other reasons why India may

have to follow the example of Japan, among Eastern countries, and adopt a triple constitution. There was a time, not long ago, in India, when the aristocracy of wealth was regarded as doomed, and the aristocracy of intellect was hailed as the future hope of the country. The public sentiment is now veering round, and the Government, too, is anxious to preserve the aristocracy of wealth by special legislative measures. A day may come when it is treated with sufficient consideration to entitle it to be constituted a distinct estate of the realm. Secondly, the Government has for a long time felt that it is not able to tap by open methods and definite means the opinions prevailing in different intellectual and economic strata of Indian society. When the Indian Councils Bill was before Parliament in 1892, Lord Curzon said that the National Congress represented the extreme school of political thought in India. In his famous Convocation address at Calcutta he referred to the absence of a trustworthy public opinion on which the Government might act. Lord Minto replied to the Indian Association the other day that he had found on inquiry that the views of the Association on the partition of Bengal were not universally shared in the province: those are the views to which the National Congress has repeatedly said ditto. How long does the Government propose to rely upon the method of private inquiries? Is it not desirable to introduce some open constitutional means of ascertaining different phases of public opinion on public questions? A division of the community into Lords and Commons may not be adequate for the purpose; but no better method of securing the representation of different interests and different schools of opinion has yet been devised. Nearly thirty years ago, when the Queen of England was about to assume the title of Empress of India, Sir Andrew Clarke, then Public Works Member of the Viceregal Council, proposed the creation of an Imperial Senate. Some such body was called into being after the Delhi Durbar of 1877, but it never met. It was to contain ruling Chiefs, whose incorporation into an advisory House of Lords would certainly have led to complications, as they were feudatories and not subjects. Lord Lytton's heart was not in the scheme, as he thought that with the creation of a House of Lords, a House of Commons too would have to be created, and that would prove the "ruin of all things." In Colonel

Vetch's Life of Sir Andrew Clarke is published a letter written by the Hon. Member to Mr. Montagu Corry, Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, in which he expounds his idea of an Imperial Senate for India. An aristocratic Senate, not comprising ruling Chiefs, would be an up-to-date modification of Sir Andrew's idea : it might serve as a valuable consultative body ; it might afford scope to the political aspirations of the aristocracy, though the aspirations are not yet very clamant ; and it might serve as a recognised constitutional channel through which the conservative school of political thought would find its natural expression. Titled personages—Rajahs, Dewan Bahadurs, Knights, and others—might find a place in it. It would not deserve to be characterised as a body of extremists. The House of Commons would be more like the National Congress : only it would be scientifically elected and would represent more varied interests and opinions than the annual gatherings of the last twenty years. It ought to have been in the power of the leaders of the Congress to demonstrate to the world how in India it is possible to convene an assembly sufficiently representative to be treated by Government as such, and sufficiently sympathetic with the general lines of administration to be consulted with confidence and profit. If it has not been in the power of the leaders to create a body which, from its constitution, might be regarded as representative, it must be in the power of Government to call such a body into existence, though on a small scale to begin with. To give an assembly like the Congress a recognised place in the Constitution of the realm would be a fitting reward for the self-sacrifice of the last twenty years, during which an enormous amount of money has been spent in securing results which, with Government countenance, would qualitatively and quantitatively have been more gratifying. The two Houses would resemble the Representative Assemblies of some of the Native States in that they are not parliamentary bodies, and would differ from them in being consultative bodies. The Government even now consults political associations and public bodies ; but how many political associations have we, and how are their opinions given ? The two Houses may discuss item by item of a budget if they choose, and submit resolutions. There will be

no occasion to pit the officials against them. If they are overruled, there is a Parliament in England to arbitrate.

Here, then, is Mr. Morley's opportunity. As the class of representative men of education grows, it will be increasingly difficult to provide adequate scope for their desire to advise Government and to speak on behalf of the people in the Legislative Councils, as they are now constituted. The official element does not admit of an expansion commensurate with the expansion of the non-official element; the present system of securing a preponderating voice for Government by a numerical majority of officials is ethically unsound, economically objectionable, and practically inelastic. The example of other countries, including an oriental country like Japan, suggests recourse to a triple constitution, with such modifications as local conditions demand. If it is not possible just yet to inaugurate such a system in each of the provinces, it certainly must be possible to provide it on a small scale for the whole of India. It is an elastic system, and the segregation of the "estates" will obviate that friction which Lord Curzon apprehended when the Indian Councils Act of 1892 was under discussion in Parliament. The constitution of the existing Councils need in no way be disturbed: the association of the official with the non-official element is certainly desirable within the utmost limits of possibility and convenience; but when the bounds of elasticity are reached in those Councils, further expansion will have to be provided for by a different system. The Englishman is believed always to take a very near view of things: his foggy atmosphere perhaps induces the habit. He glorifies it under the name of "commonsense," or under some other equally self-complacent and self-laudatory epithet. The East is perhaps flighty. Let us see if Mr. Morley is also flighty, or is smitten with his chiefs' vaunted commonsense.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The defeat of all the Indian candidates at the General Election has naturally caused considerable regret, though not surprise, in India. The circumstances in which candidates suffered defeat do not seem to point to any definite attitude of hostility to Indian aspirations on the part of the British public. The Bengali boycott of British goods, against the dangers of which the President of the National Congress warned his countrymen in December last, may have created a prejudice in the British mind, but it seems unlikely that the result of the elections would have been otherwise if there had been no boycott. The feeling, however, is irresistible that the British public has not shown any special friendliness to the Indian candidates. That these made a fight at all was creditable to them, and their supporters in the minority deserve the thanks of the Indian public for their large-heartedness in having voted for aliens. Speculation has been busy as to how the Liberals and the Labourites — the two parties who have distinguished themselves by their triumphs—are likely to approach Indian questions. The Labourites were more cordial to the Congress deputation last year than the majority of even the Liberals. Their unexpected success will enable them to wield an influence which is more than likely to be thrown entirely on the side of the progressive party in India. The two great parties are agreed that India is not to be brought into the vortex of party politics, and there is to be no break in the continuity of policy in dealing with Indian questions. The Government that has retired has initiated no policy in the internal administration of this country, which it would be necessary to reverse before endeavouring to give effect to any of the demands of the popular party. It is not true that there is nothing in a name : there is something in the name 'Liberal,' which gives the party described by that epithet the advantage of certain prepossessions in its favour. The return of certain Anglo-Indian friends of India to Parliament, not to speak of English friends who have been taking a philanthropic interest in Indian affairs, compensates in a certain measure for the defeat of Indian candidates and the neutral attitude of the party in power.

Sir Henry Cotton, Mr. Smeaton and Mr. O'Donnell of Bengal—all of whom, curiously enough, are among the foremost critics of Lord Curzon's administration—Sir John Jardine and Mr. Hart-Davies of Bombay, and Mr. J. D. Rees of Madras, will, in their own persons, and with the co-operation of tried sympathisers in England, make a strong contingent, so far as authority and experience go. The benches will not be empty when Indian questions are discussed.



Evidences of Western Science and civilisation must have been visible on all sides to the Royal guests who are now touring in India: reminiscences of the régime of any particular Governor or Governor-General could not be equally in evidence. Of these rarer reminiscences those of Lord Curzon's active rule must have been among the most notable. Not only have ancient monuments borne witness to his conservative zeal, but in Calcutta a new monument is to arise in memory of the long and glorious reign of the late Queen Victoria: if it will not rival the architectural beauty of the Taj, its contents will make it an eloquent record of the building up of an Empire—which is a fitting monument when it is raised by the loving subjects of an Empire. The foundation-stone was laid by the grandson of the august personage to whose memory the edifice is to be raised. The visit of the Tashi Lama was a direct result of the policy of Lord Curzon's Government in regard to Tibet: its object was to convert a defiant into a friendly neighbour. The manner of wooing was not in accordance with the character of the ultimate object; but the Tashi Lama's visit lends support to the hope that the real unfriendliness is not so much on the part of the Tibetans, but rather on the part of the Chinese, who pretended to be friendly when the Tibetans had to be punished. Leaving Calcutta, the Royal sojourners reached what may be called Further India. The India of the ancient geographers extended right up to Cathay: Indian civilisation penetrated right up to the Yellow Sea. If political India has not extended so far, it is because Asoka and Akbar were not more powerful than they were. Old India survives in the Buddhism and other institutions of Burma. Modern civilisation is making rapid strides in the land of the Phongyes. Rangoon claims to rank third in commercial importance in the Indian Empire. The boast is not quite so hollow as that of the schoolboy who was proud of having received a prize for being third in his class, while some one retorted that he was third in a class of three! Burma, however, is sufficiently antique to employ elephants in piling up timber, and not the steam engine. Steam brought the guests from the Mongolian to the Dravidian world. Madras hit upon an exceedingly happy plan of commemorating the Royal visit. The oldest part of the city was called Black

Town by the white inhabitants of Fort St. George, because it was inhabited by natives. The name was changed to Georgetown, in combined allusion to the name of the Prince and the name of the Fort. Thus whites and blacks were made equal, and a higher honour was conferred upon the city than the Knighthoods conferred upon individuals. When the Prince stepped into Mysore, His Royal Highness entered the territory of a Ruler than whom no other Feudatory is more grateful to the British Raj. The rendition was a duty, at best an act of justice, rather than an act of generosity. The restoration of the Hindu dynasty\* after the fall of Tippu, however, was really an act for which the present Royal family of Mysore cannot be too grateful ; for it practically means that the Native State, as it has since been constituted, was of British creation. Mysore has thrown its doors as wide open to Western science and civilisation as any part of British India. No European administrator has shown a keener enthusiasm in the application of Western science to the industrial development of the country than did the late Sir Seshadri Ayer, and the Prince paid an appropriate tribute of praise to his memory.



The agitation in Bengal has practically ceased. It may possibly be carried on in England : in India the creation of the province of Eastern Bengal and Assam is now accepted as an irrevocable fact. Some vague hopes seem to have been entertained that the new Viceroy might be of a different mind from his predecessor. Not only could he not revoke a measure sanctioned by the Secretary of State, but he has made it clear by the reply given to the Indian Association that his own independent study of the question and the inquiries made by him as to the trend of public opinion have not led him to the conclusion that he must move the Secretary of State for a cancellation of his orders. A transfer of two of the divisions of the old province to the new, so that the Bengali-speaking people may all be confined to one province, may be regarded as a detail, though an important detail, for by such transfer Calcutta and Dacca would both be in one province. However, if the desire for compactness continues to be strong and universal, the greater part of the two divisions at least might one day be made over to Dacca. It is doubtful, however, whether the pangs of the vivisection will really last very long. The Indian mind has a wonderful recuperative power.

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## THE ROYAL VISIT—SOME IMPRESSIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

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HAVING been with the Royal Visitors in the same city only at Calcutta, I can offer but such impressions as relate to that city at first hand. However, I have heard a great deal from all sorts and conditions of men in Bombay, Lahore, Jaipur, Lucknow, and Madras, about the visits paid by Their Royal Highnesses to the above-named cities. My information so far is derived either from intimate friends who freely told me what they had seen or heard, or from those intimately connected with me (as followers), who did not in any way exercise reserve or 'wise discretion,' but gave free expression to their views and ideas.

The following impressions are thus gathered partly from what I saw and heard at Calcutta and partly from what I was told by friends and adherents in other Indian cities. In substance what I heard from my innumerable informants elsewhere was the same as I saw and heard at Calcutta, and my friends shared these impressions. I arrived in the Indian Metropolis about the middle of December last, and found that a wonderful and sombre change had come over the splendid city since I had last been there. All my friends, Mahomedan and Hindoo, and the many respectable citizens who were in no way connected with politics, but whom I freely questioned, and also the many more "men in the street," most of them not Bengalis by race, appeared quite broken-hearted—seemed to carry really bleeding hearts—over the partition of their province. I had never before seen, and could hardly have conceived the possibility of such real universal grief felt by the masses and the classes in an Indian city over a measure of the Government; for, as a rule, the uneducated take no interest in political matters. But here was a great and noble city, though not outwardly draped in

black, yet mourning in a way that no European, I think, can fully understand, over the partition of her province (one of the most homogeneous provinces in India) into two distinct and separate Administrations. Naturally, in the circumstances, and since Government had shown so little consideration for the sentiment of the people of Bengal, and specially of Calcutta, one could hardly expect at the time any noticeable demonstration of loyalty and affection. I must confess, knowing the rear depth of resentment in Calcutta, cherished by almost all except perhaps the Europeans and the Eurasians, that I was afraid that for once the populace might be so foolish, considering the state of feeling, as to identify the Royal Visitors' with the Government, and that the unpopularity of the Government, owing to the partition, might affect the reception. But as I drove on the day of the Royal arrival to Government House through the crowded streets where people in their hundreds of thousands had assembled on the vast maidan, my fear came agreeably to an end. I saw an affectionately expectant, an intensely joyous look on the face of every individual in that vast crowd. Had every individual of that crowd expected his dearest and nearest relative back home from a long journey, he could not have looked different. As I left Government House after the reception was over, and drove again across the maidan, I saw a sight I had never before seen either in India or Europe. I have often seen some of the most popular of European sovereigns, generals and statesmen, passing in state through the streets of their capitals or native cities, but never have I seen anything like what I then saw in Calcutta. Every individual looked and felt happy. One had to be an Asiatic to feel and realise this; and I saw that it was not, as before the arrival, mere affection that the people felt, but affection mixed with gratitude—gratitude for the "look" the Prince and Princess had given to the people! An Asiatic crowd never "cheers." Cheering is not natural to us, and thus you can never get a "cheer" in the European sense, from an Indian crowd. I have seen Asiatics who were worshipped and loved by every individual of a crowd of thousands—every individual of which crowd would gladly have died for the Chief—enter a hall filled by admirers and followers, with nothing but just a loving look on the faces of the crowd. Cheering

was imported into India by the busybodies who tried to make Indian crowds ape the European, just to please distinguished visitors. But what *no* frantic cheering in Europe ever equals, namely, the "look of love," was freely given by the crowds of Calcutta to their future Emperor and Empress. And as long as the Prince and Princess remained in Calcutta, and wherever they went (and I had constant opportunity of studying the crowd), they received that look of love to which I have referred. The night of the illuminations, when they drove through the city, however, was the most glorious event of the Royal visit from the popular point of view. Returning in the special carriage most kindly given me by the Police authorities, and in the company of two intimate friends, all three of us disguised as ordinary natives, I went into the streets and walked till the early hours of morning through all the principal parts of the illuminated city. The scene that night I shall never forget. Tears of joy ran down the faces of old men and young Bengalee lads, who probably were students that had been agitating several weeks before. Amongst one large group I went up to an old man, a Mahomedan, who seemed deeply affected. His grey beard was wet with the tears of joy he had shed, and his moist eyes shone with that happy satisfaction which one so rarely sees on the faces of very old men. I went up to him and enquired why he shed tears and why he looked so happy. He turned round, and told me with an expression I can never forget, "I went to see them arrive the other day. His first glance (and his whole bearing all these days has only confirmed it) has shown that he is a 'Man,' and that he looks upon us as men. Oh, how good it is to have a *Man* who does feel that we are human beings! After all those 'Lord Sahibs' who seemed to feel like superhuman beings and to consider us vermin and reptiles as they drove through our streets, this sight is a blessing. I cry for joy that the heir of the Indian Empire and his Consort do consider us human." The hundreds who surrounded the old man, with one voice, said *shabash*, *shabash*, and looked as if they instinctively agreed with the old man. How much there is in this experience! How much have the English Rulers of India to learn from the simple words of this rustic old Mahomedan! All that I have since heard bears out my own experience. The great joy of the people

was due to this blending of affection for the Royal visitors and gratitude for their kindly behaviour. The divine simplicity of the Prince and Princess impressed the native mind. The bombast and affectation that characterise some others who represent the might of England repel the genuinely affectionate Indian who belongs to perhaps the most simple among the loyal races of the world. When will our rulers learn that Asiatics are *not* impressed by show or by boastful ways, but that, like other human beings, they love to see simplicity with strength? When will our high officials as a class see that the most popular Oriental rulers of the past were not the magnificent, but the simple? When will they learn that pompousness, when added to the pomp of royalty, becomes unbearable? When will our English Governors learn not to accept "copy-book" maxims about the natural untruthfulness, duplicity, servility, and other vices of Asiatics, and specially of Bengalis, and to treat a race, singularly loyal and affectionate by nature, with the sympathy that their almost phenomenal devotion to what was at first foreign rule, and what is unfortunately still too often represented to them as foreign rule by some misguided men, so well deserves? The secret of the Royal visit, its intense popularity and its enormous political advantage, was this truly Royal gift of sympathy. If we can have a Royal representative of the Sovereign, above politics, and not responsible in this land, it would be better, from the Imperial Defence point of view, than 2,00,000 of additional European troops. Ask those who live and move amongst the people, those who are not confined to the spacious halls of Government House or the cloisters of Colleges or the halls of Justice, and see if they do not heartily support this view. The Royal visit has but confirmed the impression that the Delhi Durbar made on me. At Delhi, whilst the European visitors were undoubtedly impressed, the Indians, I fear, looked upon it, and amongst themselves talked of it, as a mere "show," a tamasha. Of course, to Europeans, out of courtesy (and not from any natural love of lying) they did not open out their hearts. But amongst themselves they rarely referred to the Durbar except as a tamasha. How different was the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's reception at Bombay? I was not in Bombay then, but three or four months after that I heard wonderful accounts of it. People constantly talked of it in a

most enthusiastic spirit. They referred to it and to the four years the Duke and Duchess had been in the Bombay Presidency. They forgot all the pomp, but remembered how the Duke used, at Mahableshwar, to talk to the poor people bringing up fuel for sale into the station, and how kind the Duke and Duchess had been, and how genuinely courteous to the natives of Poona as well as elsewhere.

My impression on the present occasion is that politically, and specially with the masses, the Royal visit has done immense good. I only wish Their Royal Highnesses could come out again a second and third time, and pay a less rushing and less tiring visit to the country. With the Princes and Chiefs, too, the visit may be taken as having done infinite good. However, the need was not so great there, as with the masses, for the Chiefs usually receive courteous treatment from officials, and many of them have been to England and brought back for the others who have not crossed the black water remembrances of much kindness received from the revered Queen-Empress and from the King-Emperor and Queen, and the Princes and Princesses. My chief impression is as to the good which the visit has done in gratifying the masses. The parades and reviews, specially where Imperial Service Troops, led by their own Chiefs, have taken a prominent part, have brought visibly before all the essential unity of India and her loyalty to England. The visits to the Calcutta University Convocation, to the Benares and the Khalsa Colleges, and to Aligarh, will prove to all the warm interest that Royalty takes in Western education and civilisation imported into India, and will do much in allaying the fear which, though not expressed, is felt by many Indians, that some of our rulers are sorry for having given us the gift of Western education. The British Empire owes a debt of gratitude to the Prince and Princess for having left their dear parents and children and for going through all the rush and fatigue of the vast programme and yet winning the love and admiration of all, specially of the poor and the lowly, who have realised, from their gracious kindness, that India is loved and trusted and respected by her future Emperor and Empress.

## IS HOME RULE DEAD?

**N**OW that the elections are over and the party which inscribed Irish Home Rule on its banner twenty years ago is returned by a large majority of the electors of Great Britain, one is inclined to enquire—where does Home Rule stand? No Liberal statesman of first rank, except Lord Rosebery, has formally discarded this proposed settlement of the long-standing difficulty between the two Islands; and when, on the eve of the elections, Lord Rosebery declared that the Prime Minister still adhered to it and added that, in consequence of this adherence, he (Lord Rosebery) could not fight under such a banner, the Prime Minister remained discreetly silent. True, Mr. Asquith and others, believed to share Lord Rosebery's views, said the Prime Minister did not mean what the ex-leader of the Liberals thought he meant, and apparently on this understanding agreed to serve in the new Government; still, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said nothing. Even when Mr. Redmond and some Liberal candidates declared that Home Rule held the field as a foremost Liberal reform, the Prime Minister did not deny the statement. We are, therefore, forced to one of two conclusions—either Home Rule has been relegated to a back position—sufficiently far back to satisfy Mr. Asquith's objections—or two such able parliamentarians as Mr. John Redmond and Lord Rosebery do not understand the true position of affairs. Now, in examining all doubtful human problems, as a lawyer, say, examines the question of the guilt or innocence of an accused person, the first consideration is the question of motive. To the working classes of Great Britain, questions affecting the interests of India or of Ireland or any other British dependency are purely academic. Great oratory like Gladstone's may rouse them to a passing enthusiasm in the affairs of peoples lying beyond their own shores, but where

no pressing danger to their own national existence is apparent, this enthusiasm is but short-lived. When the Home Rule proposals first came before the English public, they were no doubt alarmed. The integrity of the Empire was endangered in their eyes. But since that time the cry of "the integrity of the Empire" has been raised in so many ways, that the keenness of the term as a catch-word has been somewhat blunted. On the other hand, the cry of justice to Ireland has also become stale. In other words, "Home Rule" has lost its power as a war-cry which could rally friends to either party in election contests, because, judging by experience, it has ceased to move or to frighten ordinary Englishmen from the questions more immediately affecting local interests. As *Punch* represented at the outset of the elections, it is now looked on as a rusty blunderbuss of no particular danger to anyone. To have used it in the forefront of the battle would have been extremely foolish in a party fighting to secure office. The troubles arising from the lately enacted Education Bill, the importation of cheap Chinese labour to the Transvaal, the bungling and scandals of the Army contracts in South Africa, the big and little loaf of a revived protection tariff—these were the vital weapons of the contest before which the serried ranks of the Unionists went down. In vain Mr. Balfour and his friends tried to turn the attention of the electors to the Home Rule danger. They had been saying for years that Home Rule was dead. The public took them at their word and would not now be frightened. All the time Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman went on saying nothing; and now he is installed in power with his hands untied, unless by what private assurances he may have given to the Liberal Imperialists.

Then, is Home Rule dead? As a moving force in politics it is, but for a reason totally different from any hitherto put forward by the party leaders on the various sides. It is dead because the Irish people have declined to wait the convenience of English party warfare to decide their welfare. Those who have studied Irish history (and among politicians the number could be counted on the fingers of one hand) know that no Irish reform has ever been conceded on its own merits or when the Irish people wanted it. Leaving out of consideration the confiscations and massacres of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the barbarism of the penal

laws and enactments for suppressing growing industries in Ireland, and taking a glance at the condition of the country in the nineteenth century, we find that while the Legislative Union has carried on the express promise of Catholic Emancipation, the Protestant party were assured that nothing but the Union could maintain Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. For twenty-nine years after this, Catholic Emancipation was indignantly refused, and then yielded only after O'Connell's election, and a threatened mutiny in the army rendered further delay impossible. The evils of the tithe system were treated in the same manner. Reform had been promised but nothing done till the people in a body, by refusing payment, rendered the collection an impossibility. The tyranny and extortions of the land system were allowed to go on, though Royal Commissions had over and again reported in favour of amendment, till an armed rebellion brought matters to a head. Then the Church was disestablished, thirty or forty years after the people had solved the difficulty by striking against the tithes, but the evils of the land system were continued. Famine after famine desolated the country ; the people fled in millions to America and became a new terror to the Empire beyond the sea, yet the land tyranny went on unchecked by the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Every moderate attempt to mitigate its evils proposed by moderate Irishmen was rejected or so emasculated in passing through the House of Commons and the House of Lords as to become of little value. Then arose the Land League, and what was refused to justice was slowly, painfully, grudgingly yielded up to violence. Even in these concessions the same unhappy necessities of English party politics prevailed. The tenant farmers asked for what was called the three F's.—Fixity of Tenure, Fair Rents and Free Sales of tenant's interests in the permanent improvements they themselves had made. The fall in the value of agricultural produce rendered these claims inadequate and the tenants advanced their demand to Peasant Proprietary on a moderate scale of compensation to the landlords. Then the English Parliament yielded the three F's it had refused when asked for. A Tory government came in, and to suit its own ends, went one better than the Liberals. Peasant Proprietary was acknowledged to be a wise and prudent policy, and a measure of the kind was passed which twenty years before would

have satisfied Ireland but was now quite behind the changed condition of affairs.

Is it any wonder then that the younger generation of Irishmen should have despaired of obtaining anything from England on the score of justice? Home Rule was refused as other reforms had been refused. The fall and death of Mr. Parnell broke up many hopes which were founded on his personal strength of character. It seemed to many that the time had come for a change of methods. Armed rebellion was out of the question, agitation had been tried for more than half a century with very paltry results; the population of the country had in the meanwhile, gone down to half, while that of Britain had become double. Threats of reducing the Irish representation were in the air, and the Irish parliamentary party were openly treated with contempt. Lord Rosebery, the leader of the Liberals, recanted his views on Home Rule, making his famous pronouncement on the necessity of converting the "predominant partner" before any headway with this measure could be made. Clearly, to the young men, as Ireland had no chance of converting the predominant partner, the only thing to do was to make preparation to dissolve the partnership. The puzzle was, how this could be accomplished.

Now, it happened that a number of scholarly gentlemen had for some time been studying the ancient language of Ireland. Many of the continental linguists had focussed the attention of learned bodies on the vast literary treasures locked up in this ancient tongue whose manuscripts lay scattered through the great libraries of Europe. Not literature as the modern novel-reader would describe it, but literature that went back to times before the rise of modern European languages, valuable in a comparative, philological and historical aspect beyond anything else north of the Alps or west of the Caucasus. In the remoter parts of Ireland this language still continued to be spoken by the peasantry. It was rich in songs and stories of a period so recent as the eighteenth century and still richer in a world of romantic sagas actually living by oral tradition in the mouths of many.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, one of the numerous descendants of the early English settlers who had become more Irish than the Irish themselves, was attracted by the

beauties of the old tongue which was spoken round him in his youth. He printed translations from its love songs, its religious songs, its folk tales, which attracted wide attention and largely influenced the younger generation of writers and poets whose work is now known as the Celtic Revival. But to influence the new school of writers in English, as MacPherson had influenced an older school a hundred years before, did not satisfy the mind of Dr. Hyde. He boldly proclaimed that the Irish language must not merely be imitated but revived and cultivated as a modern literary and spoken tongue suitable to every requirement of the present day. Nay, he even declared that the chief object of this revival was to de-Anglicise the Irish people, to bring them back to older Irish ways of thought and living, in a word, to undo the whole influence of English conquest without troubling about the wishes of the "predominant partner," good or bad. Many others besides Dr. Hyde worked in the same direction. The Gaelic League came into existence and absorbed into its folds the energy previously devoted to political agitation. In towns and villages, classes for the teaching of Gaelic sprung into existence. Irish dancing, Irish story-telling, Irish writing, became the rage over the greater part of Ireland. Where old people lived who spoke the language, younger people eager to acquire it gathered round them, till at the present moment no one is considered a good Irishman who is not endeavouring to acquire some knowledge of the tongue spoken by his ancestors. Curiously enough, those portions of the country which never ceased to use Irish in daily intercourse are at the present time least zealous in the new movement. This is merely one more proof that the gifts which men possess are less valued than the gifts which have been taken from them.

Of course, this change in Irish life has not been brought about without some opposition. To those who ask what practical good will come of it, the Gaelic League points to Belgium, Hungary and other countries where the revival of the native language was succeeded by industrial developments, and side by side with Irish language classes, there has sprung up a demand for Irish manufactured goods. On this latter point England has, in the eyes of many, done more injury to Ireland than in any other way. In the eighteenth century, when the country had partly recovered from the wars of

centuries, industry began to spring up which gave employment to the people. These industries were suppressed by Government in London. First, Irish sheep and cattle were prohibited by tariff from being exported, then, when the Irish turned their attention to using their wool for making cloth, the cloth was similarly shut out from British markets, frankly on the ground that it competed with the goods of England. The Irish were forbidden to export their goods to foreign countries and compelled to accept English-made articles at the same time. It was injustice of this kind which wrung from Swift, who was really English in all respects except his Irish birth, the famous "Drapers Letters" and the cynical advice to Ireland to burn everything that came from England except the coals. It was only when English manufactures had firmly established themselves beyond all hope of competition that the laws against the trade of Ireland were altered. When he hears tirades against the cruelty and dishonesty of exclusive dealing from English statesmen, the native of Ireland, knowing the history of his own country, is induced to smile a somewhat bitter smile. But we are dealing with the twentieth rather than the eighteenth century, and in very truth, it is hard to see how industries can be built up by a system which is left entirely to voluntary effort. So far, the industrial movement is of the most fragmentary character. It is hampered by the influence of English capital, and, as may fairly be inferred, the Government is nowise friendly to its action. The lengths to which the party now replaced in power went in counteracting the revival movement is shown by their withdrawal from the public schools the small grant previously allowed for teaching Irish. More money is actually spent in Germany on the study of the Irish tongue than that withheld by Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his brethren of the Treasury in the last Parliament. Farmers who inscribed their names in Irish characters on their carts were prosecuted, and in one or two instances imprisoned on the pretence that the characters did not constitute a "legible inscription," while, at the same time, public notices were being posted up in the same characters by the military authorities inviting young Irishmen to join the army.

The Language movement is as vital a force in Ireland as Home Rule was twenty years ago. In this sense Home Rule is as dead a

fighting force in Ireland as in England. But in this sense only. It has got beyond the stage of discussion ; it has reached the stage of accomplishment. The Irish have passed on to another question, and according to all precedent England will now offer it in settlement of Irish claims. To expect the same unbounded gratitude that would have welcomed the concession twenty years ago is as foolish as the expectations of a man who had refused a present to his wife to evoke enthusiasm when he offered it the year after she had asked it. The present might be still as good, as handsome, and as necessary, but the grace of the bestowal had departed from the gift.

I know how these attempts at illustration can be twisted to another meaning. It may be said that the man might not be able to afford the gift one year which he found convenient to bestow the following. To argue thus concedes the whole point. Why should Ireland be compelled, time after time, to wait an entire generation for some necessary alteration in its law, to wait while its population is denuded by emigration due to lack of industries ? To this the reply is made that the Parliament of the Empire has other claims on its attention that Ireland is not the only country needing reformation. Is not this incapacity the greatest argument of all in favour of a change ? Besides, Ireland has admittedly suffered worse at the hands of England than any other dependency, and every English Colony has taken precedence of it in the matter of autonomy. The Colonies are more loyal, it is said. Well, if any colony had been treated half as badly as Ireland, it would be even more disloyal to its mother country. He would be a reckless man who would deny this. But Ireland is too near to England to risk the danger of entire separation. England would have its army and its navy on Irish land and water as at present. Is the spirit of engendered discontent no factor in the fear of total separation ? Is Ireland, poor and starved, less dangerous than Ireland a trifle better off, working out its own internal evolution on its own ideals, with its own language in its own way ? Does the cultivation of the native languages in India make for dissolution ? Are the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands not an object lesson ?

Lord Rosebery has pointed to Hungary and Norway as examples to be dreaded. Both these cases of severance have

occurred since Lord Rosebery changed his opinion about Home Rule. They cannot be sufficient explanation of his action, therefore, and is it his opinion that the case of Ireland for separation is as strong as that of Norway or of Hungary, or does he favour the belief that Britain is less powerful to guard its empire than Austria and Sweden?

But I fear I am labouring an argument which I admit is dead. Home Rule is inevitable, either by instalments or in toto. Over-crowding is the modern curse of overgrown communities. Parliament suffers from it just as much as London. It is ridiculous to declare a man a bad citizen because he objects to sleep three in a bed. This is what Unionists said of Ireland. But Unionism now is dead also.

WILLIAM BOYLE.

*Camberwell, London.*

## NUR JAHAN.

(THE ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.)

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Prince Salim received the letter he read it and re-read it several times. Choked with emotion, he continued to gaze vacantly into space as if trying to conjure up the future, as large and unheeded tears flowed down his cheeks ; all the hopes that he had formed, all the prospects that he had pictured, all the love that burned like a living flame in his heart, whirled confusedly through his thoughts. He could see that his father wished him out of the way, but his orders were peremptory and he knew that he must obey. He felt like a caged lion, helpless with all his strength : now he was in despair, now inspired with hope. "If Mihar-ul-nissa loves me," he said, "they cannot force her to marry another, and I must see her at all hazards before I depart. I will place my life in her hands, and if even she decides to banish me to eternal tortures, then good-bye to this life ; but if she promises to be faithful, if she promises to be firm, then all the powers of Heaven and Earth cannot separate her from me."

Such were the thoughts of Prince Salim as he tried to calm his mind by holding out illusory hopes which failed to soothe his inflamed heart : he tried to cheat himself into the belief that if he succeeded in quelling the rebellion and establishing order, his father would then alter his mind and order Ghias Beg to give his daughter in marriage to him.

"What, my child," said a sweet female voice from behind, "what troubles you that you are crying ? Open your heart to your old mother and she would pluck the very stars from Heaven for her dear child."

"Nurse, dear old nurse," said Prince Salim, as a new thought flashed through his mind, "who but you can merit my confidence and help me in my trouble, you who fondled me in your lap in my babyhood, and sang me to sleep in my childhood?"

"You are the apple of my eye," said the old woman fondly, "tell me what vexes you, for it pains me to see you in such a mood."

"Promise me that you will keep it secret, old mother," said Prince Salim, "and help me for good or evil."

"I won't betray my own child," replied the old woman, "you have my promise; now tell me what ruffles your gay spirit, and I will bring to you your heart's desire."

"Thank you, mother," said the Prince; "Mihar-ul-nissa has bewitched me, captivated me, and she is betrothed to another. My father wishes to send me away, so that she may be married in my absence. Before I go I want to have one last look, one last word with her, so that I may know my fate from her own lips."

"How can I do that?" enquired the old woman, "I wish you had told me before; then even the betrothal could not have taken place. Does she love you? Have you spoken to her? Then, perhaps, I may be able to arrange an interview."

"I have seen her and spoken to her," said the Prince, "and heard from her sweet lips that she is not indifferent to my love; all I wish you to do is to take a note from me to her and bring her reply to me."

"That is easily done," said the old nurse; "give me the letter and I will come back with a reply in the twinkling of an eye."

"You are so good, mother," said Prince Salim, and he composed himself to write the letter as follows:—

My own beloved, my ever loved one, loved more fondly now when loved despairingly, dearer than life—My father wants me to go to Odcypoor and has refused to do anything in the matter. I must obey but I dream of persuading him to act differently, if I return successful with a big army at my back; but if they act otherwise in my absence, by all the happiness that I have known by thy side, by all the rapture of which I have dreamed, by that delicious hour which first gave thee to my gaze, by the first confession of love, I swear that I will shake the very throne of my father to its foundation. Now I beg, Adored, that you will meet

me once, before I depart, to allow me to say adieu to you with my own lips : deign to see me and listen to me but once, that I may go out with new hopes and a firmer faith. Thou art gentle to the whole creation ; wilt thou not be merciful to thy lover ? For even if he were of the humblest mould, the fragrance of the rose has penetrated him and the spirit of thy nature has passed within him, to embalm, to sanctify, to inspire. My heart has fed upon thy love and owes to thee the germ of the treasures that now it proffers. I await the reply and will bless the moment when I see you again. Farewell ! This letter touches thy hand, these characters meet thine eyes—shall they be more blessed than he who is their author ? Once more, farewell.

The Prince rose and folded the letter in a beautiful scented envelope, and then, handing it to the nurse, requested her to deliver it somehow into the hands of Mihar-ul-nissa as soon as possible. The nurse, with the easy assurance of a person who knows her business, promised to bring a reply in an hour's time ; nor was the old lady slow in her action, for she at once ordered a palanquin and promptly started for the house of Mirza Ghias. In less than ten minutes she was in the seraglio of the Mirza, affably talking to Begum Ghias and her lovely daughter.

“ So,” said the old nurse, “ you have decided to marry your charming Mihar-ul-nissa to Ali Kuli Beg, and never told me a word about it.”

“ It was not I who decided,” said Begum Ghias, “ but my husband, who did not speak about it to me ; and so you see you cannot blame me for this, for who can better advise in this matter than you, wise mother ?”

“ Indeed, I can,” said the old nurse ; “ what do men know about a woman, her thoughts, her hopes, her ideals ?”

“ True, mother,” said Begum Ghias, “ but God has placed us under their guidance, and for good or evil we have to abide by their decision.”

“ Nay,” replied the old nurse, “ but we need not give up our empire. Really, dear sister, you are too gentle and obedient, for what has a husband to do with match-making ? It is our domain, but even here you have given in.”

“ Have I ?” said the Begum. “ But I thought it was all for the well-being of our child.”

"Was it for the well-being of the child that your husband wished to abandon her on the road?" enquired the old nurse, sarcastically. "She would have perished there and then but for your love for her. Men have always some selfish motive which they cover up by a fair outer show. My child, you know nothing of the world."

"Mother, you are wise," said Begum Ghias; "tell me what I am to do to safeguard the happiness of my daughter."

"You are right in consulting me," said the old woman, as her eyes twinkled; "the best course for you would be to wait and watch, and see if Ali Kuli Beg is a person that would suit your lovely daughter."

"Thanks, thanks," said Begum Ghias, "I am very glad you came; "I will see the boy and judge for myself."

"I need no thanks," murmured the old nurse, and then turning to Mihar-ul-nissa, said, "Child, you have not shown me your new embroideries, your new flowers and scents; you think I have grown too old for such things."

"No, mother," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "I will just go and fetch my work-basket."

"No! child," said the old woman, "I will go with you and see your room and the beauties your delicate fingers have worked in it."

"Come, mother," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "I will be happy to show you my petty nothings."

The old nurse rose; Begum Ghias wanted to accompany her, but she insisted on going alone with Mihar-ul-nissa, and on entering the chamber, which the girl had adorned according to her own taste, and which looked exquisitely beautiful, the old nurse looked round, admired the room, and then quietly slipped the note into the hand of Mihar-ul-nissa.

"What, mother," enquired the girl quite surprised and turning pale, "what does this mean?"

"Hush child," said the old nurse, "read it." And then, turning aside, she began to admire the delicate embroidered silk curtains which fell in pretty folds round the door.

Mihar-ul-nissa, as she read the letter, turned pale, then crimson, and large tears dropped from her eyes. She kissed the note, she

placed it near her bosom, and then, acting on the impulse of the moment, wrote :—

Dearest, come to me in the evening and meet me in the garden, where you will find me after sunset. Farewell, till then.

And folding the letter she handed it to the nurse.

"Have you anything else to say?" enquired the old woman, looking up.

"No, dear mother, no," replied Mihar-ul-nissa.

"And will he thank the messenger who gives thy letter?"

Mihar-ul-nissa blushed from brow to neck and remained silent.

"I see," said the old woman, "you have decided to meet him; you have done well." And coming out, she sat for some time with Begum Ghias, talking to her as usual, and then bidding them adieu she started and went straight to the chamber of the Prince, who had been anxiously waiting for her.

"Oh dearest mother," said Salim, as he read the letter, "how shall I thank thee?"

"I am rewarded by the joy which I have given to you," said the nurse.

The enamoured Prince made the old woman recite to him over and over again every syllable of the brief conversation that had taken place between herself and Mihar-ul-nissa and her mother; a thousand times he questioned her about the looks and the countenance of his beloved, and bade her recommence the recital which he had thus interrupted. The hours thus passed on and he allowed the nurse to go only when several of his gay companions broke in upon him. They rallied him on his seclusion the whole day, and invited him to come out and hail the rising moon with libations of wine and melodious song. But he refused to move, and pleading that he had an engagement in the seraglio, he retired, and wrapping himself in a cloak, slipped out into the street and rapidly strode towards the house of his beloved. The shadows of the evening had just darkened when the Prince found himself beneath the garden wall, but here he awoke to the difficulty of the situation; the wall which surrounded the garden was some ten feet in height, and the door, opening on the street, was locked from inside. He went round the wall looking for some means of ascent, and his despair changed to joy as he

found the roots of a large banyan tree jutting out from the wall and forming easy steps to the very top. He took hold of a long root and slowly climbed up to the tree and then quietly slid down into the garden itself.

Mihar-ul-nissa, when the old nurse left her, sank into a deep but delicious reverie. She drew forth the letter from her jacket, she paused over every word, she kissed every line, but suddenly she felt a chill creep over her as she thought of her betrothal ; and though she tried to lay aside the idea, her uneasiness increased as the last glimmer of the sun disappeared behind the golden cloud. Her first impulse was to open the back door and slip into the garden, but she hesitated and was struck with fear. The danger of the situation, the incoherent vehemence of the note, the risk to which her reply had exposed the Prince, all rushed up to her troubled mind. Her heart whispered "Go !" She rose, opened the door, cast one last glance behind, and then slipped into the garden. The moon had not yet relieved the indistinct gloom of the evening, but her love instinctively guided her to the spot where Prince Salim was hiding. A moment more, and she was in his arms. Her heart beat violently and she almost sank with her emotions, but all fear was forgotten in the bliss of the moment as the Prince whispered into her ears soft loving words.

"How good, how generous of you to have come !" murmured Prince Salim. "Oh ! the bliss of holding you again near my heart before I depart to face new calamities and new perplexities !"

Mihar-ul-nissa made no reply. Their feelings held both for a moment silent. But oh ! that moment ! What centuries of bliss were crowded into it for the lovers !

At last, gently releasing herself and turning her lovely face full upon her wooer, Mihar-ul-nissa said :—

"Oh, my Lord, oh my own dear Salim, why should you go and leave me here alone at the mercy of my enemies ? Oh ! heavens !" she cried, looking up, "have mercy upon my poor weak heart. You promised to speak to the Emperor, but I fear you forgot all about it. Why are you happy in tormenting me ?"

"My own, my sweet Mihar-ul-nissa," said Salim, "I wrote to my father, requesting him to annul the engagement, and the result is that I have been ordered to quit the city. My happiness, my

life rest solely in your hands. Come with me and we will fly on the wings of love to a retreat, and pass our life in united bliss."

"Prince," said Mihar-ul-nissa, drawing herself up, "you promised not to insult me."

"Insult you, beloved!" exclaimed Salim. "I would rather die than whisper a word to wound you. I love you, I adore you, and will be guided by you. The Emperor says he cannot in justice order the engagement to be broken off. Your father is averse to our love, and I don't know what to do."

"Justice I!" said Mihar-ul-nissa; "what appears justice to His Majesty may be a cruel piece of injustice. Here are two persons who love each other, and were meant by God to love each other, but His Majesty thinks it justice to doom them to eternal unhappiness. What right, may I ask, has anybody to dispose of me like a chattel, when God has endowed me with a free and independent heart unfettered as that of any one?"

"True," said Prince Salim, "but it is the cruel custom of the country that women have no voice, and are said to have no judgment, being guided by mere whims."

"Mere whims!" laughed out Mihar-ul-nissa. "It is the heart which guides them and I would rather trust a person with a heart and feelings than a dry intellectual man. I wish I could speak to His Majesty."

"I wish you would," said Prince Salim; "who can resist pleadings when they come from your charming lips? But when I am gone, you will have to fight alone against them all. I must refuse to budge from the city."

"Don't do that," said Mihar-ul-nissa; "they may set His Majesty against you, and a thousand tongues may get an opportunity to misinterpret your refusal, while if you return victorious and convince His Majesty of the justice of our cause, we may yet be united under his blessings."

"You are right," said Salim; "and I am sure they cannot force you to a marriage in my absence against your wishes, for you may tell them that if they do so, the revenge which will fall on them will be terrible."

"I will do all that I can," said Mihar-ul-nissa, bending upon

him her splendid dark eyes and trembling with emotion ; " I think I must go, lest somebody sees me here."

" Art thou so eager to leave me ? " said Salim. " Alas ! when thou hast departed, it will seem as if the moon itself had left the skies. Ah ! speak, speak again to me. Of what music has the envious silence deprived my soul ! Thou wilt not then forget me ? "

" Forget you ! " said Mihar-ul-nissa. " Have I not told you a hundred times of my love ? But of that, sweet Lord, you will judge hereafter."

" True," murmured the Prince, " and yet it seems to me all a dream—a vision too ethereal to endure on this earth, a vision too heavenly to last. Mihar-ul-nissa, will you never forget ? "

" Why speak you thus ? " said Mihar-ul-nissa ; " the heavenly radiance of love which has entered into my heart can die only when this heart lies still."

" What can separate two hearts so subtly united ? " exclaimed Prince Salim ; " and even the effusive rhetoric of Abul Fazal cannot prove such a love wrong."

" Wrong ? No ! " said Mihar-ul-nissa. " It will be an act of tyranny which separates two united hearts. It is no doubt justice to allow the parents to do as they please with their children, for justice presumes them to be actuated by the highest motives for the well-being of their offspring, but when their actions are anything but just, when their actions mean the ruin of a human life, surely the law must stand aside, and it is now for the State to see that no injustice is done."

" You will make a clever legislator," said Prince Salim, " and even outmatch Abul Fazal in his own domain. I don't know why, but Abul Fazal seems to be prejudiced against me. The smooth-tongued courtier has won the confidence of my father, and has become so arrogant that I think I shall have to shake him out of his pride one of these days."

" Abul Fazal is a good and learned man," said Mihar-ul-nissa ; " he has done more in uniting and building the great empire than anybody else, and you must overlook his little shortcomings. He is an austere man and cannot like your gay careless habits."

" But have I not renounced them since I met you ? " said Salim.

"Am I not trying to be good? Of course, I cannot as yet prate like a Moulvi."

"You are rather hard on Abul Fazal," said Mihar-ul-nissa; "I wonder what has made him merit your displeasure."

"He is too outspoken," said Salim, "and does not know how to hold his tongue, deeming himself secure in the favour of the Emperor."

"I think we had better separate now," suggested Mihar-ul-nissa. "It is nearly time for dinner and they will be looking out for me." Thus saying, she drew near him, her cheek no more averted from his lips, nor her form from his parting embrace.

"The moon is just rising—it is just half an hour that you have given me," murmured the Prince.

"Half an hour, alas!" said Mihar-ul-nissa; "I have given you my whole life."

"Go, then, life of my soul, go," sighed Prince Salim. "God knows when we meet again."

"Soon and for ever," exclaimed Mihar-ul-nissa, "never to part again."

"Be it so," said Salim proudly, with his heart set on fire; "when we meet again we meet not thus by stealth or in obscurity, but as man and wife, or it shall be at the head of the army that thou wilt see me come to your rescue."

"One kiss more, farewell!" And Mihar-ul-nissa disappeared behind the turning of a path. Prince Salim slowly slipped out by the way he had come.

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#### CHAPTER X.

It was a gloomy morning; black clouds were hanging low overhead, while there was not a breath of air to relieve the oppressive closeness of the atmosphere, when Prince Salim, with a heavy heart, left Agra for the hills of Kumulmeer. Mihar-ul-nissa had risen early, and from the top of her house saw the Prince ride forth with his companions, and when the cavalcade disappeared from her eyes, she sank on the ground like one whose life had been stolen by magic. Wrapped in her own thoughts, absorbed in her own fancies, forgetful of all that passed round her, so lost was she in her own ideas that she did not notice the approach of her mother, though

all the time she had been talking to her servants directing them to clean this and arrange that.

"What absorbs your mind so much?" enquired her mother, coming up to her and patting her on the shoulder. "Won't you tell your own mother the daydreams that you are indulging in?"

"Mother," said Mihar-ul-nissa, quite startled, "I did not see you coming up—I was lost in a reverie."

"In a reverie, child!" remarked Begum Ghias. "It is so very unlike you. You who could not remain still for a moment seem to have changed entirely, and sit listlessly for hours—won't you tell me what preys upon your mind?"

"Nothing in particular, mother," said Mihar-ul-nissa, in the same tone of voice: "it is very hot downstairs; so I came up for a breath of fresh air. I was feeling depressed, but even here I found no relief; not a leaf stirs, and it is as bad here as inside the room."

"My girl, you cannot deceive me," said Begum Ghias, looking with loving anxiety at her daughter; "there is something that troubles your mind, disturbs your sleep, and engrosses your fancies."

"There is nothing the matter with me," replied Mihar-ul-nissa; "it is the heat, the weather, which unnerves me. I don't know if there is anything wrong with me. I suppose I will get all right in time."

"My daughter," said the Begum, "I am not so foolish as you think. I have lived long enough in this world to know something of human nature, and your face shows me what is passing in your mind. Since your betrothal you have never been your old self again. It is not nothing which has changed my gay sprightly child, whose fingers knew no rest, to a sad listless girl spending her time in useless reveries."

"Mind is deeper than oceans," replied Mihar-ul-nissa, "who can fathom its strange depths? You cannot know even its surface."

"One can know from its ripples what ruffles its depths," said Begum Ghias; "I know your thoughts as well as my own. However, your marriage takes place this day next moon, so cheer up and be happy."

"Marriage!" exclaimed Mihar-ul-nissa, rising as if a galvanic shock had passed through her veins. "Am I to be thus thrown

away, rejected like rubbish ? Don't talk to me of marriage, I pray you."

"There !" said Begum Ghias, "have I not your secret ? You don't wish to marry Ali Kuli Beg, because golden fancies have taken possession of you. My child, I thought you wise, but you are as foolish as any other silly girl. Here is a man, good, noble and nice-looking, who will adore you all his life, but you spurn him and wish to throw yourself into the hands of a libertine, who has filled your ears with flattering nothings, and who will cast you aside like a toy when you cease to please him."

"Mother, you know all," said Mihar-ul-nissa in a suppliant tone ; "you know that I love Prince Salim, I love him, and it is enough ; I ask for no return. All I ask for, all I want you to do, is to leave me as I am. For God's sake do not throw me away and doom me to eternal misery. I can assure you that the Prince loves me with all the intensity of his heart."

"A truce to your wild fancies !" replied Begum Ghias. "It is a passing whim of the Prince : and it is ambition or blind devotion which prompts your vague aspirations."

"Mother," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "have you never loved ? What if he casts me aside, what if he spurns me ? I have given my heart to him and am happy in my self-surrender."

"Love !" replied Begum Ghias, "I love my husband ; what you call love is some blind passion and seems to be the very contradiction of all the elements of a sane mind."

"And it is in that that its power, its sweetness, its bliss lies," murmured Mihar-ul-nissa. "Under its all-consuming fire the dark egotism, the fountain whence flow countless streams of human woe dries up, and the prisoner of the earth is transported to the glorious heavens : you may talk to me of pains and tortures, but you know not that love transmutes them into bliss and turns the bed of tortures into a bed of roses. Mother, dear mother, love cannot be defined, it is above this earth ; human language dwarfs its greatness by describing it ; it must be known and felt. The fire of love burns away all the veils which hide the beloved, and unites its devotee to the heart's desire. You talk of marrying me to another, and yet all the powers on earth cannot separate my heart from him."

"Foolish girl," said the Begum firmly, "Hafiz seems to have

turned your head : I was told not to allow you to read the book, for it is said that one who reads Hafiz a hundred times becomes mad ; but I was foolish enough to allow you to read the book and so I must suffer. It is not for maidens to prate like this about love.'

"Hafiz, mother, dear mother," pleaded Mihar-ul-nissa, "probes one's heart and gives expression to one's innermost fancies, aspirations and emotions, which but for him would remain undefined ; he weaves them out in sweet melodies ; it is therefore that they call him the revealer of secrets and the tongue of the invisible."

"Tush ! child," said Begum Ghias ; "he always talks of wine and women, pleasure and pastime, and I am sure that it is not a book fit for the young to read."

"Hafiz, dear mother—say not a word against him. When his songs seem lightest they are of deepest meaning. Hafiz dwells on the pleasures of youth and enjoyment of the world merely to draw the imagination to the source from which all that is beautiful borrows its beauty ; he looks on rose, zephyr, nightingale and beloved alike, as nought but mirrors reflecting each an infinitesimally small fraction of love's glory."

"It may be so," acceded the Begum ; "but the higher side of his teachings is ignored by most people, and his verses are quoted as a sanction for dissipation."

"The sun shines equally on all," said Mihar-ul-nissa, "but its rays take colour from the medium they pass through. It is not the fault of Hafiz that evil-hearted people distort his delicate and noble sentiments according to their own imperfect understanding."

"For instance," said Begum Ghias, smiling, "it has made you exalt your wild fancies, and has turned your head, so that you talk immodestly to your own mother "

"You yourself drew me out, dear mother," said Mihar-ul-nissa, with some warmth, "and now that we are on the subject I think I had better make a clean breast of it all. Mother, I must tell you that I have promised my hand to Prince Salim, and I am his and his alone. Mother, I look to you for help, for comfort : won't you save me now ?" And then, falling on her knees and holding up her hands, Mihar-ul-nissa said, in a suppliant voice, as tears rolled down her cheeks, "Don't, for God's sake, forsake me now, I am so very, very miserable ; don't increase my misery by proposing my marriage

o one whom I do not love. I implore you to save me from this crowning wretchedness."

" You are a wilful child," said the Begum, melting a little, " but you really don't know the happiness which we have arranged for you."

" Mother, I beseech you," cried out Mihar-ul-nissa, " don't be so cruel ; you cannot make me happy by thrusting me away from you. I will certainly die if you drive me away from this house."

" Dear child, don't be so silly," said Begum Ghias; " I will speak to your father and see what can be done."

" Thanks, thanks, dear mother," answered Mihar-ul-nissa, " I knew the heart of a mother could not be so hard."

" And mine," said Mirza Ghias, stepping up, " you think is made of adamant. I have been unconsciously eavesdropping and have heard what has passed between my dear wife and my daughter. Not finding you inside I came up to join you and have heard something of what Mihar-ul-nissa has been saying, but now I would like to know what Mihar-ul-nissa has to say. She can speak to me plainly."

" Father," replied Mihar-ul-nissa firmly, " I cannot be the wife of Ali Kuli Beg, as I love another, and in justice to me and your friend, you ought to tell this to your friend."

" He knows all about it," said Mirza Ghias, " and is all the more anxious to have you as his wife, but I am surprised to find my sensible daughter so unreasonable. You think that Prince Salim loves you and would make you his queen. Foolish child, the Prince is like a bulbul and has trifled with many sweet innocent flowers and abandoned them for new ones. Even if he were to marry you, he will forget you in time, and you will be a prisoner in the seraglio to the end of your days, and pine away like a caged bird, while Ali Kuli Beg will cherish you, and you will be the queen of his heart, his house, and his children."

" Father, it is all useless," said Mihar-ul-nissa; " I love Prince Salim and will love him all my life long."

" My daughter," said Mirza Ghias, " you are foolish. Ali Kuli Beg would do all in his power to make you happy, while Prince Salim would relegate you to his haram to amuse yourself with other ladies and pass your time in petty frivolities. My child,

what can be dearer to me than your happiness; and I implore you to let the honest love save you from the wooing that must blight your peace, nay your life, for ever, and lead you to peril and pain, to weary days and sleepless nights. Better a little fire that warms than a great one that burns. Dost thou think that Prince Salim, the vain, the dissolute—”

“Cease, father,” said Mihar-ul-nissa proudly: “reprove me, if you like, but lower not my esteem for you by slandering another.”

“What!” said Mirza Ghias bitterly: “does even one word of counsel chase thee? I tell thee that if thou dreamest that Prince Salim loves thee as a man should love a maiden, thou deceivest thyself to thine own misery.”

“If I suffer,” replied Mihar-ul-nissa defiantly, “I suffer myself, and nobody has any right to interfere.”

“Child,” said Mirza Ghias firmly, “it is our duty to safeguard your interests; we won’t consign you to life-long suffering and misery, while if we marry you to Ali Kuli Beg you may make yourself a little unhappy in the beginning, but when you know your husband better, you will learn to love him; as for the Prince a little resentment and a little absence will soon cure him of an ill-requited and ill-placed attachment. You don’t know how easy it is to forget.”

“Ill-requited! Forget!” exclaimed Mihar-ul-nissa. “You don’t know how I love him and can never, never forget him; the fire which inflames my heart nothing in the world can quench. Say what you may, but I know for certain that the Prince loves me ardently, and I assure you that he won’t rest till he makes me his own. He told me as much, and I know he meant what he said.”

“Well,” said Mirza Ghias, “if he does anything in that way he will harm us alone, and we will bear all that, knowing that you will be happy with good Ali Kuli Beg, who is brave enough to wed you, though he knows that Prince Salim has taken a fancy for you, and may regard himself as his rival. Even if I were to break off the engagement he would not submit, but would claim you in the open court of His Majesty. So I will see that your marriage takes place on the tenth of moon next month.”

“You cannot marry me to that wild Persian against my will,” protested Mihar-ul-nissa; “if you persist, you will be sorry for it.”

"Poor silly girl," remarked Mirza Ghias, "what can you do ? We will see it through."

"I will appeal to His Majesty, who calls himself the shadow of God upon earth," replied Mihar-ul-nissa. "I will fling myself down before his throne and implore him to save me from this crowning misery."

"You shan't do anything of the sort," exclaimed Mirza Ghias ; "you shall not be permitted to move out. Besides, His Majesty cannot do anything in the matter ; the laws of the land place you entirely in our hands to do what we will with you."

"It may be so," remarked Mihar-ul-nissa in despair; "but His Majesty, who has laid aside unjust laws and worked out good laws, cannot but see the injustice of your action."

"Injustice of my action!" burst out Ghias Beg. "Why, I have arranged a suitable match for you ; what more can a parent do ?"

"Yes, injustice of your action," insisted Mihar-ul-nissa ; "you wish to sacrifice the happiness of a human being whom God has placed in your hands for protection and help to gratify some selfish motive of your own. Why, if my happiness is dear to you, am I not allowed to have a voice in my own affairs ? Why am I to marry against my will a man whom I hate from the bottom of my heart ? But you ignore my protests, for it is not myself that you care about, but some false notion of honour which you prize more than the life of your daughter."

"You cannot have any voice in the matter, because you cannot judge," replied Ghias Beg, "because you don't know your own self. Can a father allow a child to handle a snake though he may cry for it ever so long ? Let me assure you, dear child, that I am doing it all for your welfare, and I am sure you will thank me in the end, .. and I tell you once for all that you shall be married to Ali Kuli Beg this day next month, the 10th of moon."

"You cannot do so," replied Mihar-ul-nissa defiantly ; "if you persist, if you wish to use compulsion, I will destroy the life which you wish to throw away."

"Blows the wind in this direction ?" said Mirza Ghias ; "forewarned is forearmed ; I will see that you do nothing of the sort." He clapped his hands and calling in a eunuch directed him to lead Mihar-ul-nissa to her room and keep her confined.

Mihar-ul-nissa, too proud to allow the eunuch to touch her with his hand, haughtily walked down to her room and the eunuch took his seat in front of her door, as directed by Mirza Ghias.

"Husband, dear husband," said Begum Ghias, "you are very hasty. Why not postpone the marriage and allow Mihar-ul-nissa to come round? I don't see why it should take place so quickly."

"Are you also in league with your rebellious girl?" said Mirza Ghias angrily. "Now or never. The Prince may return any day and then the marriage can never take place."

"But, dear husband, if the Prince weds her himself, why, it will be such happiness for Mihar-ul-nissa. Think a little and see if the course which you have decided upon is the best."

"Nonsense," said Mirza Ghias: "I have made up my mind, come what may. I am prepared for the worst. Now, good morning; it is time for me to go to Court." Thus saying, he walked swiftly out of the seraglio.

*(To be continued.)*

*Aira Estate,  
Kheri District, Oudh.*

JOGENDRA SINGH.

## A TRUE INDIAN POET.

*(Concluded from our last number.)*

THERE is no denying the fact that all the best, and the most characteristic, of Mrs. Nicolson's verse deals with love. This, too, is true in a different sense from that of little anthologies of Love Poems. Kama, as she takes pains to explain, is the Indian Eros. He is precisely Eros every time, and not any ineffective Anteros, fluttering gauzy wings in a foolish void. Like Herrick, Mrs. Nicolson could emphatically claim that her life was proper, even if her verses are not invariably so. Though she had that tendency to despair, there is nothing dismal about her love poems. Though life were insupportable without the glamour of love, yet the glamour and the gilding are complete while they last. One of her poems is entitled, from the first line, "Oh, Life, I have taken you for my Lover!" It was only when she was breaking up, when life was vanishing from her, that she wrote such a confession as:—

Why is Love such a sorrowful thing?

This I never could understand;

Pain and passion are linked together,

Ever I find them hand in hand.

Perhaps this may be compared to Swinburne's:

"And well though Love reposes,

In the end it is not well."

Yet in her stronger moments she would never have made such an admission. Love glorifies life, as it certainly glorifies her golden verse. All the evils that love may bring must be gladly accepted for the sake of its greater good. The *Chansons de Bilitis* of Pierre Louys, even more than his *Aphrodite*, is a book instinct with the very spirit of beauty, which Mrs. Nicolson probably knew. She would have assented to the last words of Bilitis: "May you be loved,

but not love. . . . . And now, as I wander over the pale meadows of asphodel and impalpable shade, the remembrance of my earthly life is the joy of my life beneath the earth."

Few women, when writing of love, have been so poignant and penetrating, within lyric forms, as Mrs. Nicolson. For the sake of propriety, one must insist that the passion of these poems is as legitimate as that of the "Portuguese Sonnets." In a line of Mrs. Nicolson's own : " Licit thy pleasure and honoured thy pain." Yet in fancy she doubtless wandered further : " But till my limbs are dust, I have my Fancies." Honest eroticism has its place in life and in literature, as she doubly showed. A whole philosophy of love might be built up from her writings. One little poem, called " Verse by Taj Mahomed," and consisting of but five tense heroic couplets, is fairly inclusive :—

When first I loved, I gave my very soul  
 Utterly unreserved to Love's control,  
 But Love deceived me, wrenched my youth away  
 And made the gold of life for ever grey.  
 Long I lived lonely, yet I tried in vain  
 With any other joy to stifle pain,  
 There is no other joy, I learned to know,  
 And so returned to love, as long ago.  
 Yet I, this little while ere I go hence,  
 Love very lightly now, in self-defence.

Another stanza, from the melodious tale of " Lalla Radha and the Churel," (*Stars of the Desert*) goes even further, in case the editor cares to take the responsibility of printing it :—

What will you do with your seventeenth year,  
 You with the eyes of a dove ?  
 Give it to Love, he will hold you lightly,  
 Betray you and wound you more than slightly,  
 But lead you into Paradise nightly—  
 Give it to Love !

After all, such things must be taken objectively, or there is an end at once to poetry and to criticism. In a special degree, Mrs. Nicolson seems to have lived and written (as Lamb says of the Restoration Dramatists) in a world of the imagination. Her real knowledge of Indian life does not seem to have been either deep

or extensive. Something she evidently knew of the families of her servants, through showing kindness to them ; something of sepoys under General Nicolson's command, and of their expeditions to Burma and in the North-West. But her poems have an idealised Eastern background. They range, indeed, through all Eastern lands, from Algeria (where Mrs. Nicolson travelled some years ago) to Korea. But only the Indian poems are really characteristic or good. These have a strangely composite atmosphere, Hinduism running without a break into Islam. They are placed in the mouths of various imaginary singers, Valgovind, Sitara of Kashmir, Faiz Ulla, Zahir-u-Din, and others. The reader begins to wonder in what possible grade of Indian life so much liberty is allowed to women. Suddenly it flashes upon him that this can only be in the half-world, where, indeed, the two faiths are said to coalesce. Most of Mrs. Nicolson's heroines must belong to a class which it is quite impossible that a woman of her position can have known at first hand. That does not matter, nor the composite atmosphere, nor anything else. In this setting, which proves to be richly poetic, she has expressed true and poignant thoughts, of universal application, in strains of haunting music.

Some of Mrs. Nicolson's happiest effects are produced by a long and sometimes languorous metre, with skilful internal rhymes. A good example of this, though a trifle slow, is "Kotri, by the River." A single line in this must haunt all inhabitants of Kashmir house-boats, wherever the water ripples audibly against the sides : "We heard the tireless river descending to the sea." It was, however, by a river of tropical India that the singer loved some wistful-eyed maiden without a name :—

Her face broke into flowers, red flowers at the mouth,  
Her voice—she sang for hours like bulbuls in the south.

That red mouth of girls who live beneath palm trees is a convention which it is hopeless to expect the poets to abandon. The last three stanzas of the poem must here suffice :—

I know not where she wandered, or went in after days,  
Or if her youth were squandered in Love's more doubtful ways.  
Perhaps, beside the river she died, still young and fair ;  
Perchance the grasses quiver above her slumber there.

At Kotri, by the river, may-be I too shall sleep  
The sleep that lasts for ever, too deep for dreams ; too deep.  
May-be among the shingle and sand of floods to be  
Her dust and mine may mingle and float away to sea.

Ah Kotri, by the river, when evening's sun is low,  
Your faint reflections quiver, your golden ripples glow.  
You knew, O Kotri river, that love which could not last,  
For me your palms still shiver with passions of the past.

More lively, in a similar metre, is the poem called "Love Lightly," of which these are the last two stanzas. One cannot protest too strongly against the needless, self-tormenting melancholy of the sentiment at the end :—

But half love is a treason, that no lover can forgive,  
I had loved you for a season, I had no more to give.  
You saw my passion faltered, for I could but let you see,  
And it was not I that altered, but Fate that altered me.

And so, since I am tired of love, I ask you to forget,  
What is the use you caring, now that I no longer care ?  
When Love is dead, his memory can only bring regret,  
Forget me, oh forget me, and my flower-scented hair !

One of the most witching poems, of this sort, is the "Song by Gulbaz." But it is improper, and a couplet or two must suffice :—

Thirteen, fourteen years you number, and your hair is soft and scented,  
Perilous is such a slumber in the twilight all untended.  
Lonely loveliness means danger, lying in your rose-leaf nest,  
What if some young passing stranger broke into your careless rest ?

The following single line, straight and Homeric, is true of every dawn : "Till the rosy spears of morning slew the darkness of the night." Or, again, the eternal theme of East and West has never been more exquisitely handled than in a poem with a title, "On the City Wall," which Kipling has also made immortal. "The Blue Eyes that Conquer, meet the Darker Eyes that Dream."

Happy on the city wall, in the warm spring weather,  
All the force of Nature's laws, drawing them together.  
East and West so gaily blending for a little space. . . .  
But time o' love is over passed, East and West must part,

Blue eyes so clear and brilliant ! Brown eyes so dark and deep !  
 Those are dim, and ride away, these cry themselves to sleep.  
*Oh, since Love is all so short, the sob so near the smile,*  
*Blue eyes that always conquer us, is it worth your while ?*

For a final variant in this metre, take a single stanza from "Hira Singh's Farewell to Burmah" :—

So sweet you are, with your tinted cheeks and your small caressive hands,  
 What if I carried you home with me, where our Golden Temple stands?  
 Yet, this were folly indeed ; to bind in fetters of permanence,  
 A passing dream whose enchantment charms because of its transience.

One of the metres which Mrs. Nicolson handles with special tenseness and effect is the octosyllabic quatrain. In "Yasmini," for example, the lady, recalling her past lovers, shows that dead love need not necessarily bring regret in remembrance, though there is no denying the pervasive melancholy :

Oh, dear, delusive, distant shore,  
 By dreams of futile fancy gilt !  
 The riverside we never saw,  
 The palm leaf hut was never built ! . . . .

Doubtless, upon that western shore  
 With ripe fruit falling to the ground,  
 There dwells the Peace he hungered for,  
 The lovely Peace we never found.

Then there came one with eager eyes  
 And keen sword, ready for the fray.  
 He missed the storms of Northern skies,  
 The reckless raid and skirmish gay !

He rose from dreams of war's alarms,  
 To make his daggers keen and bright,  
 Desiring, in my very arms,  
 The fiercer rapture of the fight ! . . . .

He died, he died, I speak the truth,  
 Though light love leave his memory dim,  
 He was the Lover of my Youth  
 And all my youth went down with him.

For passion ebbs and passion flows,  
But under every new caress  
The riven heart more keenly knows  
Its own inviolate faithfulness.

Among the few finer poems, also, in *Stars of the Desert*, is "A Sea Pink." Four quatrains must here tell the tale as they can :

She came, a maiden from the North,  
To dwell among a Southern race,  
And lovely northern eyes looked forth  
In azure from her oval face. . . .

But all day long her self-control  
Concealed her loneliness too well.  
Alas ! these barriers of the soul,  
So slight, yet so invincible ! . . .

How should a fisher lad aspire  
To win a thing as fair as this ?  
So after days of dumb desire  
Some duskier maiden claimed his kiss. . . .

The swift sweet years when she was young,  
Her golden years, slipped lightly past,  
And thus the song remained unsung,  
The rose ungathered till the last.

Or yet again, two or three stanzas, which cannot begin to tell the story of the moving poem called "His Rubies" :

The poppy fields were pink and gay  
On either side, and in the heat  
Their drowsy scent exhaled all day  
A dream-like fragrance almost sweet.

And when the cool of evening fell  
And tender colours touched the sky,  
He still felt youth within him dwell  
And half forgot he had to die. . . .

If I could know some child of mine  
Would live his life, and see the sun  
Across these fields of poppies shine,  
What should I care that mine is done ?

On the other hand, Mrs. Nicolson is not happy in her use of that singularly unlyrical metre, the heroic quatrain. As it happens, she employs this metre either in depicting the specially repulsive barbarities of Afghan love, or in philosophising about the misery of life. A very few stanzas, from two different poems, will be enough to illustrate this :—

I am so weary of the Curse of living  
 The endless, aimless torture, tumult, fears.  
 Surely, if life were any God's free giving,  
 He, seeing His gift, long since went blind with tears.  
  
 Seeing us ; our fruitless strife, our futile praying,  
 Our luckless Present and our blood stained Past.  
 Poor players, who make a trick or two in playing,  
 But know that death *must* win the game at last.

Or,

Ah, the grey dawn seems more than desolate,  
 And the past night of passion worse than waste,  
 Love but a useless flower, that soon or late,  
 Turns to a fruit with bitter aftertaste.

What could be in greater contrast to the above than the tinkling melody, which yet expresses elemental things, of the "Reverie" of *Zahir-u-Din* ?

Alone, I wait, till her twilight gate  
 The Night slips quietly through,  
 With shadow and gloom, and purple bloom,  
 Flung over the zenith blue. . . .  
 Day has record of pleasure and pain,  
 But things that are done by night remain  
 For ever and ever unknown.

For a thousand years, 'neath a thousand skies,  
 Night has brought men love ;  
 Therefore the old, old longings rise  
 As the light grows dim above.

There is an interesting series of poems in which Mrs. Nicolson seems to have experimented as to how the inevitable jingle sometimes produced by rhymes being separated by only a single line, could be avoided. She attempted, and with much success, to keep

the rhymes four lines apart. The loveliest of these poems is "Palm Trees by the Sea," of which one stanza must here suffice :—

Fallen on sorrowful days,  
 Love, let me thank you for this,  
 You were so happy with me !  
 Wrapped in Youth's roseate haze,  
 Wanting no more than my kiss  
 By the blue edge of the sea !

Or a stanza each from two other poems :

All through the night I long for you,  
 As shipwrecked men in tropic yearn  
 For the fresh flow of streams and springs.  
 My fevered fancies follow you  
 As dying men in deserts turn  
 Their thoughts to clear and chilly things.

Age that can find red roses sweet,  
 And yet not crave a rose-red mouth ;  
 Hear bulbuls, with no wish that feet  
 Of sweeter singers went his way:  
 Inhale warm breezes from the South,  
 Yet never feel his fancy stray.

Miss Marion Doughty, the author of "Afoot Through the Kashmir Valleys," which is the best of recent books on Kashmir, and which has drawn many a traveller to the Happy Valley, may possibly be able to give some information about Mrs. Nicolson. She must have known the Nicols, and perhaps visited them in India. Since her book, published nominally in the same year as *The Garden of Kama*, but really the year before, gives half a dozen of Mrs. Nicolson's poems, without mentioning the writer. These are not the best poems, from a literary point of view, but they are quotable without embarrassment, and show access to manuscripts. Mrs. Nicolson wrote half a dozen beautiful Kashmiri songs, which would hardly have been possible without a knowledge of the country. That ascribed to "Juma" is one of the most polished. A song in a later volume has the reference :

Be she cold as bitterest snow  
 On Takht-i-Suliman's crest.

But the others are all in the first, the best volume, from which all the above extracts, when not otherwise specified, have been made. They are chiefly about that river-life which is most characteristic of Kashmir. Thus :—

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float  
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,  
I would have rather felt you round my throat  
Crushing out life, than waving me farewell !

Another, perhaps the best, of these songs, has lines which, in a later summer in Kashmir, recurred with melancholy insistence to one who thought how Mrs. Nicolson would never again see what she so well described :

Beloved ! your hair was golden  
As tender tints of sunrise,  
*As corn beside the River*  
*In softly varying hues.*

This song sets out the phases of a too frequent course of Love :

Love wakened on the River,  
To sounds of running water,  
With silver Stars for witness  
And reflected Stars for light ; . . . .

Love grew upon the River  
Among the scented flowers,  
The open rosy flowers  
Of the Lotus buds in bloom—. . . .

Love died upon the River !  
Cold snow upon the mountains,  
The Lotus leaves turned yellow  
And the water very grey.

Our kisses faint and falter,  
The clinging hands unfasten,  
The golden time is over  
And our passion dies away.

I will give but two more extracts to show the poignancy of which Mrs. Nicolson is capable :—

Alas, you drifted away from me,  
 And Time and Space have rushed in between,  
 But they cannot undo the Thing-that-has-been,  
 Though it never again may be.

The other is from the poem called "Fate knows no Tears." The line "Love has no future, but to die," may compete for being the very saddest in the English language, unless it be for Whittier's :

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
 The saddest are these, *It might have been.*"

Says Mrs. Nicolson :

- Farewell, we may not now recover  
 That golden "Then" misspent, passed by.  
 We shall not meet as loved and lover  
 Here, or hereafter, you and I.  
 My time for loving you is over,  
 Love has no future, but to die.
- And thus we part, with no believing  
 In any chance of future years.  
 We have no idle self-deceiving,  
 No half-consoling hopes and fears ;  
 We know the gods grant no retrieving  
 A wasted chance. Fate knows no tears.

India has not been too rich in verse, at least in English verse. Mr. R. C. Dutt is editing, as none could do better, a volume of Indian Poetry in the Temple Classics. But the elephantine Sanskrit verse is apt to suffer yet other evils in translation. Where is its lightness of touch, its distinguished utterance ? Of one who has done what Mrs. Nicolson has, may we not say, in her own words :—

Dreaming, under the tamarind shade,  
 One silently thanks the men who made  
 So green a place in this bitter land  
 Of sunburnt sand ?

If some of the verse that I have quoted above has not a fine lyrical quality, I shall never know what poetry is. In her 200 songs, written in the last years of a short life, Mrs. Nicolson made a spirited bid for fame, which may not be wholly in vain. One

must have done, or it would be interesting yet to compare her verse with that of an accomplished Indian lady, Mrs. Naidu, published, as I write, by the same wide-minded publisher, Mr. Heinemann. It would be idle to claim that Mrs. Nicolson shows the whole of life, or anything like it. Judging from her writings, life was for her (without any bitterness) a black gulf, lit by one golden gleam, which is love. Lovers will at least be grateful for the golden gleam, while never, we may trust, abandoning the large ground of hope. Some deep maxims of love may be deduced from her work such as: The fire which is not red is white; Love is the pleasantest thing in the world, yet it is full of horrors; even shame, endured for Love's sake, may be welcome and delightful. In a haunting line, Mrs. Nicolson wrote, what it is to be feared she too intensely felt:

Life is a strange and wayward thing.

In the great words of Swinburne, the Master of all modern singers, about that not too great poet, and thoroughly bad fellow, Charles Baudelaire, one may take farewell of a far pleasanter personality.

"Sleep! and if life was bitter to thee, pardon,  
If sweet, give thanks; *thou hast no more to live*;  
And to give thanks is good, and to forgive."

H. BRUCE,

*Srinagar, Kashmir.*

(*Erratum*.—On p. 159, line 11, February number, for "43" read "47".)

## RADIUM—CAN IT MAKE LIFE?

WHENCE and the wherefore of life are problems which have baffled all attempts, scientific or speculative. It seemed until very lately as if the curtain hanging over these problems would never be lifted except on the day when man, liberated from his earthly tenement, wends his way to the mysterious land whence no traveller returneth. But science in this case, as in so many others, is trying to lift just a little corner of the curtain in order to give us a peep into the unknown. It seems as if the discovery of Radium, a paradox in nature, were destined to solve for us at least a small part of the mystery of life. Mr. Burke, a young scientist, claims to have solved the problem of spontaneous generation, which seems to have agitated thinking mankind from time immemorial. He claims to have produced life by the action of Radium on sterilized bouillon. On the other hand, Sir W. Ramsay is of opinion that the wonderful phenomenon observed by Mr. Burke is only mechanical and not vital. The object of this article is to see where and how the truth lies in this case, and whether we are any nearer to-day to solving the mystery of life than we were before the time of Mr. Burke, whose discovery seems to throw no uncertain light on a subject which is not merely of speculative interest, but is fraught with immense possibilities for the future.

It is generally held, and rightly so, that professional and scientific matters should not be discussed in public, but the subject matter of radium has become quite an exception to this rule. It has left the laboratory and has been now introduced into the drawing-room, as the general human interest is engrossing alike to the scientist, the philosopher and to the man in the street, by reason of its wonderful and varied qualities. It will, therefore, be in keeping with scientific and professional ethics to say a few words on the above subject, which is of immense importance to all of us, and to try and see how far, if at all, the explanation given by Sir W. Ramsay fits in with our present knowledge of the subject.

It would appear from a perusal of the masterly and extremely interesting criticism of Sir W. Ramsay regarding the nature and importance of the experiments made by Mr. Burke to prove the possibility of spontaneous generation, that the budding observed by Mr. Burke was merely mechanical and not vital, and was due to the accumulation of radio-thorium emanation, some hydrogen, and a little oxygen, circumscribed and limited by a wall of coagulated albumen. If this view were correct, the claim put forth by Burke to have done something which may be properly considered to be of the nature of spontaneous generation, collapses as completely as those put forth by all of his predecessors in this sphere of research. On the other hand, if the origin and nature of these bud-like Burke bodies are not merely mechanical but are vital as claimed, and if Burke has really succeeded in putting together certain circumstances, certain environments, which spell or "suggest vitality," we have come a good deal nearer than we ever were before in solving the problem of spontaneous generation. The question of questions, therefore, is, what is the exact nature and origin of the cultures produced by putting sterilised bouillon and radium together in a test-tube, whether they are real, living and growing colonies of matter instinct with life, or whether they are merely mechanical in their origin?

In my humble opinion, there are several important points which have been overlooked by Sir W. Ramsay and which very seriously militate against the theory propounded by him in order to explain away the importance of the very curious and wonderful phenomenon noted by Burke. In the first place, Sir W. Ramsay has ignored the circumstance that radium gives off not only emanation, but it gives off unceasingly, night and day, several kinds of rays or minute particles of matter of which at least three varieties are recognised, the easily absorbed, penetrating and very penetrating. These are not rays or ether waves, as they cannot be reflected, refracted or polarised, and the designation 'ray' is a misnomer. These are bodily particles of matter projected with immense power and velocity. In support of this statement it is absolutely necessary to give some scientific authority, as on this mainly turns the refutation of the mechanical theory. Prof. Rutherford, than whom there is no higher authority on radium, and whom Sir W. Ramsay has himself quoted, says in his book on radio-activity:—"The radiations from radium are analogous to those of uranium and consist of the three types of rays, easily absorbed, penetrating and very penetrating. Radium also gives rise to an emanation similar to that of thorium, but with a very much slower rate of decay. The radium emanation retains its

activity for several weeks, while that of thorium lasts only a few minutes. The emanation obtained from a few centigrammes of radium illuminates a screen of zinc sulphide with great brilliancy. The very penetrating rays of radium are able to light up an X ray screen in a dark room, after passage through several centimetres of lead and several inches of iron." Radium in this manner gives off or rather hurls off particles of its own substance unceasingly and with a force all its own, and can, therefore, easily break through a mechanical cover of coagulated albumen. Long before the emanation has time to form, and get itself together with the other bye-products of radio-active change, such as helium, hydrogen, and oxygen, limited and circumscribed by a thin pellicle of albumen, the cell-wall will be broken through over and over again and nothing will be left to imprison the emanation and the gases. Sir W. Ramsay seems to have over-looked the almost vital nature of the substance he is dealing with. Radium rays, when brought to bear on naked skin or other living tissues and tumours, cause their disintegration and liquefaction. Is it to be supposed that when brought in contact with a comparatively inert substance like coagulated albumen, it will fail to exert its destructive and disruptive influence? Secondly, radium has not the power to coagulate albumen as is supposed generally. Thirdly, Burke bodies invariably grow to the size of one sixty-thousandth part of an inch, which they can scarcely do if produced mechanically and by the collection of gases only. If so produced, their size will vary and depend mainly on the more or less amount of gas present within. Fourthly, the fission will not be so regular and periodic as it is found to be the case, if the Burke bodies were produced only mechanically. Then again, the Burke bodies are insensitive to polarised light. In their regular and methodic manner of growing, developing and decaying, the Burke bodies approximate more to matter which is living or at least suggestive of life, than to inorganic and inanimate matter. All these points put together, which perhaps individually will not count for much, point to the presumption that the Burke bodies represent some form of primitive life or at least a suggestion of it; for, after all, what in reality is the lowest form of living matter? It is a mere cell, a primordial cell, with the wall of protoplasm (albuminoid) and a something inside which is but faintly living or is suggestive of life and which conforms to the simple definition of life framed by Herbert Spencer more than quarter of a century ago. This much will do with regard to arguments based upon facts which have been already proved. But if we turn from these *a posteriori* grounds and look at the subject from *a priori* standpoint and try

to view it from the point of inherent probability or otherwise, we shall be able to throw a brighter light, if not so clear or convincing. Divested of all glamour and brilliancy which attach more to the result than either to the conception or the execution of the experiments made by Burke, it appears that the experiments are very simple indeed, and do not even claim the merit of originality. Neither is such a claim put forth by Mr. Burke, whose modesty is as great as the results are astounding, and which augur well for the success of his experiments and the verification of the remarkable phenomenon observed by him, so simple is the worker and so exacting, so rigorously exacting, are his methods. Here is a young man on the threshold of a wonderful discovery either as the result of an accident or of reasoned judgment, and yet when we actually enter into the spirit of his work and note the previous steps which science had already taken without him and which alone made it possible for him to institute his experiments, we stand surprised at the simplicity of the idea. Burke must have observed minutely the peculiar properties of this paragon of a substance, and especially the vital properties affecting the very sources, so to say, of life; how it can retard growth and development, how it can produce monstrosities, and physiological and physical transformations, how it can prevent natural decay, how it can fecundate eggs of sea-urchins, that is, supply the male sperm—in other words, the one half of the spark of life—how, in short, radium can affect life and life-processes in all the four stages, fecundation, growth, development and decay. Knowing all this, there is no wonder that he conceived the simplest and therefore the most brilliant, almost an epoch-making idea of bringing together radium and sterilised bouillon or meat-broth to serve as food or pabulum on which this mysterious substance was expected to carry out a novel process of fecundation and implant some form of life *de novo*. Burke merely seeded sterilized broth with radium and to his surprise bud after bud was found growing as the broth had become instinct with life and power. In short, he had merely succeeded in putting together the circumstances, at least one set of circumstances which can start and make life possible. Just as hydrogen and oxygen make water, so it can now be said that radium and sterilised bouillon can make life, but as there are known to us to-day many ways of making water, so perhaps there are many other ways besides this of making life conditions possible. But this does not give the final solution of the problem of life. It only postpones it. How an inert and inorganic substance like radium can impart life to bouillon, and by what exact process this can be

done, are mysteries as great as ever. All that can be said, provided Burke's experiments are crowned with success and the interpretation of the phenomenon given by him is correct, is that he has succeeded at last in bringing together at least one set of circumstances which make life possible, although there may be and possibly are many other sets of circumstances which can make life possible just as well.

Is it possible to explain or even to make an attempt at explanation as to how radium vitalises bouillon, and produces the element of life? Of positive or experimental prob<sup>f</sup> on this point we have but little, but this is just one of those subjects which opens out many and varied prospects for speculation and abstract thought and for the scientific use of imagination. Radium possessing, as it does, the most amazing and bewildering physical and vital properties, and behaving as it does, although an elemental substance in itself, more like a living thing, irresistibly and almost unconsciously raises the questions: Is this the substance that has bridged the gulf between animate and inanimate life? Is this the substance that promises to supply the link in the chain of the continuity of nature? Those who have the rare privilege of looking at this substance night after night through Sir W. Crooke's spinthariscope, must have been struck with the huge amount of energy put forth by a mere speck of it. It appears as if we are looking at a store-house of inexhaustible energy, as if the substance were nothing but energy (शक्ति) materialised into matter. It can be said that radium is but a material form of motion, or energy, or whatever else we may like to call it, and that therefore motion and matter are but one, the many forms of matter differing from one another not so much in their essential nature as in the arrangement, grouping and speed of their constituents, the electrons. It is, indeed, held by many scientists that "matter is but the appearance of which electricity is the basis" and that "electricity is the reality of which matter is only the sensible expression." These are not mere speculations but facts proved and accepted by science after the most careful scrutiny. Having gone so far as regards the material universe, let us throw a passing glance (and more than this is scarcely possible) at the world of life. What in all seriousness and in reality is the distinguishing, if not the only, characteristic of living matter, from the simplest primordial cell to the highest and the most complex organism, the man himself? Is it not motion? If not motion, what else is life? Look at the rhythmic motion of the heart, which from the moment an animal is born to the very latest second of its existence, never ceases to throb night and day in sleep or in waking. Then again,

notice the incessant movements of the lungs, the process of respiration which goes on drawing in and out the breath of life. The most primitive form of life exhibits similarly nothing more than a water-carriage arrangement working rhythmically, a kind of rudimentary circulatory apparatus. Stop the motion, and life becomes extinct in all cases without any exception. Thus there are at least two varieties of motion or energy, the physical and the vital. Gross matter has been resolved into physical motion as already exemplified in the case of radium and as partially accepted by science. Does radium bear a correlation with vital motion or with life itself in the same manner as it does with its material analogue, the physical motion? Are radium, vital energy and physical energy correlated the one with the other, and are they but different forms of the same power? Burke's experiments, if successful, will supply a scientific basis for the above, which is but an idle speculation at present.

The last word has not been said, neither will it be said until most of us are dust. But when that day comes, all will rejoice with Sir W. Ramsay "at seeing man thus entering into his heritage and realising these primal truths concerning his material environment whereof he has been living in ignorance all these thousands of years."

ARDESHIR D. COOPER.

*Baroda.*

## AN OLD WORLD ROMANCE.

## KING PRITHVIRAJ CHOHAN AND THE PRINCESS OF KANOUJ.

NOW this is the story of Prithviraj, the last Chohan King of Delhi, one of those dazzling figures who become through the ages that follow them the centre of romance and legend. King Prithviraj was the grandson of King Visala Deva of Ajmere, who took from the Tomara line of Anangapala the throne of Delhi. It is said that the conquered Tomara had incurred the wrath of the gods by moving and making loose the iron pillar set up by the Pandavas. And the city's name changed from Indraprastha to Delhi (the loose place) and the Chohans supplanted the Tomaras. It was in the latter half of the 12th century A.D. that Prince Prithviraj succeeded his grandfather. Not long after his accession the neighbouring king of Kanouj proclaimed that he would celebrate the Aswamedha and its sister rite, the Rajasuyayajna. The celebration of this ceremony is equivalent to the assumption of universal dominion. The sacrifice of the horse implies that of whatever lands a horse can traverse the claimant is undisputed overlord, and the Rajsuya exalts him by the servile part taken by his brother kings who on this occasion perform on the sacrificer's behalf the most menial offices. Now these two kindred ceremonies have in the history of India been several times performed, but never without disaster. In the darkness of forgotten ages Ramchandra claimed universal sovereignty and had to fight for his very life with his own sons Lav and Cush. Then Yudhishtira Pandav celebrated the Rajsuya at Indraprastha and his cousin Duryodhana, whom he had caused to wait at table, went back in anger to Hastinapur and by treachery robbed Yudhishtira of his wife, his kingdom, and his liberty. It needed the slaughter of the

Mahabharata, the lives of countless heroes, and the death of Krishna before the feud abated. And then even victory brought no solace to Yudhishtira, for, abandoning his conquests, he wandered north and ever north until at last, dying melancholy mad in some Himalayan recess, he left behind the western legend of Heraclean conquest which, two thousand years later, brought on his country the miseries of the Macedonian invasion. But terrible as were the calamities that followed on the pride of Ramchandra and Yudhishtira, the evils that followed on King Jaichand's Rajsuya surpassed them all. For as a result of the quarrel between the Chohans and the Rathors all Hindustan was bathed in blood, the cities of India were made desolate, her women outraged, her temples profaned, and over the whole of that vast and fortunate land lying between the Vindhya and the Himalayas there were, to use the simile of the essayist, emptied, during five centuries, every one of the seven vials of the Revelation.

The spark that really kindled the conflagration was the announcement of the Rathor King that after the religious observances he intended to hold a tournament in which his daughter's hand would be the prize of successful valour. Now but for this unhappy addition King Prithviraj might, with the Chief of Mewar, have merely abstained from attendance. But to the young monarch, justly proud of his strength and beauty, whose fame had already spread far and wide as unrivalled in horsemanship and skill at arms, it was intolerable that any but he should carry off the prize of the tournament. It was then that he conceived the daring scheme of bearing away from the arena, in which were assembled all the valour and chivalry of Hindustan, and in spite of her 50,000 clansmen, the lovely princess of Kanouj. But though the scheme seemed reckless to folly, it was carried out with consummate skill. Indeed, its very audacity favoured it. When the Kanouj festivities were at their height King Prithviraj set out with 5000 men from Delhi. They travelled by night and concealed themselves by day. At each of the many nullahs that intersect the Gangetic plain was detached a body of Chohans with orders to defend the passage with their lives. In this manner, and still undetected, the King with 500 followers arrived on the last day of the tournament close to the walls of Kanouj. Inside the immense arena sat, close to her father,

the Kanouj princess and the hour had arrived when she must choose from the assembled princes her future husband. The Solanki prince was comely. The Toinara prince had in the tournament covered himself with glory, but the young Rathodni still fingered the chaplet with which she was to designate the happy aspirant. For she knew that neither the comeliest nor the bravest in Hindustan was before her but that he was far away where King Prithviraj sat contemptuous in his Delhi palace. At that very moment, like an Indian torrent in spate, there burst through the Rathor guards two hundred Chohans, their eyes blazing with opium, their faces hideous with turmeric, and clothed in the saffron robe donned by the Rajput warrior when he means to win or perish on the battle-field. Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion. The assembled guests thought that the Rathors had trapped them and wished to murder them. The Rathors thought the same of the guests. Those who struggled towards the exit were cut down or driven inwards by the 300 Chohans left outside. In the meantime King Prithviraj had dashed for the royal seat, swung on to his saddle the Kanouj princess, and before the confusion had abated was with his prize and a handful of his followers galloping down the Delhi road.

When with great difficulty the Rathors had forced their way outside the arena, they grasped what had happened and started off in pursuit. But the Chohans had not wasted their time. Every gully and nullah along the Delhi road had been improvised into a fortress, and none of them could be carried except over the dead bodies of the defenders. During five days the battle lasted, and not until every one of the 5,000 Chohans had been killed did King Jaichand's army, sorely thinned in numbers, reach Delhi. But they were too late!

The gates were shut. The frowning walls forbade an escalade, and the town women, jibing at them from the battlements, told them they had tarried too long, as King Prithviraj had already consummated his wedlock. He had been by the Delhi nobles greeted with an ecstasy of delight as he bore his fainting burden through the open gates. But the wise old Chohan bard had met him at the palace steps and had sung in the rough Hindi. "Fair fame you won; you made a queen your own," and then, as he thought of the hundreds of gallant lives that had been wasted to gratify the Chief's

caprice and whose bodies lay strewn along the long white road, had added, "You lost the bulwarks of the Delhi throne."

For thirteen years the fire lit by this feat of arms blazed throughout Northern India, but King Prithviraj held his own. Then tradition says—though repeat it not in Marwar, for to deny the charge every blade there will leap from its scabbard—that the Rathors, despairing of vengeance, called in the Mleccha from the North. But I prefer to think tradition untrue and that Mahammed Ghori but profited by the internecine strife of the great houses of Delhi and Kanouj. He first seized Sirhind, and that brought on him the wrath of the Chohans who met him on the field of Tirauri. This was Mahommed Ghori's first fight with the Rajput, and it was like to have been his last, for his great army was swept back across the passes and for a whole year the Sultan sat clad in mourning robes, sorrowing for the fortune that had left his banners. Then he again seized Sirhind and once more King Prithviraj went forth to meet the barbarian. With the Rajput King were contingents from the various Northern princes, and even King Jaichand, roused to the common danger, sent a Rathor force. But the backbone of the army—the chivalry of Delhi—had during the endless war sorely dwindled, and as King Prithviraj reviewed them before the battle, once again the words of the wise old bard rang in his ears,

Fair fame you won, you made a queen your own,

You lost the bulwarks of the Delhi throne.

Mahammed Ghori too had grown wise by misfortune. He let the Chohans rush madly through his line while he made a cavalry attack on the rear and flank of the disorderly contingents. The Rathors, whose hearts were not in the battle, first gave way. Panic spread through the great array and the Chohans were left alone on the battle-field. They were cut to pieces and King Prithviraj, severely wounded, was carried a prisoner to Ajmere where he was executed in cold blood. His soul, say the Mussalman chroniclers, went straight to hell. But I had sooner believe with the Hindu bards that his spirit alone of mortal men who have not died in the battle-field was for the sake of his comely face and gallant deeds borne away to the Rajput heaven and wedded to the fairest of the Apsaras.

Thus was the singer's prophecy more than fulfilled. The

Delhi throne which had lost its bulwarks disappeared for ever, and since that day has never been the seat of the Rajput. But same King Prithviraj won in abundance. Whole volumes have been written in his praise, and eight centuries later, when one morning hunting with a prince of Central India on the Eastern plains of Kathiawar, I heard the bard recite a Hindi ballad which told with great detail and infinite gusto of the wild fight that for five days raged along the Delhi road, and how neither the chivalry of Mahommad nor the clansmen of Kanouj could ever boast that they had wrested the Rathodni princess from the iron clutches of the Chohan.

C. A. KINCAID.

*Poona.*

## TRUTH.

The orb of truth shines with a cold, white light,  
 Free from all mixture of defiling stain,  
 Which to perceive in all its pureness, strain  
 The eyes of weakling mortals—whose faint sight,  
 Mocked by the murk, cannot discern aright

    The glory hidden by the veil awain  
 The sphere celestial and the watcher fain  
 To pierce the mists with insufficient might.

But, in all ages and in every clinic,  
 Rare master souls, scorning to dwell in night,  
 Transcending feebler spirits of their time,  
 The hateful powers of gloom have put to flight,  
 Have rent the clouds, and eagle-eyed, the bright  
 Vision beheld, unspotted and sublime.

VINCENT A. SMITH.

*Cheltenham, England.*

## BENARAS—THE HOLY CITY OF THE HINDUS.

THE annals and antiquities of Benaras, one of the most ancient cities of India, are somewhat veiled in mysteries and superstitions, so that it is difficult to distinguish the grain of truth from the chaff of legends. The Hindus believe it to be the abode of God. According to the Lingapuram it is the perpetual residence of God, and hence the place is known by the name of Abimukta, which means that it is never to be relinquished by the Great God for all time to come. In the Sivapuram it is said that men are enabled to attain salvation in this city after their earthly career of good or evil. The name Benaras has been current only during the period of British ascendancy. The popular name in Bengal, at least, is Kasi. Various names have been given to it, such as Anandaban, Anandakanan, Kasika, Kasi, Abimukta, Tapasthali, Rudrabas, Svargapuri, Baranussi, etc., each signifying either the character of the place according to Hindu ideas or the antiquities attached to it. There is a tradition current in Benaras that the name Baranussi is derived from Barnar one of the ancient kings of Kasi; but the earliest accounts are to be found in the Satapathbrahmana in which we are confronted with the name of Kasi. In those days Kasi was known to be an extensive tract of land inhabited by human beings and a place of holy *Jajnas*. In the days of the Ramayana Kasi was an extensive tract of land of which Baranussi was the capital city, surrounded by walls and moats, and Pratisthan or Pryag (Allahabad) was a part of this kingdom. The celebrated Chinese traveller Fah-Hian, in his book Fo-Kwo-Ki, ch. xxxiv., translated by Laidley, p. 310, described Kasi as consisting of a vast area of land, of which Baranussi was the chief town. In the Sivapuram, as also in the Baman Puran, the genesis of Baranussi is described as the place between the rivers Barana and Asi, sprung from the right and

left feet of Mahadeb. In the Kasikhanda it is to be found that Kasi became famous by the name of Baranussi since the time the above-named rivers Barana and Asi sprang up as a sort of protection to the place. In the Jabalopanishad it is said that all animals, dying here, attain salvation. Rudra himself chants the holy names in the ears of the moribund. The two rivers surrounding the holy place destroy the sins committed in life.

During the ascendancy of the Baudhas, Sakya Sinha is said to have gone to Benaras and preached his religion at Mrigadab. The area of Benaras was then about 333 square miles. Benaras was a separate Sarkar when Akbar was the Emperor of Delhi. In the Ain-i-Akbari, Benaras Sarkar is described as consisting of 36,869 bighas divided into eight mehals. The chief mehal was called Afrad. Benaras is now a separate Division in the United Provinces, consisting of the districts of Balia, Azamgar, Mirzapur, Benaras, Gazipur, Gorakhpur, and Basti, with an area of 1,833,759 miles.

According to Bishnu and Bramhanda Purans the first king of Kasi was one Kasa, son of Suhotra of the Ayu dynasty. Kasa was succeeded by his son Kasi, who again was succeeded by his son Dirghatama, who had a son named Dhanwa, who received from the gods the precious gift of an illustrious son named Dhanwantari, the celebrated physician. Dhanwantari divided the Hindu medical science into eight parts and hence got the name of Vaidya. Ketuman was the son of Dhanwantari, of whom we learn in the Anusasan Parva of the Mahabharat that he was called by the name of Ketuman Hargyashwa. There is an account of terrible warfare between Hargyashwa and the progeny of Haihay belonging to the Jadu dynasty, which ended in the defeat and death of Hargyashwa. One Sudib is said to have ascended the throne of Kasi, but the Haihays again came and killed Sudib, whose son Debodas inherited it. By this time the city of Benaras extended to the Ganges in the north and the Goomtee in the south. Debodas had a son named Pratardan who is said to have been contemporary with Raja Ramchandra, the hero of the Ramayana. Batsa, son of Pratardan, was called Ratadhaja whose queen Madalasa, the great philosopher, is so famous. Batsa had a son named Alarka, who restored the city of Benaras to its former glory, fortifying and embellishing it with strong walls and ornamental works of masonry. Some eight

kings reigned after Alarka in succession, of whom Dhrishtaketu's name appears in the Mahabharata. He was present at the celebrated battle of Kurukshetra between the Pandavas and Kauravas.

In Buddhistic scriptures it may be found that Deb Dutt was a king at Benaras when Budhha flourished. It is written in the Bramhanda Puran that the five kings of the Prodyat dynasty reigned in Magadha for about 138 years, after whom Sisunag ascended the throne and retired to Giribraja, bequeathing to his son Benaras, which was then a part of the kingdom of Magadha. The above accounts show that Benaras was under the sway of the Buddhistic kings of Magadha for a time. When Magadha fell to pieces the Gupta kings held sway over Benaras : of these the name of Prakataditya can be traced (*vide* Fleet's "Inscriptions of the Early Gupta Kings," p. 246). He reigned in the 7th century A. D., after whom probably the whole of Kasi came to be ruled by the king of Kanouj ; for we learn that in the 10th century A. D. the Kalchuri and the Pal dynasties combined together and attacked Kanouj. At that time the kingdom of Kasi, as it was called, had been taken possession of by the Pal dynasty of Gour. The Pals were all Buddhists, and Mahipal is said to have been the first king of that dynasty. Till 1083 A. D. the descendants of Mahipal reigned in Benaras. In 1194 A.D. Shahabuddin Ghori, after defeating Jay Chandra, the king of Kanouj, went to Benaras and demolished about a thousand Hindu temples there. During the reign of Akbar Benaras was included in the Suba of Allahabad. Aurangzeb changed the name of Benaras and called it Muhammadabad, which name is to be found in Mahomedan history. Muhammad Shah, the Emperor of Delhi, had given the title of Raja to Manasharam, who was the zemindar of Gangapur, ten miles off the city of Benaras, as he was desirous of keeping the holy city of the Hindus under the rule of a Hindu king. Manasharam's son, Bulwant Singh, ascended the *guddee* of Benaras in 1740 A. D. After the death of Muhammad Shah his son and heir, Ahmad Shah, made Safdar Jang his vizier and gave him the Suba of Ajodhya or Oudh as Jagir. Thus Benaras came to be included in Oudh. The vizier tried his best to make Bulwant his vassal. Bulwant struggled hard not to submit to such a degradation and built a fort at Ramnagar. Safdar Jang was succeeded by his son, Suja-ud-dowlah. When Alamgir's son, Muhammad Ali,

rebelled against his father, the latter got Suja-ud-dowla as his chief adviser and ally. They went to dethrone Mir Jaffar, the Nawab of Bengal, with an army, but he was assisted by Bulwant Singh, with whom a treaty was concluded that in the event of Suja-ud-dowla falling upon Bulwant Singh, the Nawab of Bengal would help him. In 1764 the Emperor Shah Alam is said to have made a gift of Benaras to the East India Company. In 1766 A. D. the East India Company relinquished Benaras in favour of Suja-ud-dowlah in pursuance of a treaty, but Bulwant became a friend and ally of the Company. Suja-ud-dowla's greed for Benaras was thus foiled in his attempt to put down Bulwant on account of the protection given him by the East India Company. After the death of Bulwant in 1770, Chait Singh, a son of his by a Khetriya woman, succeeded him and received a sanad from the Nawab of Oudh in 1773 A. D. The British Government, however, got Benaras from the Nawab and gave a sanad to Chait Singh in 1775 A. D. This is the same Chait Singh who figured so prominently in the celebrated impeachment of Warren Hastings. He was called upon to pay five lakhs of rupees over and above the revenue he had promised to pay. In the first year he had complied with the terms, but in the next year he having prayed for time to pay up the amount, Warren Hastings went to Benaras with an army to enforce the demand. Chait Singh fled away and never returned to Benaras. The daughter of Bulwant now put forth the claim of her son, Mahip Narayan, who, she said, was the real heir to the zemindary, and accordingly Warren Hastings proclaimed Mahip Narayan as the successor to the *gyd&ee*. Mahip Narayan was succeeded by Udit Narayan in 1835 A. D., and the latter by Iswariprasad Narayan, who is reputed as a poet and a clever artist. His son Prabhu Narayan, the present zemindar of Benaras, succeeded his father in 1889 A. D.

The above is an attempt to give a rough idea of the annals and antiquities of the holy city, irrespective of its chief points of attraction. The Hindus believe that death at Benaras takes away all sins and iniquities from the soul and confers eternal happiness on the dead. This belief is so deep-rooted in the hearts of the Hindus that they flock in large numbers to the shrines of Benaras when they grow old and retire from active life. The Hindu Shastras state that Rudra is the Lord of the City and looks after the

welfare of the devotees in their present and future existence. This religious character of the place has attracted the wealth, intelligence and pious feelings and sentiments of the country to such an extent that Benaras is not only a principal place of pilgrimage, but also the centre of Sanskrit learning. The Manmandir, built by Raja Mansingh, Chief of Ambar, is the repository of a wonderful astronomical laboratory ; the talents of Jaysinha are in evidence in this temple of astronomical science. This Manmandir is even now in a position to defy western pride. It was built in 1600 A. D. at a fabulous cost, and its architecture is also universally admired. In a word, it may be called one of the wonders of the world. The various Chatuspathies, or schools where Sanskrit learning is taught, and the professors in charge of them are object lessons of the perfection attained by the Hindus in the tuition and propagation of the holy literature of the East. The professors are and have been men of deep learning and devotedly attached to their labours of love. Their piety, self-sacrifice, spotless character, freedom from thought of the morrow, and above all their modes of preservation of health, have been the object of admiration on the part of many a western savant conversant with Sanskrit learning. No scholar in the country can be considered well accomplished unless and until he has associated himself with the illustrious professors at Benaras for several years and taken lessons from them. The rarest Sanskrit books are available at Benaras, although many of them were destroyed in manuscript by the Mahomedan invaders of the iconoclastic cult.

The principal Hindu shrines and *peethas* are monuments of Hindu charity, and of so exquisite architectural workmanship that they excite the wonder and admiration of all men. Many of the old structures were demolished by hordes of Mussalmans who tried to hoist the flag of Islam in the chief centre of Hindu religion. The mischief done to Hindu wisdom and culture has been irreparable on account of the blind orthodoxy and fanaticism of the Musselman rulers of India. They built mosques in the vicinity of Hindu shrines with a view to wound the religious susceptibilities of the Hindus and caused widespread alarm in their minds. The Buddhists also are said to have laid their hands upon the religion of the Hindus, but theirs was a constructive work and they destroyed nothing.

The shrines and other objects of religious interest in Benaras, as the traditional accounts of them fully attest, have inspired a bigotry, such as can hardly be believed by men of any other faith. The temple of Bisweswar is, according to the Hindus, the most sacred of all. About 1,250 years ago, the celebrated Chinese traveller Hiouen-Thsiang saw the Linga to be 100 cubits high, made of copper. It is surmised that Sultan Shahabuddin Ghori caused the image to be destroyed. The Linga seen by the Chinese traveller no longer exists and hence the surmise may be accepted as a historical fact. The mosque that is situate a few paces from the present temple of Bisweswar stands on the site of the old temple demolished by Aurangzeb. It is said that the identical temple was converted into a mosque; only slight changes here and there were made. The present temple is about 34 cubits high. To the north of this temple there are innumerable images of gods who, it is believed, constitute the assemblage presided over by Bisweswar. A little removed from this temple there is a well called *Jnan Bapi*. It is said that when Kalapahar, the Mahomedan conqueror, went to Benaras to destroy the Hindu temples, Bisweswar took refuge in the well, which has since been sacred, and pilgrims go there to worship the watery image of Bisweswar. Over this well there is a roof, supported by 40 pillars of marble, which was built in 1828 at the cost of Baij Bai, the widow of Daulat Rav Scindhia. There is another well close by, called Kasi Karbat. The Hindus believe that if anybody can cross the Karbat by diving, in one breath, he has no fear of being born again. There are a few other minor temples near the Karbat, among which Sanishchar Linga is of some prominence. Near this there is the temple of Anna Purna, the great mother of food. It is the faith of the Hindus that nobody has to starve in Benaras as long as the goddess Anna Pur:a is there. Innumerable mendicants receive alms both in and near this temple. The present temple of Anna Purna was built about 180 years ago by the Maratha Chief of Poona. The other minor temples and images are so numerous that they may be passed over.

The Mani Karnika Ghat, on the banks of the Ganges, is believed to have a divine origin. It is said that Bishnu, having shaken his head, the precious gems fell from his ears on the spot where the Ghat was built. The footprints of Bishnu are to be seen here

on a piece of marble, and pilgrims come here to worship them. The tradition is that Bishnu sat here in devotion to Mahadeb. Each of the footprints is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cubits long.

The Dasaswamedh Ghat is another sacred place of pilgrimage consecrated by the god Bramha, who is said to have performed ten Aswamedha Yajnas with the aid of Rajarshi Debodas, the king of Benaras. The Shiva Linga found there is said to have been set up by Bramha.

It is worth while for Hindu pilgrims to know the principal places of pilgrimage at Benaras which they should visit. Their names are :—Bisweswar, Annapurna, Sanaishchareswar, Adi Bisweswar, Kedareswar, Sidheswar, Omkareswar, Baidyanath, Agniswar, Durgabati, Kalbhairab, Batuk Bhairab, Bam Deb, Raj Rajeswari, Tarkerswar, Ratneswar, Pushkar, Jagannath, Mani Karnika, Dasaswamedh, Ghoslaghat, &c.

INDU BHUSAN MAZUMDAR.

*Khulna, Bengal.*

## JOSEPH TIEFFENTALLER, S.J.

## A FORGOTTEN GEOGRAPHER OF INDIA.

*(Continued from our last number.)*

NASIK,  $19^{\circ} 42'$  Lat., was reached on 1st April. The fields on this side of Nasik, though fertile, remained fallow for want of villages and cultivators. Pipri was the last village on the plateau and situated at the top of narrow gorges leading down into a deep valley of the Konkan. The country between Deolali and Kalyan presented in those days features altogether different from those of our age. The Great Indian Peninsula Railway has cut away and absorbed many of the dense forests of the valleys and mountain slopes. Numerous stations, with buildings of a western type, have sprung up along the line. Tieffentaller had to push his way through thick jungles and timber forests, where, at times, even the trace of a cart track disappeared. Villages were met only at distances of 2 to 4 coss, and they were inhabited by a black and uncivilised race of men, whose whole dress consisted of a loincloth of very modest dimensions. It took him six days to travel from Nasik to Kalyan,  $19^{\circ} 5'$ . From thence he visited the principal places of the islands of Salsette and Bombay; he also describes them, though very meagrely. Bassein had been wrested by the Marathas from the Portuguese eleven years previous to the second visit of Tieffentaller to Bombay. The churches and convents seem to have been still in a fair state of preservation. But all the Portuguese nobles and priests had retired to Goa. Of the native Christians, a good many had settled in Bombay; the others remained under the spiritual care of a native priest, by the consent of the pagan conqueror. Bombay was as yet a town of moderate dimensions and far from being the proud "urbs prima in Indis." Its limits did not extend beyond the Fort. Nor did the "native city" as such exist, Bhuleshwar, Girgaum and Mazagon being then only disconnected villages or suburbs. Of all the buildings within Bombay proper the most imposing was the English Church. Its steeple was then just nearing completion. It did not, however, satisfy

the taste of Tieffentaller, as the diameter seemed to him out of proportion to the height. He further describes Bombay as a strongly fortified place and its garrison as a medley of English, Germans and Natives.

After a six months' stay at Goa, Tieffentaller set out again, in the beginning of November (1750), on a journey along the west coast, and through the provinces of Marwar and Ajmere. The conditions of public security in Guzarat had not improved since his last journey through those parts. Dacoities were committed on an extensive scale, chiefly by aboriginal tribes whom he severally "styles" "forest people," "wild people," "Bhils" and "Colers." Tieffentaller honours the road joining Surat, Baroda, Kambay and Ahmedabad with the high-sounding title "King's Highway." In reality it was anything but a royal road. As the traveller reached a place 3 coss beyond Katodera towards Broach, he could have a glimpse of distant mountains of moderate elevation. They ominously frowned down upon him, for they were inhabited by a sort of "savage people," whose strongholds were called Rajpipla and Ratanpore. Tieffentaller naturally hastened his steps and reached Broach on 5th January.

After a two days' rest in a Dutchman's house, he set out for Baroda. The Mahratta "Dama" was then ruling in the name of Omobai, Khan-derao's wife, over all the territory extending between Daman and Ahmedabad. The district between Baroda and Kambay produced neither wheat nor rice, but only millet and lentil. As a result of the failure of the monsoon rains of 1751, there was even famine in that year, and food-stuffs had to be brought in from Malwa. Tieffentaller reached Kambay,  $22^{\circ} 7'$  on 14th January, and found the once flourishing city much decayed; and he gives the reason for it. "Everyone knows"—so he tells us—"that seven years ago the high-water used to rush into the harbour with such rapidity as to overtake in its onward rush a rider fleeing away at full speed. But now it advances quite smoothly and beats very gently against the ships, except at spring tide or in the monsoon. This wonderful change is due to the disappearance of a sandbank at the entrance, which used to pile up, for a time, the flood coming from the south, until the waves, thus increased in force and volume, wheeled round the bank into the harbour. Since then the harbour has become sand-locked, and the ships which formerly came right up to the city walls, must now moor half a coss outside the town." Kambay was thus doomed as a sea-port, and its population was dwindling away. The Parsis, however, in whom Tieffentaller showed himself interested, formed still a colony of 200 souls. Kambay was under the joint governor-

ship of the Mahratta Damaji and a Moghul official. The latter, however, cut a very poor figure. He was never able to send a farthing to his suzerain at Delhi, as he could not even support a well-equipped garrison, owing to the fact that all the crops of the surrounding district were seized either by the Marathas or the Coliers. In fact, the whole district between Kambay and Ahmedabad was infested by the latter, who could not be approached by the military, as they found good shelter everywhere behind the trees which formed clusters in the fields. There led only two roads to Ahmedabad, both through the unsafe district: the shorter through Barsola and Dholka; the longer, but safer one, over Petlad, Vasa, Kaira and Patan. Tieffentaller chose, as may be surmised, the latter. Petlad had become a deserted place, after the Mahrattas had driven out the Moghuls and plundered its inhabitants. The villages round Vasa were in the hands of the "forest people." Kaira had been transformed by some Pathans and Afghans into a fortress from whence they organised regular raids on the neighbouring villages, taking away their livestock and provisions. These facts sufficiently prove that Guzarat was then the Eldorado of robbers and dacoits. Even the big city of Patan, once as large as Kambay, was found to be entirely deserted, owing to the robberies committed by the "forest people." All were not so cowardly and indolent as the Patanese; the inhabitants of Sarang showed more daring and pluck against their plunderers. Tieffentaller describes a huge artificial tank, situated 3 coss from Sarang.\* It was a masterpiece of engineering, the construction of which must have cost lakhs of rupees. But the whole work was executed exclusively with the booty which the people of that country had reconquered from the dacoits, and for that reason, the tank was called, not without some irony, "Choroki taubi" (the Robbers' Repentance). As a matter of fact, the reading of Tieffentaller's geography of Hindustan forms a most interesting commentary on the political and economic conditions of India in those days.

After all, he reached Ahmedabad,  $22^{\circ} 55'$ , safe and sound on 27th January. A generous Dutch trader gave him hospitality for several days. He then started again in a northwesterly direction, and spent the whole month of February on a risky journey, touching at Radhanpore,  $23^{\circ} 45'$ , Sanjor,  $24^{\circ} 42'$ , arriving at Jhallawar  $25^{\circ} 22'$ , on the 1st of March. Strange were the impressions which the novel scenes of a Sahara type produced on his mind as he moved on slowly along the

\* Wherever proper names, as spelt by the German editor of Tieffentaller's geography of India, cannot be identified with modern names, the original spelling is retained throughout.

border of the great Indian desert. All the country was flat, sandy and very fatiguing to the traveller. Not a trace remained behind in the sand of the footprints of either men or animals. The soil was so dry that people had to dig 150 spans deep before reaching water. The nim tree was the only bigger representative of the vegetable kingdom. But nature is kind, and always offers some compensation one way or another for her harshness to less favoured regions of our globe. In the icy climes of the poles, she supplies man with the reindeer, as an excellent draught animal which is content with the paltry lichens of the ice-bound rocks. Here it was, as it still is, the camel which is extensively reared in Western Rajputana, and feeds with preference on the bitter herbs and thistles of the sandy flats. Tieffentaller formed a good opinion of the animal and considered it docile, though amusing on account of the peculiar manner in which it received the traveller on its back. First, its head was pulled downwards by the halter until it went on its knees ; then, as the rider tried to get up, it would utter grunts like the growl of the bear, until the rider was safely lodged on its back. More amusing still was the sight of caravans, with all the camels marching in single file, the tail of one animal being tied to the snout of its successor, so that the whole gang moved on like a string, being bound together, head and tail. Tieffentaller was apparently well pleased with the natives of the country. Like his own countrymen, the Tyrolese, the Rajputs of Marwar were tall and strong-limbed. The régime of their diet was strictly primitive, consisting of millet and lentil. Sweetmeats or dainties were luxuries unknown to them. Besides these Rajputs, there lived in those regions a rude race of men, distinct in habits and religion from the Hindoos. They would accept drink from strangers and eat cow's flesh, both acts being considered deadly sins by other Indians. They lived on plunder, lying in wait for travellers, to take their belongings and even their lives.

Jodhpore,  $26^{\circ} 16'$  was reached on 6th March. He then turned in a north-easterly direction, and after touching at Merta,  $26^{\circ} 34'$ , he arrived at Ajmere,  $26^{\circ} 24'$ , on the 14th of March. Ajmere, though still a great and famous city, had already passed, like so many Moghul towns, the zenith of its glory. As an ardent scientist, Tieffentaller was anxious to visit the famous Sambhur lake. He was not very far away from Ajmere, when he descried in the distance something resembling a field covered with the sprinkling of the first winter-snow. It was the swampy salt-lake of Sambhur, 24 coss in circumference and from one half to one coss in breadth. Tieffentaller minutely observed the

method of obtaining the salt from the liquid. It is highly interesting to learn that the Great Moghuls claimed the produce of the salt pans as a monopoly. With the decline of their power, the Rajahs of Jaypore and Jodhpore wrenched the monopoly from the Moghuls, and halved between themselves the salt revenue, which then annually amounted to five lakhs. It is regrettable Tieffentaller neglected to give the exact cost price of salt at Sambhur ; he only mentions that the article sells there at a low price. However, we may not be far from the mark by surmising that the prices at Sambhur were the same as those at Kambay where 20 Indian pounds could be purchased for 3 or 4 Pfennige. Thus one anna would have purchased, in those days, 12 lbs. 10 oz. of salt. This not only furnishes a standard for comparison with modern prices, but it also enables us to make a guess at the enormous quantity of salt extracted from the lake, in order to realise annually a net revenue of 5 lakhs of rupees.

Jaypore was the next stage of his journey. From thence he took a south-easterly direction, and reached Sherpore,  $26^{\circ} 0'$ , on 28th March. Sherpore had been, till lately, a populous town, but in the previous year (1750), the Mahrattas came and conquered it, after killing its Moghul commandant. Since then, very many people had left the town to settle elsewhere.

He next visited the fortress of Rathambor, built between precipitous chasms. Hill forts played important parts in the history of India, and Tieffentaller is not sparing in giving details of their general aspect and history. The Aravalli, Vindhya and Satpura mountain ranges were particularly well fitted for the construction of forts. In fact, Rajputana and Central India were dotted all over with what the common people considered as impregnable bulwarks. In reality, they were not so, as almost every fort had its own woeful tale to tell. At any rate, these strong places, fortified by both nature and art, filled their owners with a sense of security in troubled times, when both movable property and the fair members of the family were at stake between the combatants. It was there that the Rajahs deposited their treasure and put up their wives and children for shelter against the approaching enemy. With the advent of the Pax Britannica, these strongholds lost their original purposes, and serve now only as landmarks in history to remind the present generation of the untold dangers to which their ancestors were incessantly exposed.

After crossing the river Chambal, Tieffentaller arrived at Shiupore,  $25^{\circ} 38'$ , where Rajah Inder Singh owned a magnificent palace and where he had constructed a fort against

the raids of the Marathas. Then he came upon Gor in the midst of a dense forest of "Muhua" trees. After a further march of three days through a "frightful" forest, he arrived at Keral. Two days beyond this latter town, in the direction of Poori, he had to cross two deep ravines, in order to descend into a vast and waterless forest at the base of the mountains. Thus advancing over stony, almost impassable roads, and through "frightful" forests, the traveller reached Poori, a town strongly fortified and embellished with a magnificent palace, resting on stone pillars and arches. There has always been, and always will be in all countries, a great distance between the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, - but the contrast was perhaps nowhere else so glaring as in India, and Tieffentaller never fails to point it out, though unconsciously, whilst he furnishes descriptions of the fabulous wealth of magnificent palaces, side by side with the squalid habitations that extended along filthy lanes under the very shadow of those palaces. Surely, the law of the stronger weighed heavily on the tax-paying dumb millions !

At last, Tieffentaller reached his headquarters, Narwar, again, in the first days of April. However, his stay there was of short duration, as his duties called him to Gwalior, a superb and impregnable fortress in the days of short-ranged guns. But guns were not the only weapons used in the capture of forts. At all times, the most dreaded enemies of besieged fortresses have been base treachery and the gloomy spectres of hunger and thirst. As a matter of fact, Gwalior fell into the hands of the Marathas and the town soon decayed from its former splendour.

From Gwalior Tieffentaller proceeded to Gohad, the lord of which, called Rana, of the Jat nation, was then an ally of the Marathas. He likewise visited Atter, Bhind, and returned over Agra to Narwar in November of the same year.

After a short while, he again set out on a tour, first to Agra and Fattehpore Sikri, which latter city he compares with a "flower that one fine morning unfolded its petals to wither in the evening of the same day." Turning southwards, he visited the decaying town of Biana still famous for its plantations of Nil (indigo), of which the Dutch and Armenians residing at Agra used to transport large quantities to Surat. He found Sikandra in a similar process of decay. Karauli, however, was as yet well inhabited. It had a magnificent princely castle, and all the walls of the fortifications were constructed in quite a peculiar manner of red stone, the like of which he had never seen before. Karauli used to serve the former Rajahs as a place of retreat against the invading

Mahomedan armies ; and it lent itself admirably well for that purpose. One single, narrow and difficult footpath was leading for three miles along a brook to the counter-forts ; then only began the ascent over bare cliffs up to a grove full of partridges, quails and other birds, and from thence into the fortress. From Karauli, he wandered over difficult paths, leading through valleys and over hills from village to village of the most wretched appearance, until he reached Mandrael two coss from the Chambal river. At last he returned to Narwar over Bijepore and Gopalpore.

After so many fatiguing and risky tours, either on foot, or on bullock-cart or camelback, there followed for Tieffentaller a period of rest at his headquarters. He thus found leisure to write in Persian several treatises in the defence of Christianity. At long intervals only, he revisited Delhi, Brindaban and Shoopoor, and paid a flying visit to the "great and beautiful" city of Kotah, 24° 46'.

Tieffentaller had good reasons for remaining as quiet as possible in an out-of-the-way place, like Narwar, about this time. Leaving the territory of the great Moghul was equivalent to falling into Portuguese captivity. The omnipotent Prime Minister of Portugal, the tyrannical champion of the "Philosophical" movement on the Tago, had obtained in July 1759 from the weak and debauched King Joseph a decree banishing all the Jesuits from the Portuguese colonies. Accordingly all the Jesuit missionaries, Portuguese-born subjects and foreigners alike, within reach of the Portuguese authorities, were made state prisoners, 120 in all, and packed into a small vessel homeward bound. Such as reached Lisbon alive were thrown into the loathsome prisons of Fort St. Julien to pine away for 15 years, without ever getting a chance of a formal trial, as none, indeed, could be indicted for any specific crime. During the subsequent years, jealousy, blind prejudice, and other still more ignoble motives, did their work with such telling effect, that Pope Clement XIV abolished, for the sake of peace, the order altogether.

Thus Tieffentaller's communication with Europe, as well as all pecuniary aid therefrom, had been cut off with one stroke. In consequence of the suppression of his order, he ceased to be a Jesuit and had to shift for himself as best he might. Of the five non-Portuguese Jesuits, three, viz., Boudier, Gabelsberger and Strobel having died, Tieffentaller and F. X. Wendel were the *only missionaries left in those parts of the Moghul empire*. Tieffentaller's misfortunes did not end there. The Armenian Governor, the only supporter of the church at Narwar, also died, and the small Christian community there dwindled away, soon to disappear.

altogether. Finally, the missions at Agra and Delhi having been entrusted to the Carmelites at Bombay, Tieffentaller found himself one day a pastor without a flock; worse yet: he was a penniless man, wanting even the necessities of life.

Under the pressure of such circumstances, he conceived the bold plan of making his way to Bengal and appealing to the charity of the English, "the famous English nation, so well known for their generosity and philanthropy towards the needy and wretched." Accordingly, he bundled up all his belongings and set out on his begging tour. The first part of his journey was through Bandelkhand, a most interesting country, full of romantic scenery. He passed over hills of moderate elevation, through cultivated tracts, alternating with trackless forests. Sometimes he would come upon idyllic lakes or upon vertiginous precipices over which little rivers rolled down their thundering waves. The noble race of the Rajputs had from immemorial ages embellished these parts with architectural monuments, evidences of their genius and culture. Accordingly, Tieffentaller would come upon ruined or half ruined cities, now buried in the jungles, or he would be delighted at the sudden appearance of stately temples in the centre of a forest, or he would reach well-inhabited cities, all adorned with one or more princely palaces. The first stage was Datia,  $25^{\circ} 22'$ ; on 11th February 1765 Jhansi, then in ruins, was reached. Touching in his further progress at Urcha,  $25^{\circ} 10'$ , Mohoba,  $24^{\circ} 41'$ , Chitrakot, Jirna, Parna, Chatarpore  $24^{\circ} 38'$ , Kalinjur,  $24^{\circ} 42'$ , he reached Thoroa,  $24^{\circ} 50'$ , on 4th March. After a short stay at Allahabad, he crossed the Ganges to visit Lucknow  $26^{\circ} 34'$ . From thence he went, via Bangla and Jounpore  $25^{\circ} 38'$ , to Benares  $25^{\circ} 14'$ .

From Allahabad and onwards, Tieffentaller was again on level ground, and in countries civilised from the immemorial times of the Aryans. He could move about there in safety and perhaps with some comfort. Travelling had been different in Central India, where Europeans had as yet been rare birds of passage. Keeping to strictly scientific lines, Tieffentaller rarely alludes to merely personal incidents. Had he chosen to narrate his own adventures, instead of writing a geography, what thrilling accounts might he not have given of his hair-breadth escapes from robbers and ferocious animals, both abounding in the hilly and wooded countries he had traversed! As to the robbers, it may be observed that they are not particularly covetous of a poor man's property. But, what about the Thugs, or professional murderers, whose favourite haunts have been till lately the jungles of Central India?

There is one more point about which we would like to have some information. Where, and how did he find shelter at night during his journeys? We may surmise that Tieffentaller had gradually become a familiar figure in nearly all the towns of Central India and Rajputana; and being known everywhere as an astronomer and geographer for whom the ignorant people may have a smile but never a grudge, the kind-hearted Hindoos must have been very good to the way-worn stranger; for hospitality and kindness to strangers are some of the noblest qualities of the Orientals. The numerous dharumsalas in towns, and along the trade routes, sufficiently bear out the truth of this statement. There, any traveller could put up for the night and prepare his meals or have them prepared by servants. Tieffentaller was apparently a great admirer of this institution, for he rarely fails to describe these favourite "inus" of his. In bigger towns, there were as many as three or four dharumsalas. Nor had they a paltry appearance; far from it. Next to the Rajah's palace, they were the most ornamental buildings of a town, and would sometimes vie in beauty with the prince's mansion. The one at Aurungabad was adorned with 8 towers and contained at least 100 separate chambers.

*(To be concluded.)*

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S. NOTI S. J.

## DANTE AND MILTON.

DANTE and Milton, as the two epic poets not only of Christendom but of Christianity, challenge comparison in person and in their works, and it may be interesting to draw out briefly some of the more salient points of resemblance and contrast between them, and to examine their causes. Personally, there was a great deal in common between the two men. Both were haughty and high spirited, and therefore but little popular with their contemporaries. Both were deeply religious, and in all the chief points of their doctrines orthodox according to the orthodoxy of their time and country: but at the same time both, with the conviction of strong men, attacked certain points of the popular creed with which they had been brought to disagree by keen personal experience. Thus Dante, betrayed to exile by an infamous Pope, did not spare to attack, not merely the temporal power, but even the infallibility, of the pontiffs.

"Non fu nostra intention," says St. Peter, "ch'a destra mano  
 Dei nostri successor parte sedesse  
 Parte dall' altra, del popol cristiano.  
 Ne che le chiavi che mi fur concesse,  
 Divenisser segnacolo in vessilo  
 Che contra i battezati combatesse;  
 Ne ch' io fosse figura di sigillo  
 A privilegi venduti e mendaci  
 Ond' io sovente arrosso e disfavillo."

If the Divine Comedy is not on the Index Expurgatorius, it is strange; for even a heretic could hardly have been more trenchant against that dogma of Papal infallibility which the Roman church, in its career of opposition to the progress of thought, has made an article of faith. Not less did Milton, when personal troubles proved to him that monogamy had its inconveniences, shrink from defending a qualified polygamy in his *Tetrachordon*. Both poets had the confidence of genius in their own powers, and both anticipated in language which

charms by its modesty and dignity, the place which posterity, has assigned to them. Dante, introduced by Virgil to other chief singers of Greece and Rome—Homer, Horace, Ovid and Lucan—is kindly saluted:

“ E piu d' onore ancor assai mi fanno,  
Ch' essi mi fecer della loro schiera  
Si ch' io fu sesto tre cotanto senno.”

So Milton with foresight not clouded by his blindness :

“ Nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
So were I equalled with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris and blind Moeonides.”

Both also were statesmen who, living in stirring times, took prominent parts in the politics of their countries: and both found at last that they had fought on the losing side. Each complained in his epic of the ruin of his cause with a bitterness proportioned to his personal sufferings for its sake: the Florentine, on whom his overthrow entailed life-long exile, in a hundred biting passages: the Englishman, who had nothing worse to endure than neglect and loss of influence, in one only, temperate and pathetic.

As to the causes for which they severally fought there is an apparent opposition, but a real agreement as far as this, that each was contending against what was then the great danger of the state: Dante against the unbridled factions of a democracy, and Milton against the encroachments of a king who had a mind to be a despot. Dante therefore looked to a monarchy, and Milton to a republic to save the state, and time has been on the side of both: for England has glided, though without much rupture of old forms, into the freest of states, and Italy, after centuries of punishment for the excesses of her insensate republics, is at last blessed with a king.

To turn from their public to their domestic life, both these great men were unhappy in their wives, and for much the same reason. Both took their partners—Milton his first at any rate—from the political party against which in course of time they came to side; and the women took the part of their own relations against their husbands. Milton's wife was openly rebellious and created a scandal, and nothing but her death relieved him of his misery: Dante's created no scandal, but her husband's continual wanderings as an exile must have relaxed the tension for both by timely separation. Dante and Milton showed no doubt something of the harshness natural to strong-willed men when

they find their yoke-fellows in matrimony uncongenial : but it must not be concluded therefrom that the two men were insensible to the passion of love. On the contrary, they were both susceptible to the power of female charm. Of Dante this is clear not merely from his spiritual worship of the beautiful Beatrice, but from his connexion during his exile with Gentucca, the lady of Lucca to whom he refers in the *Purgatorio*:

"Femmina e nata e non porta ancor benda,  
Comincio ei, che ti fara piacere  
La mia citta, come che nom la riprenda."

His sympathy with the woe of Francesca di Rimini and her lover Paolo, when he meets them in the second circle of Hell, causes him to swoon : and the fact that in that circle of Purgatory where the lustful are purged by fire, he also is constrained to pass through the flame, seems to indicate that he had not passed through the fire of earthly love without loss of chastity. Milton's susceptibility is also proved by his poems.

His Italian sonnets and the Latin verses to Leonora show that he was entranced by the "pellegrina bellezza" and the sweet voices of the Italian women. But that he sinned is not believable. His poems, like Dante's, were the biography of his mind, and had he ever done anything of this kind to repent of, the sin and the repentance would have had their due place in them.

Those who admitting evolution in all that regards the lower creation would still draw the line at man's intellectual endowment, would do well to consider what it is that brings out from time to time those stupendous manifestations of genius which astonish contemporaries and dominate posterity. In the vegetable and animal world we find heredity giving a general stability of type, and the changing influences of the environment causing variation. It would appear that nature produces geniuses much as she produces species. Heredity creates a general type of mind, and the great man appears at some crisis in the life of the race. The general history of the race—that is heredity—determines what the type of the manifestation will be : a particular crisis—that is the environment—produces the variation, that height of excellence which makes the possessor stand over and apart from his fellows. It is not pure heredity that does the work : we do not find a long line of ancestors of gradually increasing merit leading up to our Shakespeares and Goethes. Nor do our great geniuses ever bequeath a still greater genius to their immediate descendants. Again,

it is not circumstances only that produce the man : the age that produced Giotto could not have given him his height of excellence in painting and architecture had there not been a previous series of painters and architects in his race ; and the " spacious times of great Elizabeth " would not have given the world a Shakespeare but for the Caedmons, the Layamons and the Chaucers of less stirring times. Thirdly, an important point, the variation which shows itself in transcendent genius will not come to maturity if removed from the stimulus of the environment which is producing it. Shakespeare, if sold as a slave to China in his youth, might have sung potently enough in his chains, but not all the learning of the Chinese, if imparted to him, would ever in that stagnant realm have brought him to the height that he reached in the exuberant freedom and energy of Elizabethan England. This is of course not strictly provable ; but who can doubt it ? It follows that the genius will bear a strong impress of his age. Shakespeare, living in an age of high animal spirits and little searching of heart, hardly touches religion or philosophy ; while Shelley, living in an age of violent intellectual upheaval, hardly touches anything else. The ages of Dante and Milton differed from both of these, and agreed in this that the activity which distinguished them was highly political, and thought in the best men was deeply religious. The works of these two were, therefore, political and religious. The subject in each case was religious ; but the form it took was largely moulded by politics.

The causes which made Dante's age a political crisis were two. The first was that small Italian republics had reached that degree of populousness and civilisation when the accumulated energies stirring within them must either find outlets to a larger sphere of action, or devastate the narrow limits in which they were confined. The petty states were full of energetic and ambitious men, the product of centuries of rapid development in wealth and power, and as the states had now reached the highest point of development compatible with isolation, the alternative vents for them were foreign conquest or internal rapine. The right solution of the problem would no doubt have been the unification of all Italy by one of the states, Florence as the most enlightened for preference, but it would not have mattered much which state triumphed so long as the unity of the country was secured. It is doubtful whether the Italians would have worked out this solution even had they been left entirely to themselves : the Greek states never did. But they were not left to themselves, and the problem was complicated by the fact (alluded to

above as a second (cause) that just as the progress of internal civilisation was breaking down the isolation of the Italian states among themselves, so the progress of external civilisation was breaking down the isolation of Italy from the rest of Europe. The German emperors had long been reviving their "rights of memory" in the old Roman Empire, and the French were also beginning to show themselves on the Italian side of the Alps. The earlier question for the party leaders, "Shall we tear one another to pieces or subjugate our neighbours?" was thus changing to "Shall we accept the bridle of a foreign master or unite to oppose him?" The Popes who claimed to hold the keys of heaven and hell had, it seems, no key to unlock the national problem. Their policy was merely personal and selfish, and therefore disruptive; for though their fear of the emperor led them generally to support the Guelph or Church party in the cities, they were not consistent even in this, but were quite ready at times to coquet with the emperor and persecute the Guelphs for some temporary interest. Such was the political problem when Dante was a Prior of Florence. It was already becoming clear that the answer would be the most miserable one—"we will maintain our isolation and rend ourselves, come what may"; but the existence and work of Dante are proof that the race had not as yet fully acquiesced in the shameful conclusion. Habit soon made the sin second nature and closed the door of repentance, and thenceforward no more Dantes arose in Italy; but when Dante lived, the door was open.

In Milton's day the political problem for the English was not less vital, but simpler. Down to the last of the Tudors the monarchy had been limited by the power of Parliament, backed by an armed nation under its natural leaders, the great nobles. By the time of Charles I, the nation by the mere progress of civilisation had ceased to bear arms, and the king naturally felt that the time was now come when he could make a stand against those gradual curtailments of his prerogative which the Commons, following the growing needs of the time, were seeking to effect, while they had lost the armed hand which in the last resort might enforce them. The people furbished up their disused arms and took the field against the king, not impelled to fury by any outrageous exercise of tyranny, but warned by their native sagacity that if the present check to liberty were not at once overcome the, sequel would be a return to despotism. Here, as in Italy, there was a subordinate religious aspect to the dispute: the established church being here, as there, on the wrong side and the dissenters on the right; but except at the extreme ends the tension was not acute. Milton was of course

on the side of liberty, and his side gained permanently all that it was expedient that at that time they should gain ; but the moral reaction and loss of some political superfluities which followed the Restoration could not fail to distress him as the undoing of part of the work in which he had a zealous hand.

Both poets drew their subject from religion ; but their treatment of it was greatly influenced by the political conditions of their time. The conditions being as already shown very diverse, the treatment was so also. Dante saw around him a society full of lawlessness and fraud, and looked to the effective revival of the old Roman empire to save it from anarchy. That feature of the Christian theology which most attracted his mind, therefore, was the all-pervading empire of God ; and in his Hell he pictures with painful minuteness the penalties inflicted on those who defy the laws of that empire. No mere loathing of sin, even united with a somewhat harsh disposition, is sufficient to explain the pitilessness of the external hell depicted by Dante. A mind as great as his brought face to face with this hideous dogma in detail, must have revolted from it as a wickedness not to be imputed to a just deity, had not his political misfortunes made it a necessary part of his theory. The same necessity made him face that other incredible doctrine, that no person not baptised into the Christian faith can ever taste of joy in the other world. Shamefully wronged by his political enemies in Florence and Rome, and feeling his wrongs with inextinguishable bitterness, Dante yearned to see established in Italy a central despotic government which should crush discord with an iron heel, and enforce righteous laws on all. All must swear allegiance or be thrust out of the kingdom, and rebels must be unsparingly punished. Brooding these thoughts in his exile, Dante turned his view to the kingdom of God to which, according to the theology of his day, admission could only be had by taking the oath of allegiance administered in baptism, and rebellion against which was punished by the eternal tortures of hell. In his passion to curb social and political license these principles could not seem too harsh, and consequently far from shrinking from them he rather dwells upon them in all their crudeness. That he should turn the rebel angels into loathsome demons was only natural, but it is highly characteristic of the man that, like Solon, when he was trying to cure the Athenians of civil discord, he should have passed sentence of punishment on the neutrals who stand aside from contending opposites :—

“ Ed egli a me : Questo misero modo  
 Tengon l’ anime triste di coloro  
 Che visser senza infamia e senza lode.  
 Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro  
 Degli angeli che non furon rebelli  
 Ne fur fideli a Dio, ma per se foro.”

Among these unfortunates who must wander eternally about the threshold of hell, stung by wasps simply because they were harmless and timid, is the virtuous though feeble old man whom the cardinals in an aberration elected Pope, but soon persuaded to abdicate in favour of Boniface VIII., Dante’s great enemy. The doctrine which condemns men to eternal punishment merely for being weak-minded and vacillating is obviously not that of the moralist or even of the theologian, but that of the party politician. As politician Dante rightly judged this class to be a source of weakness to a state, and he punishes them from this point of view, utterly regardless of the moral enormity of the sentence. Almost every canto of the Hell presents illustrations of the fact that in composing his poem Dante made moral considerations subordinate to political ; or to put it otherwise, he regarded morality with reference to its political results. The act and its consequence are put first, the state of mind put last or not considered at all. This is hardly the Christianity of the Gospels, in which the state of mind is of prime importance; but to set forth the Christianity of the Gospels was no part of Dante’s plan.

Milton, living among a people orderly and sober-minded even in the midst of civil war, was under no inducement to dwell upon the ugliness of sin whether in its social or political aspect. His thoughts followed another current. The high hope of the more enthusiastic of his party had been to build a reign of the saints upon the ruins of the monarchy. In this they had failed, and Milton’s poem, which might otherwise have embodied a dream of the future, became instead a retrospect of the past. Baffled in his hope of seeing man rise to the innocence of the millennium, he consoled himself by drawing a picture of the innocence of Eden from which man had fallen. But the story of the fall of man could not be divorced from its remote cause, the rebellion of the angels, and in dealing with this event the spirit of the time showed its influence on the man in a very remarkable manner. His theology compelled him to regard the rebellion of Lucifer and his followers as a most wicked deed : his environment, rebel as he was himself, forced him to feel a certain sympathy with rebellion even in angels.

The effect of this latter force is seen in that feature of the *Paradise Lost* which was a stumbling block to the pious soul of Ruskin—the grandeur with which the Arch-rebel is invested. Such moral sympathy as Byron, for instance, evinced for the fallen archangels would have been abhorrent to Milton; but his lifelong association with men who had been asserting the cause of liberty with force against force, utterly disabled him from treating Satan as according to his religious principles he ought to have treated him. Dante makes short work of the revolt in heaven: three lines dispose of an episode so little to his taste:

- “ Ne giugneriesi numerando al venti
- Si tosto come degli angeli parte
- Turbo 'l suggetto de' vostri elementi.”

Milton plunges with ardour into both the physical and intellectual phases of the conflict: and such is the fair-play which he gives the devil that only an orthodoxy as complete as his own can keep the reader's sympathy consistently on the right side.

As different as their methods of treating their subject are the styles of the two poets. The immortal feature of Milton's poem is that splendour of diction in which he surpasses every other poet in the world. It is the very triumph of language. Dante has but little of this grandeur. There is but here and there a line which bears any comparison with those grand verses of the English poet which break on the ear with the crash of rolling waves.

“ Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto ”

is one of Dante's best, and these :

“ Ed ei s' ergea col petto e colla fronte  
Come avesse l' inferno in gran dispette, ”

and this, the last of the poem :

“ L' amor che muove il sole e l' altre stelle.”

Passages of sustained grandeur, with which Milton abounds, are rare: the lines on the portal of hell, too well known to need quoting, are one example; and there is another in the ninth canto of the Hell, referring to the approach of the angel :

“ E gia venia su per le torbid' onde  
Un fracasso d' un suon pien di spavento,  
Per cui tremavan ambedue sponde :

Non altrimenti fatto che d' un vento  
 Impetuoso per gli avvessi ardori  
 Che fier la selva e senza alcun rattento  
 Gli rami schianta, abbatte e porta fuori."

But it would be easy to do Dante injustice in this comparison between him and Milton. Milton was the successor of a long line of poets who had cultivated the English language to a marvellous power of poetic expression, and one of whom had already written lines which are not surpassed by anything in *Paradise Lost* :

" And like the baseless fabric of this vision  
 The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
 And like an insubstantial pageant faded  
 Leave not a wrack behind."

In point of language the fair comparison would be between Dante and his almost contemporary Chaucer, both of whom had practically to create the language which they used, and when we make this comparison we see properly what a giant the Italian was.

Dante has not Miltonic grandeur, but he has an extraordinary beauty and charm of another kind. He uses a straightforward and almost homely diction as if he were striving to give a conscientious account of what he saw in a metrical form, rather than to write fine poetry, but the terms are most carefully chosen and effective. There is probably no poet whose words will bear a more minute study than Dante's; for they are pregnant with forces which are not always delivered in the sight of the casual reader. This is apart from the allegories. Beauties of expression are thick throughout the *Divine Comedy* as stars in the sky: blemishes are no commoner than they are in Milton. There is a little one in Canto XVIII of Hell, interesting chiefly because Milton has deliberately copied it in *Samson Agonistes* :

" Ahi come facean lor levar le berze  
 Alle prime percosse ! e gia nessuno  
 Le seconde aspettava, ne le terze "

where "ne le terze" is merely put in for the sake of the rhyme. So Milton:

" Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods  
 That no second knows, nor third."

The comparison of Adam in Canto XXVI of Paradise to an animal shaking its "cover" (whether skin or jhool the commentators differ), must be considered a blemish because it is ludicrous:

"Tal volta un animal coverto broglia  
Si che l' affetto convien che si paia  
Per lo seguir che face in lui la invoglia."

This slip is curious because Dante, unlike Milton, had evidently a keen sense of humour. The passage between him and Belacqua in the fourth canto of Purgatory is full of quiet fun.

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## A GROUP OF POET-PAINTERS.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON AND ELIZABETH STANHOPE FORBES.

**I**N spite of the rapid spread of materialism, with the inevitable result of an increasing tendency to measure the value of everything by its greater or lesser practical utility, the opening years of the twentieth century have been marked by the issue of a large number of books that appeal to the spiritual and æsthetic rather than to the mental and physical faculties, and teach absolutely no lesson of worldly wisdom, inculcating, indeed, indifference to all success but the highest—that of aiming in every case at the realisation of the ideal even at the expense of the real. Of these publications, among the most remarkable are the Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti with illustrations after his own pictures and designs,\* "George Frederick Watts," by W. R. West and Romualdo Pantini,† "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," by G.B.-J.,‡ "The Drawings of Sir E. Burne-Jones," by T. Martin Wood,§ "The French Songs of Old Canada," pictured by W. Graham Robertson,|| and "King Arthur's Wood," by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes,¶ which will one and all forcibly appeal to those who are able to appreciate their pictorial and literary excellence and to recognise the tact and skill that have been expended in their presentment to the public.

It was truly a happy inspiration on the part of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who from first to last has shewn a loyal appreciation of his brother's exceptional gifts, to prepare the delightful edition of Dante Gabriel's poems just issued, and to illustrate them with reproductions of some of his most typical pictures and drawings, thus enabling the admirers of the poet-painter to judge to some extent of his work as a whole.

\* Ellis and Elvey, 2 vols., 32s. net.

† George Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

‡ Macmillan, 2 vols., 30s. net.

§ George Newnes, 7s. 6d net.

|| William Heinemann, 31s. 6d. net.

¶ Simpkin Marshall, ordinary edition, £2 2s. net. Edition de luxe, £3 3s. net.

A man of strangely complex nature, hampered by the very versatility of his gifts that led him sometimes to neglect to give expression to his conceptions, whilst hesitating in which of the many media he controlled to express them, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, though he had undoubtedly strong affinities with many kindred spirits, will ever stand to a great extent alone. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, even now, in spite of all that has been written about him since his death, he is fully understood by any but a very few. He combined with a keen sensitiveness to the opinions of others, and an almost pathetic yearning for recognition, a morbid horror of publicity that resulted in his neglecting all the usual methods of making his art-work known. Moreover, after the death of his wife, he was ready to sacrifice his literary career to his personal feelings of grief, for he buried with her all the poems his love for her had inspired, and for seven years was deaf to the entreaties of his friends that he would recover and publish them.

Prefaced by the deeply interesting and trustworthy biography that has already appeared in connection with Rossetti's collected works, the new publication contains all the writings of the poet-painter except a few unimportant fragments, the poems written in a foreign language and the translations from the Italian, of which last, by the way, a delightful edition has just appeared.\* Each volume is, moreover, supplemented by a very valuable series of notes, some from the pen of Dante Gabriel himself, others from that of his brother, which not only throw considerable light on certain passages hitherto obscure, but also here and there call up a vivid picture of the poet's unique personality. Apropos, for instance, of the "King's Tragedy," that was evidently written under great stress of feeling, Mr. William Rossetti relates that Gabriel said to Mr. Hall Caine, "It was as though my own life ebbed out with it"; and of "Rose Mary" he remarks that his brother called it in a letter to a friend, "A story of my own, good, I think, turning, of course, on the innocence required in the seer." The "Woodspurge" with anguish throbbing in every line, and "Even So" with its haunting yearning for permanency of union with the loved one, are quoted as characteristic of their author's sensitive, melancholy temperament; the much discussed "Jenny," begun probabl'y as early as 1847 and not finally completed until 1869, is shewn to reflect the inevitable changes of style resulting from lapse of time, and though it was impossible to give the dates of the glorious series of sonnets making up what is called the "House of Life," a rough suggestion is made of their probable sequence, their editor also giving an able

\* *Early Italian Poets*, by D. G. Rossetti. George Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

summary of what appears to him to be their meaning, though he recognises the fact, that, as is ever the case with works of genius, the appeal they make will vary according to the receptivity of each individual reader.

Of the illustrations in this noble collection of poems, none is more satisfactory than that of the "Blessed Damozel," now for the first time reproduced by permission of the trustees of the late Dyson Perrins. One of several fine pictorial interpretations of the same theme, it catches the very spirit of the poem, describing how a fair maiden, unable to be happy even in Heaven without her lover, "leaned out from the gold bar of Heaven . . . the wonder not yet gone from that still look of hers." Very beautiful also are the "Head of Dante," that expresses forcibly the feelings of the exile of Verona, compelled to fare upon another's bread and tread up and down another's stairs; "La Bella Mano," in which the strong passion of the central figure forcibly contrasts with the youthful innocence of her attendant maidens; the "Seed of David," with its beautiful presentment of the Mother and the Divine Child; the "Paolo and Francesca" with its vivid realisation of despairing love. The oft-described "Girlhood of Mary Virgin," and the exquisite "Ecce Ancilla Domini," accompanying the poem of "Ave" specially written for it, that is a revelation of its author's sympathy with Roman Catholicism, summing up as it does the very essence of the dogma of the divinity of the Virgin Mother, who is alluded to as the "Headstone of Humanity, the Groundstone of the Great Mystery," although she appears in the painting as a timid and essentially human maiden.

Great, indeed, is the contrast between the mystic, sensuous, and emotional Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the dignified prophet painter George Frederick Watts, who has been justly called one of "God's own interpreters," and whose aim, to quote his own words, "was not to delight and amuse but to urge on to higher things and nobler thoughts." As an artist, indeed, Watts stood completely alone, for he had neither followers nor imitators, but as a thinker and teacher of moral truth he may justly be compared with Tennyson, for in many cases, the work of each of the two great masters might well illustrate that of the other, and they were truly akin in the spirit that animated them.

Of the many articles that have been written on the art-work of George Frederick Watts since his death, perhaps one of those that most clearly defines his peculiar characteristics is the essay from the pen of Romualdo Pantini, supplementing a brief account of his life by W. R. West in a recently issued volume of Newnes' Illustrated Art Library. After dwell-

ing upon the fact that Watts was a believing painter as well as a believing man, whose faith was not confined within the blind limits of dogma but reached and embraced all humanity, Mr. Pantini adds : "His religious ideas, his unshaken faith in progress, and his conscientious integrity, which often led his brush to lash vice and weakness, the whole philosophical and moral character, in fact, of his apostolate of goodness and beauty, must of necessity be familiar to us if we would understand the true meaning of many of his creations"—a statement no one competent to judge is likely to question, though many will probably feel that the writer's criticism of Watts as a portrait-painter is somewhat inadequate. True, Mr. Pantini dwells on the touch of life-like sincerity that distinguishes them, but he does not lay sufficient stress on the nobility of purpose that places them in the very highest rank as works of art. They are, indeed, exceptionally fine in the insight into the very inner ego of the subjects they reveal, realising their artist's definition of what a portrait should be, which was embodied in the "Idylls of the King" in the well-known passage :—

"As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it, and so paints him, that his face  
The shape and colour of a mind and life  
Lives for his children, ever at its best."

Though the work of George Frederick Watts and of Sir Edward Burne-Jones is essentially different, there was a strong resemblance in the characters of the two men, for both were intensely truthful and straightforward, abhorring subterfuge and ignoring all motives but the highest. The work of each seems to be in some sense an echo from the past, that of Watts from the time of the Hebrew prophets, that of Burne-Jones from the days of the first evolution of the Arthurian legend in the remote wilds of Brittany. Of the inner life of Watts little is really known, for a truly complete biography of him still remains to be written ; but the whole career of Burne-Jones, with all its underlying principles, its vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, hope and dread, has recently been revealed in the charming *Memorials* from the pen of his widow whose life was bound up with his from her early girlhood to the end. No more touching or beautiful love story has ever been written than this faithful record of a long life of strenuous endeavour and great achievement inspired from first to last by love of beauty for its own sake and a haunting longing to give to it an expression worthy of it.

More truly a Pre-Raphaelite than any of the actual members of the

famous Brotherhood, Burne-Jones was also more in touch with the Renaissance, and for this reason, his work should be judged by the same standard as is that of the early Italian painters. He himself more than once expressed a wish that he had been a contemporary of Botticelli, a suggestive desire, for there is no doubt that some of his compositions reveal a true affinity with that long neglected but now perhaps over-exploited master. It has been well said that "Sir Edward's spirit lived in the language of design," which was indeed native to it, for in spite of his having had no real art training, he was able to give utterance to the great truths embodied in the legends of long ago in poems in colour intelligible to all. Nearly all his works, from the "Merciful Knight" completed in 1863, to the "Arthur in Avalon" left unfinished at his death, are as it were dreams made real, shadowing forth in each case the inner meaning of the legend chosen.

Engaged as she was to the penniless young artist at the early age of sixteen, four years after Burne-Jones had finally abandoned the idea of becoming a clergyman, his future bride was drawn by him into all the stress and strain of his probation time, and her eloquently written Memorials unconsciously but vividly reflect her own beautiful character, of which receptivity was one of the most marked peculiarities. Neither she nor her lover had any æsthetic traditions to aid them in their resolve to give up everything for art, for Miss MacDonald was the daughter of a dissenting minister and Burne-Jones of a frame-maker of Birmingham, whose home was bare of everything but absolute necessities. Yet at the very first meeting of the two, soul spoke to soul as well as heart to heart, and there was never any shrinking or faltering on the part of the young girl, who suddenly found herself breathing a new and rarefied atmosphere, brought as she was into close touch with the remarkable group of young men who were ere long to effect a revolution in the art of painting in England. Rossetti and Morris, in the early days of their beautiful friendship with each other and with Burne-Jones, Ruskin in his glorious prime and Madox Brown in his brilliant middle age, live again in the delightful pages of this remarkable biography, which for all that, contains not one word that could wound the susceptibilities of any who loved them. Lady Burne-Jones makes no secret of the mistakes made by her husband before he mastered the principles of his art, for she reveals with delightful naïveté the total unpreparedness with which he and his fellow-artists embarked on their extraordinary enterprise to paint the walls of the Union at Oxford, and she is equally frank with regard to her own ignorance of domestic economy. Through the chequered course of

the long and happy career of a couple thoroughly suited to each other, however, runs the ever broadening golden thread of unselfish devotion, making of their lives a poem and of their home an earthly paradise that radiated forth brightness upon all who were privileged to cross its threshold. The one drawback to a book that cannot fail to be an inspiration to those who read it, is the inadequacy of the illustrations, that do not in the least represent Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and might well have been supplemented by reproductions of some of his typical works.

No such charge as this can, on the other hand, be brought against the latest publication dealing with the versatile poet-painter, the delightful and richly illustrated essay on "The Drawings of Sir Edward Burne-Jones," by T. Martin Wood, one of the new series of art monographs now being issued by Messrs. Newnes. Its author reveals a true insight into the distinctive qualities of his inspiring subject, and his work is full of suggestive remarks. "It is often," he says, "in his drawings that Burne-Jones reaches his highest perfection of beauty, and no others afford so complete an index to the stages of their advancement as his." Mr. Wood dwells especially on Sir Edward's tender and beautiful visual power, remarking that though it may have suffered from incomplete expression, it may, on the other hand, owe much to the very difficulties which, making him less readily satisfied, carried him to greater heights. It is, he adds, to his powers of self-criticism that we owe his long series of pencil studies, and it is not unlikely that posterity will come to set more value on them than on his finished paintings, for in no other work of our time is there so much tenderness and delicacy of execution bearing such an intimate message—an opinion that gathers weight on examination of the fine reproductions of a large number of exquisite drawings, the only fault of which is their too great reduction, accompanying Mr. Martin Wood's text, so beautiful are they one and all in expression, as well as in design and draughtsmanship.

There is of necessity a certain element of sadness in reviewing literature that deals with the work of those who have but recently passed away and the inevitable 'Finis' has already been written. It is, however, far otherwise when, as is the case with the "French Songs of Old Canada" of W. Graham Robertson and the "King Arthur's Wood" of Elizabeth Stanhope, the gifted authors are still in their prime, and may in all human probability yet excel their past endeavours. Mr. Robertson, as is well known, is the author of many delightful volumes of drawings reproduced in colour that are all alike instinct with poetry and romance, breathing forth the very spirit of the long ago before its delicate aroma

had faded away, amongst which perhaps the most delightful are, the "Old English Songs and Dances,"\* and "A Masque of May Morning,"† the former as full of humour as of pathos, the latter teeming with light-hearted gaiety, yet with an under-current of the melancholy inherent in the evanescent charm of spring.

Written and designed as a pastoral play that was most successfully acted by the children of the village of Wibley, in Surrey, near Mr. Robertson's beautiful country home, the "Masque of May Morning" is a true idyll of spring, giving voice to the belief that is latent in every imaginative heart in the sentient individuality of flowers, the snowdrop, celandine, primrose, violet and rose, each in turn taking up the refrain of mingled joy and grief as they emerge from the wood to form themselves into charming groups. The drawings and words of "Dead Dreams" and "Young Sorrow" especially breathe forth all the ethereal beauty, the evanescent and therefore melancholy charm of the early year, doomed so soon to be merged in the glory of the perfect fruition of summer.

In his new work, "French Songs of Old Canada," Mr. Robertson shows no falling off in his facility of interpretation of old-world thought and feeling. His drawings, the reproductions of which, by the way, have been coloured by hand, display indeed a truly remarkable intuition into the light-hearted but deeply sensitive temperament of the early French settlers in Canada, whose hereditary characteristics were necessarily tempered by the stern conditions of the land of their adoption. In the quaint songs that are given both in the original French and in an excellent translation, the primitive days of simple living, direct courtship, and sturdy, straightforward modes of expression, are vividly reflected, even the gayest of them producing a certain *serrement de cœur* on the part of the reader, whilst many of the accompanying drawings touch the springs of the sorrow that lies ever dormant beneath the most light-hearted joy. Their author is indeed in the finest sense of the term a poet-painter, able with a few touches of his brush to tell, as in the "Joli Cœur de Rose," a whole story of love and death, or as in "En Roulant ma Boule," to suggest the beginning of a life-romance by a single glance exchanged between maid and man, and in "D'où vient du Bergère," to express all the awe and mystery of the lowly booth at Bethlehem.

Not unlike Mr. Graham Robertson in her keen appreciation of simple themes and her recognition of the poetry that underlies every scene, however homely, of natural beauty, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes shares with him the yet rarer gift of being able to express both in beautiful form

\* John Lane, 21s. net.

† John Lane, 5s. net.

and colour. She retains, as he has done, the simplicity and directness of vision generally characteristic of early youth alone, and still lives, as do all true poets, in the imaginary land of childhood, generally all too soon obliterated by the stern realities of life. Those who are familiar with the beautiful exhibited pictures of Mrs. Forbes, of which vivid imagination and originality of composition are among the most distinctive characteristics, have already long ranked her amongst the foremost painters of the day, but her "King Arthur's Wood," with its charming story within a story and exquisite water-colour and charcoal drawings, that have been admirably reproduced, will bring her into touch with a far wider public. Her book is more than a mere fairy tale; it is a Millet-like idyll of a peasant boy's life and a noble rendering of the oft-repeated Arthurian romance, the two deftly woven together by the aid of the goblin visitor and of the beautiful illustrations, each one of which is a poem in itself. The widow gazing at her sleeping children as she shades the light of the candle from their eyes, Myles trembling on the brink of the magic wood, and his first interview with the Little Brown Man, are of haunting charm, speaking direct to the heart of all who are able to appreciate their fine realisation of ideal brotherhood and childhood.

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## NORMAN ENGLAND.\*

IT has been truly said that the great historians of the last generation in England have left no successors behind them. In spite of all the blemishes that are said to disfigure the brilliant work of Froude, England will not have another Froude to describe in glowing colours the excitement and turmoil of the Reformation era : Gardiner's lifelong work on the Stuarts and the Commonwealth will hardly be supplanted by any other history, and Lecky's Eighteenth Century History has taken a permanent place as a standard work on the period. Above them all towers Freeman with his monumental work on the Norman Conquest, a work of patient and diligent study, taking up more than half his life's energy. The period of creation is now naturally succeeded by a period of criticism, when the results of the labours of the earlier generation are studied, digested and assimilated, and men find time to linger on the elevation which they have attained in order to survey the surrounding ground and measure the outlook. Messrs, Longmans Green have just brought out the first of a series of volumes under the title of "The Political History of England," which is intended to sum up, as it were, for the present generation, the results of the investigations of the preceding generation of historians, who did so much to advance the historical horizon in all directions. The series is edited by William Hunt and Reginald Lane-Poole ; and the editors, in the general introduction to the series, lay stress on the necessity of surveying the ground traversed by the earlier generation of English historians : "Seventy-five years have passed since Lingard completed his History of England. During that period historical study has made a great advance. Year after year the mass of materials for a new history of England has increased ; new lights have been thrown on events and characters, and old errors have been corrected. Many notable works have been written on various periods of our history, some of them at such length as to appeal almost

\* *The Political History of England*, Vol. II. (1066-1216), by G. B. Adams  
Longmans, 7s. 6d.

exclusively to professed historical students. It is believed that the time has come when the advance which has been made in the knowledge of English History as a whole should be laid before the public in a single work of fairly adequate size."

The volume before us forms the second in the series, and covers the period between the Norman conquest and the death of King John. Mr. Adams, who writes the volume, is the Professor of History at the Yale University and is already well known to us as the author of a work on "The Growth of the French Nation." The volume affords pleasant reading on an interesting period in English history, when for the first time the Englishman as a national product was coming into existence and being slowly evolved. The first two chapters deal with the consequences and influence of the Norman Conquest on English History. The introduction of the feudal system in England was a natural corollary of the Conquest. Those who had assisted the King in gaining the crown of England must be immediately given the minor rewards which they expected. A new nobility had to be endowed, and political considerations dictated that the country should be garrisoned by faithful vassals of the king's own. Those who had fought against the king were liable by all laws of warfare to have their estates confiscated to the king; the crown lands of the old kings, moreover, naturally became the new king's possession; and William, therefore, had in his hand a large amount of land which he could well distribute amongst the chiefs of his army. This naturally led to the introduction of the feudal system in England; but Mr. Adams warns us against a misconception. The feudal system had two sides to it, distinct in origin, character and purpose. The one side may be called economic, the other political. The economic side of feudalism, or the manorial system, was not introduced into England by the Norman Conquest. It had grown up in the Saxon States, as it had on the continent, owing to the prevalence of the general social and economic conditions which favoured its growth. It was the political side of feudalism that was for the first time ushered into England by the Norman Conquest. "Feudalism," says Mr. Adams, "brought in with itself two ideas which exercised decisive influence on later English History. I do not mean to assert that these ideas were consciously held, but that they unconsciously controlled the facts of the time and their future development. One was the idea that all holders of land in the kingdom, except the King, were strictly speaking tenants rather than owners, which profoundly influenced the history of English law; the other was the idea that important public duties were really private

obligations, created by a business contract, which as profoundly influenced the growth of the constitution." The conditions, in fact, under which the Normans rose to power on the continent necessitated the acknowledgment of the theoretical rights of the state over all the land under its rule, and it is interesting to notice a similar development of the same theory in connection with the Moghul Empire in India.

The introduction of the feudal system in England was indeed a momentous change, as decisive in its influence on the future of English History as the enrichment of race or language ; more decisive, Mr. Adams would maintain, in one respect, as without it neither race nor language could have done the work in the world which they have already accomplished. But there was another consequence equally important that followed from the Conquest, and to the tracing out of which one may say the rest of the present volume is entirely devoted. Before the Conquest England was an isolated country. It stood in danger of becoming a Scandinavian land, not in blood merely, but in withdrawal from the real world, and in that tardy civilisation which was a necessity for Scandinavia proper, but which would have been for England a falling back from higher levels. It was the mission, the great accomplishment, of the Norman Conquest, to have delivered England from this danger, and to bring her " into the full current of the active and progressive life of Christendom." In truth, the whole history of Norman England up to the death of John, and even later, is as much a history of the expansion of English influence on the continent as a history of the development of her constitution and social life.

Mr. Adams has succeeded in making the volume interesting by the racy, flowing style which he is able to wield with effect : and he is helped in the result by the interesting nature of the events that he has to record. The reforms of Henry II. are traced in a popular, but precise summary. The origin of the jury system, introduced by Henry, is happily sketched. In essence, the jury system was a process for getting local knowledge to bear on a doubtful question of fact of interest to the Government. Ought A. to pay a certain tax ? The question was to be settled by answering another: Have his ancestors paid it on the land which he possesses now ? The memory of the neighbours can probably determine this, and a certain number of the men likely to know are summoned before the officer representing the king, put on oath, and required to say what they know about it. It was this simple process which has been elaborated into the jury system as it is in force in our own day. The quarrel between Henry and Becket, the shadow cast before of a later revolution, as well as

the romantic career of Richard, are treated with an incisive touch of the brush, though in outlines merely. And the verdicts on men and events during the period are in essential harmony with the researches of Stubbs and Freeman. We only wish Mr. Adams had been a little more appreciative of the work done by Freeman in the remarks which he makes about him in the appendix. Every future historian or critic must base his labours necessarily upon the results wrought by Freeman ; those will be the starting-point for all future investigations.

PESTONJI ARDESHIR WADIA.

*Ahmedabad.*

## STUDIES IN ANCIENT PERSIAN HISTORY.\*

THIS is the first instalment of a self-imposed task, and it is generally so well done that we are looking forward to the next with great interest. The book, coming as it does from the pen of a native of India, is remarkable in many ways. Its iconoclastic nature, which ruthlessly pulls down the images of Western historical literature on matters Asiatic, raised by Herodotus and Arrian, Gibbon and Groste, Rawlinson and Browne, startles one out of one's wits at the first blush. But Mr. Kershasp quotes chapter and verse for every statement he makes to discredit the above-mentioned historians, who have held the field so long. He has ransacked every store available on the subject, and that has enabled him to throw the searchlight of analytical criticism on the subject-matter of the book, as a result of which he is able to announce that the history of Ancient Persia found in the chronicles of the Greeks and the Arabs is written false, and is coloured by their own impressions and opinions of the Persians. In short, they do not represent fact, but fiction. It is difficult to say that all will agree with his conclusions, but it is safe to say that they do provoke a challenge, which unless taken up by scholars, would keep Herodotus and his followers under a cloud.

Mr. Kershasp has shewn constructive genius also. The section dealing with Naushirvan the Just is an admirable instance of it. Similarly his references to Persian chivalry and Persian hospitality (pp. 128 *et seqq*) which are typical of Oriental nations from ancient times, would touch the heart of any Asiatic. He could have paralleled the instance of Rustam and Asfandiyar, who before they join hands in mortal combat, partake of each other's hospitality, by instances culled from the Mahabharat and the Ramayana, where too the same noble sentiments of hospitality and chivalry were enshrined in the hearts of

\* *Studies in Ancient Persian History*: By P. Kershasp, Indian Civil Service. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1905.

the rival combatants. For example, Yudhisthira before the battle of Kurukshetra began, visited the camp of the Kauravas and sought the permission of Bhishma and other elders to fight against his cousins. This was magnanimous and chivalrous on the part of both the fighting parties.

Mr. Kershasp's language all throughout maintains a very high pitch of sarcasm and caustic criticism. Perhaps his feelings got the better of him in prompting him to do so. The same statements could have been expressed in a more moderate and dignified way. Prof. Browne, after all is harmless enough as a historian, and his genuine love for the language and the people of Persia would rather make him gloss over a fault, than expose it. We wish Mr. Kershasp had kept this in mind.

K.

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## EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The Organisation of Public Opinion.** "The true criteria of a public opinion, that is to have weight, are, that it should be representative of many interests; that it should be two or more sided, instead of only one; and that it should treat Government as a power to be influenced, not as an enemy to be abused. Some day, I hope, this will come."

There are at least two reasons why these memorable words, which Lord Curzon addressed to the graduates of the Calcutta University last year, should now be pondered over: first, that what has passed for public opinion in India has carried no more weight with a Liberal than with a Conservative Government; second, that unless we have some open, constitutional means of ascertaining what might be regarded as a more or less "representative" public opinion, no Government in England is likely to think seriously of making any substantial advance in the direction of granting "self-government" to India. Lord Salisbury's warning against an immediate expansion of the Legislative Councils was that it might result in a state of affairs which might wound the susceptibilities of the fighting classes. The reluctance of the Muhammadan community as a whole to apply the principle of representative government in India, not to speak of the Hindu communities, generally considered to be sturdier than those represented in the National Congress and in the Legislative Councils, is a factor to which great weight will necessarily be attached by statesmen in England, who have no votes to secure by promises made to electors according to the exigencies of the hour, and who would look to the broad currents of Indian history before shaping any important policy in regard to the government of this vast continent. Great is the responsibility of disregarding the advice of local authorities, and greater still is the mysterious dread

of taking any irrevocable step which might sow the seeds of despair and dissatisfaction among the mute muscular classes, who have been represented by writers of text-books on India as cherishing memories too sacred and vivid to be embittered by a revolution in the relative position of the various strata of society. Mr. Morley is a resultant of Liberal principles and a conservative temperament: he may, therefore, be regarded as typifying that general class of British statesmen who would assume a liberal attitude towards this dependency, but within the limits of their conception of practical politics. Mr. Morley has spoken: he does not seem to be opposed to the association of the natives of the country with its government in a larger measure than at present; but he is decidedly averse from any immediate changes of a radical nature. If the authorities on the spot consider it possible to throw a few more seats on the Legislative Councils open to elected members, he may accord his sanction to the recommendation. Neither the authorities here nor the statesmen in England are likely to countenance any arrangement which makes it possible for non-official members to outvote the official party. In theory neither official members nor selected non-official members are bound to vote for Government: this theory only makes the position of the elected members—who are presumed to vote against Government—so much the worse, because the margin which has to be left for the contingency of any of the official or selected members joining the Opposition reduces the scope for the expansion of the elected element. It was, therefore, concluded in our note last month that the scope for popular representation in the Legislative Councils is very limited, and that such representation on an increasing scale, commensurate with the size of the country and the spread of education, can be provided for only in institutions of a different kind. Why would it be folly, as Mr. Morley says it would be, to grant now the privileges which admittedly can be granted at some future day? The answer has often been given: it is that we must serve out the period of probation, during which we have to show how the privileges granted are likely to be used. As the popular representatives will be expected to voice the public opinion in the Councils of Government, one of the problems which lies immediately before the Government and the people alike is how to train that opinion on right lines and to obtain for it a full expres-

sion. It has been maintained that even in England the public opinion is not correctly represented in Parliament, and schemes are now and then put forward for a reform of the electorates. Here we have scarcely made a beginning to obtain an expression of of the popular mind, which, according to the tests laid down by Lord Curzon, would be acknowledged as of " weight."

The deficiencies on which our late Viceroy laid his finger are not imaginary. It being admitted that public opinion in this country is not what it ought to be, the next question is whether we are to sit with folded hands waiting for the time when the Government can attach more weight to it, or whether it is the duty of the Government and the educated classes to accelerate the arrival of that time by some direct means. The time for reforms seldom comes unless we fetch it. Lord Curzon recommends to educated India the creation of a public opinion which is "representative of many interests." The Government of India, in a sense, though not avowedly, pointed out the way to that goal, when in its despatch to the Secretary of State on the question of the partition of Bengal, it commended the desirability of having independent nuclei of public opinion. We have here a philosophy of public opinion which will serve as a very good starting point for future constitutional reforms. Public opinion crystallises around certain nuclei. The more varied the nuclei the more representative will be the opinion that gathers around them. This is, however, a part of the truth. One essential condition of the continued vitality of the nuclei and the aggregation of public opinion around them is the recognition of the opinion for purposes which the public have in view. As the plant grows towards the light, the currents of public opinion move, almost by a law of nature, in the direction in which they have the least resistance, and the most scope to render themselves effective. It may argue a wonderful sturdiness of resolve to cry in the wilderness ; but generally he who cries wishes to be listened to. The Government, therefore, does not do its duty when it advises the creation of independent nuclei of opinion, and leaves us in doubt whether the different currents are to be set against each other, for their mutual neutralisation, and general inaction. or whether they are to be utilised for the advancement of the general good. The representation of many interests is apt to be regarded with suspicion, if the

Government does not evince its readiness to accord to well-sifted public opinion the weight which is its due, but, on the contrary, appears prone to take undue advantage of conflicts of opinion. Indeed, one of the reasons why there is not in this country that open diversity of opinion, which Lord Curzon would regard as a healthy sign, is a suspicion lest Government should pit one party against another and "enjoy the fun." Considerations of self-respect, if nothing more, very often stifle independence. We cannot have public opinion of weight unless there is some disposition shown to attach weight to it; and the best way to evince this disposition is to provide some constitutional channel through which varied opinion, representing many-sided interests, may find its expression. We cannot have a public opinion representative of many interests, when the representation of the interests in the advisory councils of Government is confined to a few. Many representatives will represent many interests, a few can represent only a few interests. The Government cannot ask for the springing up of many nuclei for the development and differentiation of public opinion, when no provision is made for the adequate representation of different phases of opinion in councils, where such opinion can be treated with weight. This truth has been recognised in those Native States which are provided with Representative Assemblies. These assemblies have not been invested with much power; but the Indian statesmen who have founded and fostered these institutions have rightly thought that if an assembly is to represent many interests, it must be a sufficiently large assembly. In British India the non-official element is given the power to vote, only to be over-powered by the official element. There is no such make-believe in the Representative Assemblies of Mysore and Travancore. Neither in British India nor in the Native States can the Government afford to be defeated by a superior number of votes in any Council. In British India we make a pretence of giving an equality of voting power to the official and the non-official members, and checkmate the latter by increasing the number of the former. Thus we in British India have neither a "real voice" in Government, nor a many-sided representation: in the Native States referred to there is at least the latter. We shall have a public opinion representative of many interests when we imitate the example of the Native States

in having larger assemblies, and when the Government refers to them all important laws, bylaws or other measures which it proposes to enact, and when it considers resolutions and representations made by them of their own motion. It is not the intention that the members of these assemblies—which were suggested in our note last month—should be of the same mental calibre, professional eminence, or oratorical gift as the more brilliant luminaries of the Legislative Councils. They are not to be requisitioned for the purpose of crossing swords with Government Members, and arguing briefs on second-hand information or information contained in Government records : they are to discuss their needs and the effect of proposed measures on the interests of the country generally, and on their own interests particularly, in the light of the experience which they have personally gained in their own districts, villages or towns. As the minds which apply themselves to a consideration of public questions in public assemblies multiply, the public opinion influenced by them will tend to be more and more truly representative. Even in such assemblies mere election may be unsuitable, and a portion may have to be selected by Government. The Government, however, will be free to appoint such members as have been recommended by particular communities or public meetings, not specifically empowered to elect. If the Government wishes to have a really representative public opinion, it will promote that object best by selecting members not on personal grounds, but because they have been put forward by some section of the community or by some association of individuals working for some public end. The duty of the Government would thus be two-fold : to create sufficiently large advisory councils—certainly larger than the existing Legislative Councils can ever hope to be—affording the necessary scope for representation of varied interests and different phases of public opinion ; and secondly, if such councils should be replenished partly by Government nominations, to insist on the aspirants to the honour possessing a representative character, in however small a degree, not ascertained by Government through private inquiries, but as openly recommended by a body of individuals. The experiment suggested is not a new one : Native statesmen of eminence have introduced it in at least two prominent Native States, and with slight modifications it may be tried in British India. If it be objected that the creation of such

councils will add to the work of the already overworked Members of the Executive Councils, the answer that readily occurs is that the additional work might appropriately be entrusted to a Native Member of Council, whose appointment is among the concessions asked for by the popular party. An Indian Member may well attend to co-operative credit societies and such other governmental activities as require a close acquaintance with the habits and customs of the people, in addition to the work which may devolve upon a member of Government in consequence of the creation of consultative assemblies.

And is there no duty incumbent on the educated classes, corresponding to the responsibility which we have sought to throw on the Government? In the first place we shall have to discard the habit of looking at public questions from what may be called a party stand-point, irrespective of their merits. Secondly, political associations may create opportunities for the public to understand more sides than one of a question under consideration. Without disparaging the value of the Press as a popular educator, we would still desire leading publicists to give their countrymen the benefit of their counsel now and then, outside the Legislative Councils and the Congress, where they are under a moral obligation, and perhaps an irresistible temptation, to speak. The press receives very little guidance at present from the leaders of public opinion: very often they are the led, rather than leaders. When political associations submit their representations to Government on any proposed legislation, it is not usual at present for such associations to invite a public discussion: a Committee does all that is needful. From an educational stand-point, such occasions may well be utilised for the purpose of explaining to the curious the nature of the measure under discussion, its bearings on the well-being of the public, and the *pros* and *cons* of the various objectionable features of the measure which the association would desire to be rectified. An intelligent interest would thus be created in public affairs, and eventually a many-sided public opinion might be evolved. What Matthew Arnold says of life is also true of politics: it is a fabric woven with many little threads; he who spins each thread well produces a whole satisfactory fabric. The study and discussion of small local questions would promote a habit of forming independent judgments which, when

applied to larger problems, might enable us to create a many-sided public opinion that is to have "weight" with Government.

It will be observed that both in the editorial note last month and in the present discussion, the question of constitutional reform in India has been approached from the stand-point, not of self-government, but of a public opinion which ought to be able to influence Government. Under a real scheme of self-government the Government would have to carry out the orders of the people as conveyed through a Parliament : it would not be able to overrule the representatives of the people either by superiority of numbers or by the veto of the head of the Government. The essential object of representation in the Councils of Government—be they the existing Legislative Councils, or the larger Councils suggested in these pages—is, in the words of Lord Curzon, to "influence Government." The influence will depend upon the volume and variety of the opinion expressed through constitutional channels. We may have a few more elected members in the Viceregal Council : a mere consideration of what may be called interprovincial justice will ere long compel Government to provide for at least three more elected members—one for the Panjab, another for the Central Provinces, and a third for the new province of Eastern Bengal and Assam. When Madras, Bombay, Bengal and the United Provinces are allowed the privilege of being represented in the Supreme Legislative Council by one elected member each, the other provinces cannot be denied a like privilege for a long time. Reforms of this kind are inevitable, but they do not amount to "self-government." The correct philosophy of the present situation is contained in the two fundamental propositions enunciated by Lord Curzon—first, that the Government cannot resign ; and second, that the function of public opinion is to influence Government. We have elaborated the latter of these two ideas and pointed out that the amount of the influence brought to bear upon Government, wherein must consist the political power of the people, must depend upon the volume and variety of public opinion expressed through constitutionally recognised assemblies.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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THE Indian tour of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales will come to a close in the course of this month. The only part of the country which their Royal Highnesses were prevented from visiting, according to the programme, was Nepal. However, the compulsory abandonment of this part of the programme has in no way affected the general success of the tour as a mission of love and good-will. Travel in a continent like India, and under conditions imposed by the position of Royalty, is apt to get somewhat monotonous, and the continuous succession of even ceremonial duties involves a strain which it is a feat in itself to bear. The Local Governments and the various reception committees, while naturally anxious to crowd the time of the visitors with events, must have inevitably added to the arduous character of the obligations thrown upon the Royal personages, who cannot be expected to visit this land more than once in their life-time. We have learnt that the success of the tour has given lively satisfaction in England; we shall no doubt learn ere long how much of that success, next to their Royal Highnesses themselves, has been due to the experienced and tactful head of the staff. Apart from the quickening of a political sentiment, which is in itself a valuable asset to a nation, and to which their Royal Highnesses have taken care to give a sort of permanence, in its personal aspect, by leaving behind them autographs and other mementoes of their visit, a Royal tour sometimes accelerates utilitarian objects for which the public are thankful. Docks, museums, colleges, parks and other useful objects and institutions, held in solution perhaps in the usual course of progress, are precipitated into existence by a Royal visit. The last of the most notable of these precipitations in the course of the tour has been the College of Science at Aligarh, which owes its birth to

the munificence and zeal in the cause of enlightenment of H. H. the Aga Khan. Some day at Aligarh there might be a Prince of Wales University.



THE late Maharaja Jayaji Rao Scindia thought that one of the causes of the success of the British Government in India was the continuity of its policy : while in the Native States a new Dewan or the new head of a department generally tries to elevate himself in the estimation of his master and of the admiring public by trying to prove his predecessor to have been a fool or a blusterer, in British India those that are responsible for Government merge their individual inclinations and ambitions in the exigencies of the system. Such, at any rate, was the Maharaja's opinion, and he would have pointed out Mr. Morley's loyalty to his predecessor as a signal illustration of the readiness of the Britisher to subordinate personal prepossessions to the policy of the State. When we have said so much, we have said nearly all that Mr. Morley himself would claim in justification of his final disposal of the Indian army administration controversy, and his disinclination to reopen the question of the partition of Bengal. If Mr. Morley had not criticised his predecessor for having permitted the military to chase the civil authority out of power, one would not have expected him to upset Mr. Brodrick's scheme. It is possible that a closer study of the papers at the India office convinced him that he had been, though not substantially wrong, yet somewhat hasty in expressing himself so strongly in condemnation of his predecessor's tactlessness. There was one outstanding fact staring him in the face—that Lord Curzon's Government had accepted the new scheme with certain modifications, which should not have been suggested if the scheme was unworkable and would have been disastrous to the country. Lord Minto had merely to carry out an arrangement which had been settled before his acceptance of office, and therefore there is nothing before the public to show that he would have resigned if the new Secretary of State had cancelled or substantially modified his predecessor's orders. Lord Kitchener might possibly have resigned, but it is doubtful whether his resignation would have created a sensation, and jeopardised Mr. Morley's reputation for tact or honesty of purpose. In spite, therefore, of his protestations of his helplessness, it looks probable that on a

closer study of the whole question Mr. Morley began to doubt whether there was not some amount of exaggeration in the talk about military autocracy and the invasion of the supremacy of the civil authority. There is, at any rate, a reference in his despatch to exaggeration. The general public feeling seems to be that the controversy is at last settled somehow. This sense of relief is too enjoyable to be disturbed even by Lord Curzon's protesting voice. Mr. Morley, however, has not completely given in to the new Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. As a vindication of the supremacy of the civil authority, as represented by the Governor-General in Council, he has insisted on separating the Army Headquarters from the Army Secretariat, and on placing the Army Secretary on the same footing of independence of the Commander-in-Chief as the Secretaries in other departments. The combination of administrative with executive functions in the Commander-in-Chief will remain as under Mr. Brodrick's scheme. One wonders why Mr. Morley did not add that the Commander-in-Chief should henceforth be styled Commander-in-Chief and Army Member or War Minister.



It was not generally expected that Mr. Morley would undo the partition of Bengal, for the injury imputed to that measure was an injury to feelings, and not to any permanent material interests, and even if he had not been informed that the feelings of the educated classes of Bengal were subsiding, he would have thought twice before injuring the feelings of the Government of India. Anyhow, most people are now agreed that Mr. Brodrick's decree cannot be entirely wiped out. If the Liberal Secretary of State disappoints, it must be, not because he has let well or ill alone, for which he is not responsible, but for the opportunities which he may neglect hereafter. There is a band of "pro-Indians" in the present Parliament—may their tribe increase!—who will give any number of opportunities to Mr. Morley to prove the stuff of which he is made. In his settlement of the army administration controversy he has certainly shown skill and as much courage as he probably thought it proper to display. He has refused to bring into existence any special Committee in the House of Commons to serve as a link between the popular party in India and the House. He has not encouraged all

the hopes that might have been entertained in some quarters regarding political concessions to the people of India. However, he has sworn his adherence to Liberal principles, and it is premature to predict that he will incur at the hands of his critics the opprobrium of being a "reactionary" Secretary of state.

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Maharaja Jayaji Rao Scindia's remark, quoted above, might have been applicable to Native States of the past. Nowadays there is a public opinion, in addition to British surveillance, which expects administrators even there to postpone personal predilections to the public interest. It is announced that Mr. V. P. Madhava Rao, formerly of the Mysore Service, and latterly Dewan of Travancore, will revert to Mysore as Dewan. The period of his absence on the West Coast was a period of reform in both the States. Mr. Madhava Rao introduced the Representative Assembly and several administrative reforms in Travancore. His successor will be expected to foster the new institution and complete his reforms. On the other hand, certain administrative reforms, though more or less of a technical character and relating to organisation, were, after a study of the British system, introduced in Mysore, and Dewan Krishna Murti's successor will no doubt uphold them.

## SOUTH AFRICA IN THE STEW PAN.

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I AM not sure whether the late Lady Florence Dixie, that gifted daughter of the house of Douglas, who, in common with so many gifted folk, failed to do full justice to her abilities, was the first to use, in that connection, the phrase—"The Land of Misfortune"—she chose for the title of her book on South Africa; but certainly, no phrase could describe that country more accurately. From the earliest days of European occupation South Africa has been—it would seem as if fate had ordained that it should ever be—a land of promise but not of fulfilment; where the marsh-lights lure the adventurous and sanguine to their undoing; a country that, during the last century, has taken dole ruthlessly of the best and noblest of England's sons, breaking the backs of the strongest, smirching the escutcheons of the bravest—a land, in short, where all too commonly honest work and high effort count for worse than nothing. Assuredly, the rewards South Africa has had to offer have not been for those who have tried with singleness of purpose to serve her best interests. These have been reserved for the freebooters of commerce, the wolves of the market. South Africa has afforded a royal road to place and distinction to the Claude Duvals of the "Higher Finance"—men of courage tempered by selfish discretion, of imagination untrammelled by squeamish qualms and old-fashion principles. Life is, after all, conditioned by opportunity and ruled by luck. Given the determination to gain riches at whatever cost, save at the cost of one's own skin, one must almost concede a virtue to men far-sighted enough to enlarge their horizon so effectually, that they were able to perceive their promised land from the murky courts of London, New York and Berlin, under the distant, but favouring, skies of Kimberley and the Rand.

But after all, why should we complain? "Where the carcase

is, there will the vultures be gathered together." And it is no mere hyperbole, no mere rhetorical extravagance to speak of South Africa as a carcase—not in fact, but in the estimation of its rulers. Throughout the century Great Britain has possessed it, she has habitually treated it so ; as something worthless and cumbersome, to be thrown away at the first convenient moment. Then, when the birds of the air and the beasts of the field are gathered together, England has suddenly awakened to the discovery, as did the lame water-bearer in the ancient fable, that what was rashly despised, as a carcase, was a carcase packed with gold and precious stones, and in frantic panic she has hastened to its recovery. The history of South Africa during the whole term of England's lordship over it, has been one long record of abandonment, followed by repentance and hectic efforts at reclamation. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Sir Harry Smith, Sir George Grey, Sir Bartle Frere are among the stalwarts of the past, who attempted to keep Britain true to her mission, with disastrous results to themselves. The mention of these names will suffice to convince anyone, however superficially acquainted he may be with the history of South Africa, that the preceding statements in no wise go beyond the bare facts of the case.

But we are concerned with the present, not with the past. Is history to repeat itself? Unhappily, history is repeating itself. Are the names of Chamberlain and Milner to be added to those other names of gallant men and true, who, striving to serve their country in South Africa, were condemned by forces outside themselves to spend their strength for naught?

England is a rich country, but even for England, two hundred and fifty millions sterling is a large sum of money to pay for the attainment of any national object. The money and the loss of life ; the indirect burdens and the crippling of industries at home ; the dislocation of business, the domestic, economic and political misery and strife it has left as its legacy yonder, would be none too high a price to pay for the retention of South Africa, always provided South Africa is to be retained. The miserable vacillations of the past, the lack of statecraft, necessitated these huge sacrifices. If they had not been made, South Africa must have been lost to us. This is not a matter of opinion ; it is a matter of fact. And South Africa, whether taken by itself, or taken as a corner-stone of the

Imperial system of Britain, was worth the sacrifice. The question to-day is : " Are we going to throw away that for which we have paid so heavy a price ?" Appearances point disagreeably to an affirmative answer.

Lord Milner did not share the almost universal view, that with the declaration of peace an immediate era of prosperity would dawn for the sub-continent. I remember several speeches of his in which he cautioned the over-sanguine. But neither Lord Milner nor anyone else was prepared for the disappointments of the past five years. The task of healing the wounds left by the war, of resettling the devastated country, was enormous. But how to reconcile the different and highly divergent factors in South African life was then, as it so remains to-day, a task so complex, so colossal, as to be almost beyond the wit of man.

The problem is not of that delicious simplicity doctrinaire Liberals imagine. The problem is not merely as between Boer and Briton, between white men and natives, between Africander and Progressive. The trouble is that at the present moment those sections of the people, whether of British, Dutch or other origin, who are really loyal to the British Government, or rather to the British connection, are effaced by the two dominant factors who are merely outwardly loyal, loyal in the strictly opportunist sense. The first of these two factors is the majority of the Dutch inhabitants of Cape Colony and Natal, together with the bulk of the Boers of the quondam Dutch Republics—these last are waiting patiently for the moment when it will be possible to declare openly the faith that is in them ; the moment would appear to be at hand. The second is the greater number of the mining magnates of the Rand, many of whom are men of foreign birth and cosmopolitan instincts. It cannot be expected of such that their loyalty to the British connection could be a matter of sentiment. Where it exists it is commonly an affair of self-interest. This body may be expected to throw the weight of its wealth and influence into the scale which promises to favour the objects it has at heart—the advancement of the great industry which has been created by the brains and the application of its units. The able administrators who have been responsible for the government of South Africa during the last seven or eight years have been fully aware, no doubt, that the

loyalty of Johannesburg was conditional on considerations of the above nature. It is true, in a sense, that we waged the war in order to free the Rand from the fetters Krugerism had rivetted ; but to-day, it is not altogether impossible that the Rand may come to join forces with the Boers, may arrive at a working compromise with them, that is to say, to free the gold-mining industry from restrictions which it would seem the Home Government has a mind to impose upon it.

These words are penned by one who has been behind the scenes ; by one who has devoted his attention to South African affairs from his boyhood upwards, and has enjoyed many early opportunities on the spot and elsewhere of looking the problems which perplex us all to-day fairly and squarely in the face. And assuredly, no problem could be more perversely, more "cussedly" perplexing, more full of cross-purposes and cross-currents, than the South African problem. To take the burning question of Chinese labour. The late Government with great reluctance, Viscount Milner with great reluctance, permitted the Rand to supplement its labour requirements by calling in the willing aid of coolies from China. That the supply of native labour was wholly insufficient, that the white unskilled labourer was neither available nor economically possible, that the coming of the Chinese creates employment for white men in the ratio of one additional European for every eight or nine Chinamen, are not matters of opinion, not matters of argument, they are matters of fact—as much matters of fact as the simplest arithmetical proposition. Similarly, the essential freedom of the coolies, and the adequate provision for their well-being at the Rand, are not debatable matters, they are established facts. The *Cape Times*, in its issue of January 24th, characterises the propaganda put about by the supporters of the English Government as "one of the most carefully organised and persistently conducted campaigns of misrepresentation and falsehood ever known in the annals of electioneering." Nevertheless, the Chinese slavery lie has been swallowed by our masters—the working men of Great Britain and Ireland ; and a great English party owes its discomfiture almost wholly to this fact. In this connection I must again emphasise the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, Viscount Milner and all concerned, were extremely reluctant to resort to the expedient

of Chinese labour until its absolute necessity was proved to demonstration. Mr. Chamberlain, up to the time he vacated the Colonial Secretaryship, was unconvinced. For myself, I may be pardoned for remarking that throughout my conduct of an Anglo-African review, I strenuously opposed the proposal on the ground that it was not desirable to add another subject race to the many subject races already living in South Africa ; and it was not until the utter inadequacy of native and the infeasibility of European labour was conclusively established that I recognised the necessity of changing my attitude.

Englishmen who think that, having paid dearly for South Africa, paid in blood and treasure freely throughout a century, that country is worth keeping, must remember that the mining industry will not take gratuitous and illegitimate interferences with the child of its creation lying down ; and will not scruple to join any political combination that may seem to offer the guarantee of freedom for the industry, however inimical to the British connection that combination may be, should the conviction be forced upon it that Great Britain is indifferent to its aims and destiny. And the irony of fate has decreed that, in the very nature of things, many of those elements in South African society, which have no direct interest in the mines of South Africa, and no personal sympathy with the mining magnates, would be forced by the circumstances of the case to make common cause with the mining and financial houses, seeing that to-day, for many a long day to come, the inter-dependence of the interests of Johannesburg and the general interests and necessities of the sub-continent is a fact fully understood and openly recognised by every South African who has given any thought to the larger political and economic issues of the country.

In England the prejudice against the Rand has been largely fostered by the disappointment of some 200,000 investors in the mines who find themselves holders of scrip paid for at high prices which bears no interest, and has borne none for many years, and which, as things are now shaping themselves, seems likely to continue to baulk expectation. Perhaps a million inhabitants of these islands are suffering more or less from the failure of the Rand to fulfil ever so moderately the high hopes built upon it by the

more speculative and imaginative investors of this country. With the speculator, pure and simple, one is not concerned, but the majority of the holders of South African securities are not of this class. They are men and women of small resources, civil servants, professional men, persons engaged in commerce, who were induced to invest their money in the Rand because they believed they were putting their substance into a solid and growing industry, which might be counted upon to return them a somewhat better interest on their capital than the majority of home industries offered.

This class is quite distinct from the financial magnates and their immediate offshoots and dependents. The latter enjoyed many opportunities in the past of enriching themselves at the expense of the public. Of these they availed themselves to the full. Being controllers of the markets, they have been in the position to direct into their own pockets the bulk of the recurrent differences (on the right side of course) in the quotations of mining shares, with the result that they possess to-day the equivalent of those deferred profits from the mines which have been earned in the past and which may be earned in the future. The investing public has, in effect, paid them the cream of the earnings of the past and advanced to them a liberal percentage on the profits of the future. Nevertheless, being tied to a wheel, they must needs go round with its revolutions. The majority of those persons pecuniarily interested in mining ventures, whether they belong to Great Britain, South Africa or any other portion of the empire, may be convinced, or may suspect that, with certain exceptions, the ruling powers at the Rand are cynically indifferent to any public or personal consideration which may not make for their interests. While it may be questioned whether those persons who, perhaps for value received, have chaperoned the "Rand-lords" into what is called "Society" and have welcomed them there, are at heart wildly enthusiastic in the cause of their protégés. But in any case confidence shattered cannot be restored. After all that has happened and is happening, it must be years before capital is again attracted to South Africa. The political, economic and social outlook is too foreboding. Investors in South African enterprises—men who imagined that they had, and had the right to believe that they had, verified the faith that was in them—are beginning to doubt the authenticity of the very

bases—the attestations of experts, metallurgists and mining engineers of unblemished and world-wide fame, on which they built that faith. Personally, I do not doubt the *bona fides* of these men; but I am convinced that the public interested are beginning to doubt; while the question obtrudes itself upon all of us: "Could they have been mistaken after all?" The interested public is beginning to ask itself whether the "deep levels" will produce ore of sufficiently high grade to admit of being worked at a profit. The well-argued articles on diminishing values, apparently written by a man of knowledge, appearing recently in the "Pall Mall Gazette," have stimulated these fears. Even worse fears have assailed them, the complexion of which may be illustrated by the recent extraordinary discrepancy between the first list of assays published by a much-advertised mine in the East Rand area on which the public had built high hopes, and the list issued a few weeks later. The first assays to reach England were made the occasion of an article in the *Statist*, which journal deduced from them a series of influences highly favourable to the future prospects of Eastern Rand developments. Comment on this occurrence would be superfluous; but it is certain that the British public, which has suffered so cruelly from the consequences and effects of over-confidence in the past, is not likely to be brought to burn its fingers again if such lamentable and regrettable errors as the above are to be repeated. The mischief of it is, I find, that in many quarters in the city of London, people take an extreme view of this matter. Personally, I accept the explanation that this unhappy mistake was a technical error. Speculation cannot make an industry. There must be at its back a social body of sincerely convinced investors. This class has been rudely disillusioned, and truth to say its faith has been considerably shaken by another circumstance, to wit, the obstinate refusal of certain mining companies and big corporations to pay dividends even when they have been earned. To pile up the earnings of years while their shareholders starve would seem to be the policy of several of the more prosperous companies.

But the practical significance of all this may be summed up in one or two sentences. It is not a question as to whether we like the financial and mining authorities of South Africa; we may dislike their methods heartily; but we cannot ignore their power;

we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that they are the only power which can make an effective stand against the machinations and deep-laid schemes of the Boers and philo-Boers. Their influence over the press, here and yonder, is greater than most persons would be prepared to believe. They are in the position to brush aside, to suppress ruthlessly almost anyone who may openly defy them. Unfortunate as this is, seeing that it gives no standing ground for the efforts of independent patriotism, it has its compensations, seeing that while the interests of the Rand and those of the Boers are antagonistic, Great Britain can look to the Rand to keep in check the ambitions of Dutch Republicanism. And in summing up, it is necessary to be judicial. While it may be true that we should have been confronted with Africanderism in its acute anti-British form had the Rand continued to be a stretch of wild veldt, still it is true that such prosperity as South Africa has known during the past quarter of a century, and is likely to know in the future, is the outcome of the energy, enterprise and brains of the exploiters of the gold mines. The diamond miners of Kimberley lifted the sub-continent out of the Slough of Despond in the sixties and seventies; the gold miners of the Witwatersrand have performed the like service for the country in our days. And in justice it must be allowed that it is natural that men who are conscious of the great services they have indirectly rendered should be impatient of any influence which does not subordinate itself to their own. *Voilà tout.*

As to what will happen in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony, when those colonies find themselves in possession of responsible government, pure and simple, who can say? I have always maintained, and I set the faith that was in me forth in a lengthy letter to the *Times* published some time after the conclusion of peace, that if anything was certain, it might be taken for granted that the Boers would use every endeavour to regain by political means all they had lost, or conceived themselves to have lost, in the field. What they have worked for, are working for, and will continue to work for, is the Government of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony on purely Dutch lines; in other words, they will not be contented with their fair share of representation and legislation, and will not acquiesce, if they can help it, in any policy or any measures which have not come out of their own

political workshops. The British Government ought to have made sure that the British element in the quondam Republics should not be out-voted when the time came for the concession of free institutions to the new colonies. To foretell that this time would synchronise with the return to power of the Liberals needed no gift of prophecy. The pledges of the Radical party and its attachment to purely academic and sentimental views in regard to the franchise, rendered this certain. The late Government spent several millions of money to bring the Republics under the British flag, and they ought not to have shrunk from any further expense in order to guarantee their retention there. To secure this end no way offered so sure a promise of success as the ancient but effective plan of plantation. We owe South Africa to-day to the fact that the Eastern Province of Cape Colony was settled by British Colonists in 1820. If it had cost the nation a hundred million sterling, the expense of putting this policy into effect ought to have been incurred. For what do we find to-day ? The Boer leaders make no secret of their determination to preserve in their own persons and in those of their children all the distinctive and anti-British characteristics which sharply differentiated them from their English fellow-subjects. A few weeks since ex-President Steyn, speaking at Dewetsdorp, made an impassioned appeal to Dutchmen to stick to their nationality and to so instruct their children that they should never forget their origin. Such things are said openly every day, and much stronger things are said secretly ; though it is worth remarking that all public pronouncements of this character are prefaced by declarations of loyalty to the King's person, declarations we are forced to regard as purely perfunctory. As to how far the more energetic sections of the British population will be able to checkmate the open and covert schemes of the Boers in the new Colonies and in Cape Colony, depends very much on the attitude of Downing Street. Thus the actual workers at the Rand, men imbued with the tenets of Trade Unionism, may, in issues that it is conceivable may arise, make common cause with the Boers. The attitude of the Boer Government or of the Rand magnates themselves might bring about this result. It is not even outside the pale of the possible, as I have already hinted, that the Boers and the heads of the mining industry may come to be found in the same camp.

To all these elements of uncertainty we have to add the growing menace of native risings and native coalitions. In Natal the symptoms of coming trouble, which for years have disturbed the minds of those who have watched the trend of native thought, have culminated in overt acts of rebellion, relatively unimportant at present, but indicative of mischievous activities not far beneath the surface.

Everything points, then, it is to be feared, to troublous times in the future. What will come out of the witch's cauldron now seething and bubbling on the fires of South African faction and discontent, the wisest and most far-seeing among us cannot attempt to foreshadow ; but the most sanguine cannot but have grave doubts as to whether the outcome of this precious stew will appear on the menu under a British name.

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## FATHER GAPON.

THE ordinary dull story of an ordinary dull man, culminating in one great tragedy to the consummation of which he was the principal contributor—such is the life of the lately celebrated Father Gapon, told by himself. In itself it presents hardly a feature of interest. The man was sprung of the humblest peasant origin. As is the case, seemingly, with everyone who in these days achieves a momentary celebrity, and is therefore called upon to submit his entire life and antecedents to the scrutiny of an insatiably curious public, obscure though his parentage was, there were distinguishing qualities on both sides of the house. How else are the merits of the son to be accounted for? Filial piety would naturally predispose Father Gapon to exaggerate his father's sterling good qualities. That these were solid of their kind, we need not doubt. The elder Gapon (we shall not attempt to reproduce the niceties of Russian nomenclature) appears to have been a thoroughly honest, hard-working, respected village elder of no education, but of sound principles. His wife was a still simpler and ruggeder character. She could neither read nor write, but professed a rigid formal piety which knew no relaxations—except, indeed, when her vigilant eye detected the pig ravaging the vegetable garden, when no matter at what stage of her family devotions, temporal always overrode spiritual necessity, and she went forth hastily to evict the intruder. The home was in the small village of Biliki in the province of Poltawa. The scenery was sufficiently pleasing, even beautiful, and the condition of the little community, on the whole, much happier than we are in the habit of imagining. Indeed, nearing the end of the book, it is not unnatural to experience a lively regret that this peasant lad, of narrow views and uncultured mind, should have deserted his natural setting and embarked upon the troubled

waters of political strife. Coming of such stock, his education most elementary, he does not strike one as made of the stern commanding stuff which the Russian crisis required. But the ways of destiny are inscrutable. In one of the few visions which appear to have made any impression on his rather commonplace intellect, he saw himself hunted by some indefinite shape. He interpreted this to be his Fate, and from that moment he tells us, he believed in predestination. It may have been one of those puzzling psychological visitations which, impinging for a second upon minds appropriately wrought up to receptivity, permanently affect their whole subsequent character. Gapon with his newly acquired, or at any rate vividly confirmed, belief in predestination, becomes a fanatic. And fanatics, even the lowliest, are dangerous. There is nothing in his early struggles which possesses the slightest interest. From the first he imbibed from his gentler father hatred of the insolent aristocracy. Some rich man's carriage passed through the little village ; the boy furtively pursued it, and hurled a stone after it. He fell in love, and this determined him to be a priest. The girl's mother objected ; but on being remonstrated with by the local priest and assured that young Gapon meant to take orders, she withdrew her opposition, and he assumed the double character of priest and benedict. His priesthood, he tells us, lasted but two, his married life four years. Then his wife died, leaving him two young children, who are still in Russia. It is not as clear as might be wished what is the distinction thus drawn between different kinds of priesthood ; since it is, of course, the case that Gapon is still a priest, and was acting throughout the only really important scenes described in this narrative, in that character. As a married parish priest, we presume he means, that his ministrations ceased after only two years. His subsequent career, commencing from his admission to the Petersburg Academy, was, apparently, that of a monk. His first services of the Church were troubled and unsatisfactory. We are not sufficiently well acquainted with the system in Russia to form an accurate opinion of the causes, casually mentioned in this story. But we gather, that whether parish priest, or more influential cleric of the capital, the Russian priest is very like his congener, the world over. We do not suppose that he is much better or much worse ; he is certainly pestilently bad—

tyranny, greed, insincerity, licentiousness, corruption—these appear to be in Russia, what they have been wherever the priesthood has been predominant. Gapon, who had none of these faults, who was of a plain peasant honesty, and now tinged a little with fanaticism, offended from the first. He poached upon the preserves of a neighbouring rector ; the gentleman resented it, and finally broke in upon a humble burial feast over which Gapon was by special request presiding, in a state of brutal drunkenness, to upbraid him with robbing him of his fees. There is an etiquette of rectors, as there is of doctors, and woe betide the innovator who would set either aside at the call of suffering humanity ! We cannot dwell longer over these trifles ; the truth is that Gapon's life and experiences would not have attracted the least attention in any free country. There was nothing striking about the man, except this, that he did not like things as they were, either in his own craft, or in the larger fields of poverty and labour, which his calling led him to explore. And the man who does not like things as they are in Russia, if he acquire just that tinge of fanaticism which impels him not only to dislike constituted authority, but to agitate against it, is pretty sure either to make some stir, or to disappear. Gapon has been fortunate enough to have made the stir, without disappearing, and that is why civilised peoples are taking such an intense—although we cannot help feeling that it will be as evanescent as intense—interest, in everything connected with him. This interest centred upon the massacres at the Narva Gate ; there is nothing like a background of blood and slaughtered innocence, to show off your bloody butcher, and your majestic hero. The latter rôle was assigned by the unanimous voice of the special correspondents to Father Gapon on the morning of the 22nd January. And, although we are coming to that presently, we mention it here as being the ground of the reputation which the author of the book before us had all over Europe, and our excuse for culling from it as best we may what may prove to be items of slender interest to the general reader, about that man's early career. We should like to enlarge a little on the Troitsky Lavra, the world-famed Monastery of St. Sergius, Moscow, and Ivan's tower in the Kremlin, both of which places Gapon visited on his way to St. Petersburg. Entering

the first, full of devotion, peculiarly drawn to the great Saint, not only by his sanctity, but now by his patriotism, a spell more potent and destined ever to strengthen, was thrown over the young priest's heart, but he was so scandalised by the irreverent and insincere mummeries of the officiating monks in the train of the Moscow Metropolitan Vladimir, that he shook the dust from his feet and withdrew, the burning prayers unuttered. Another figure flits across the page about this time, of whom we should have been glad indeed to hear more, Father John, the miracle-worker. It is the more disappointing, since a chapter is specially devoted to this interesting priest. But Gapon really knew little or nothing of him. He had a great reputation, a permanent staff of twelve fair ladies, the wives or unmarried daughters of leading merchants, one of whom took charge of him each week, turn and turn about, and was, in fact, his impressario, arranging for the Father's handsomely remunerated visits to fashionable town houses. Twice Gapon heard him preach, the first time he was not, but the second time he was a good deal impressed. Once he dined with him, his ladies kneeling devoutly at his knees. As soon as he had finished platter or bowl, it was re-filled and handed round to the eager company. A jolly priest this, and one we should have much liked to be better acquainted with. But Gapon thought it all humiliating and disgusting ; the peasant mood was uppermost, and besides, all this adoration bestowed on a fat miracle-working priest must be very intolerable to any one with the makings of a national hero in him. Gapon's struggles to obtain admission to the Academy are instructive for the light they throw on Russian methods, but they would be wholly uninteresting except for introducing one or two interesting characters: Father Smyrnoff, "a fat, worldly, conceited-looking priest, who repelled me through his haughtiness. He blessed me, though not being of the highest ranks of the Episcopal clergy, he had no right to do so." This is funny ; one would have thought that a blessing could hardly come amiss, even if the blesser were not by the strict etiquette of the craft entitled to bestow it. Then there is the Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobyedonosteff, a very great man indeed. "What do you want?" said a sharp voice suddenly from behind me. I turned round and saw the withered, monkey-like face and sharp cold eyes of an old man. It was the great Inqui-

sitor . . ." He asks, in a rain of questions ; " Who is your father ? Are you married ? Have you any children ? " The unfortunate candidate has to own up to a couple. " Ah, children ! I don't like that. What kind of a monk would you make with children ? A poor one ; I can do nothing for you ! "—and so he is for whirling off silently and mysteriously ( what is the use of being a grand inquisitor if one is not suitably mysterious ? ) when the young man insists upon being heard a little more at length, ( it is a matter of life and death to him ), and so is heard, and prevails, and is admitted to the Seminary or Academy, or whatever the place is, and thus put on the road that was to have such a bloody, ineffectual, tragic ending at the Narva Gate . . . . Let us now suppose Gapon duly launched, his studies over, the serious and final work of his life begun. His sympathies as we have seen, have ever been with his own class, the poor and the downtrodden ; but the miseries of the peasantry of pleasant Poltava are nothing compared with the miseries of the operatives of the large cities. Here, day in, day out, the young priest pursues his ministrations of comfort and mercy, with a fire of fury and wrath against the hypocrite, the tyrant, the oppressor, smouldering in his tenacious soul. Every day draws closer the bonds between him and the people. The workers of great cities begin to trust him ; the police have their eye on him. He is called upon to report. He makes the cleanest of clean breasts, for indeed he has nothing to hide. His aims are not revolutionary, they are not political. He is enquiring into the conditions of labour. Bad enough they surely are ; squalid hovels in which half a dozen of both sexes indiscriminately huddle ; misery, immorality, degradation, this is the tale that he has to tell. It is the tale, too, which, we fear, the investigator would have to tell in freer countries than Russia, in every country where the internecine war between labour and capital rages unchecked ; for mighty though labour is, irresistible after proper organisation, the records of her struggle against the sweater of the great cities, the centres of civilisation and light, and religion, and culture, and refinement, all these delights, pastimes, pleasures and recreations being indeed the toll exacted out of the body and brains and blood and souls of the workers, are records of horror, from which Humanity had best avert its shamed and sorrowing eyes. Of these things Gapon is ready and anxious to speak, nay

will even write, in the hope of moving influential persons to co-operate ! What a fatuous person this ardent priest is ! Can we not fancy the cynic smile of the sympathising Chef de Police, as he politely intimates his deep interest in the projects of his young friend. This is no revolutionary as yet, this priest of the slum, who is going to embody the results of his observations in a pamphlet which he will do himself the honour to submit to the head of the Police and others. There is no harm in him. On the contrary, Zubatoff, who is also among the *humanest* (and the most treacherous, but this he does not add) of men, has his own schemes for the amelioration of the lot of the working poor. Only, there must be no infusion of political poison, mind that ! No, indeed, why should there be ? "At that time," says Gapon, "I did not think that any political change was necessary." What has made you change your mind, venerable Father ? That unkind reception at the hands of the Little Father, on a certain cold January morning by the Narva Gate ? May-be, or even may-be before that, it had dawned upon you that some need was there of change, political or otherwise, some truly urgent need. But for the present, we will go on working hand in hand with the beneficent Zubatoff : for is he not, like Gapon, a constitutionalist himself, and has he not his plan for organising the workmen, but without allowing any of those dangerous intellectuals to have a finger in the pie ? Those are the fellows to beware of—those intellectuals. Men with brains are always dangerous to a tyranny.

Here, in the anteroom of Zubatoff's chamber, our sturdy reformer, but still a reformer in the open, and with the implied approval of the police, sees or might have seen rows and rows of little black boxes. What are they, these little harmless-looking black boxes ? Why, friend, do you not know what they are called in Russia ? Collectively, this is the Book of Fate, and woe betide the unfortunate whose name and history be found inscribed therein. So back again to the slums and the outcasts. Gapon's mission, which it was Zubatoff's idea to tap if possible, and eventually, if unable to affiliate it to his own, to suppress, goes on, because it has a genuine life and real roots. Of Zubatoff's Associations, what need to speak ? These are mere traps, hollow shams playing into the hands of the police, when required to do so, and the very last

things to which a priest, even though not yet thinking that any political changes are needed, would be wise to tack on his own humble schemes for improving the lot of his people. Nothing comes of the police overtures. Apparently, Zubatoff is convinced that whether Gapon joins him or not, matters little : he is a frank enthusiast, he is stupid, he is working in the light, the police have nothing to fear from him. And so, indeed, it proved in the end, the bitter end, to which we now see him shaping his course. Consolatory at any rate to know that Zubatoff, the crocodile with his bogus associations of friendly co-operatives, precedes him down the abyss—not indeed into exile, he is too big a man for that, but into well-paid obscurity. In the meanwhile, the fashionables of St. Petersburg evince a dilettante interest in our slummer and his mob of outcasts. They do not mean it, these fashionable people, but there is a war going on and it is one of the fashions, of which they are the high priests, to profess a considerable interest in the poor, also in religion. One would suppose that the one implied the other, but not necessarily, not in Russia. Gapon finds his fashionable patrons trying. They are insincere, that he soon discovers. They feign an interest in some poor fever-stricken family, they despatch him to investigate : he is off at great expenditure of time—"money too," he adds, not without pathos : ferrets out the case, notes it down, back to the Titled Enquirer : all interest has by this time evaporated, and our Priest has had his pains for nothing. These people he said (after some experience of them and their ways, in their words and deeds) seemed to move in one great round of artificiality. He is a little enigmatical about his aristocrat friends. When passing from their sudden interest in his work-house schemes, to their professed interest in the Life of Christ, and their desire for instruction therein, he adds, "what they really meant was something quite different." Thus every day he drifted further and further out of sympathy with the classes, and into sympathy with the masses.

Let us rest our eyes for a moment, wearied with scenes of squalor, trickery and lying—for what else are our friend Zubatoff's Labour Associations, and the aristocratic craze for slumming and desire for instruction in the Life of Christ ?—upon the picture of Gapon's holiday. Overworked as the city priest commonly is, his friends make up a purse to send him away, and he goes to the Crimea,

not a place associated in our minds, perhaps, with sylvan retreats, whispering winds and rippling brooks: but in fact, now a land of much serene quiet, were it not overclouded and blighted with the priest. Here our tired young slummer takes his fill of mental and physical repose, in sleepy monasteries whose inmates, whatever be their other vices, have the virtue of hospitality. Yalta is too gay and fashionable for him: it retards his convalescence, and the note of his soul is bitterness. For here the Czar has splendid palaces and gardens at the very gates of which crowd the homeless starving poor. This poignant contrast "filled my heart with indescribable bitterness, and did something to poison the happiness and enjoyment of nature which I had found on these southern hillsides." Here he visits Balaclava--locally called "The Gem of God"--a gem once at least bathed in the blood of warrior heroes--now a smiling and beautiful village, and everywhere there are monks, monasteries, and fat friars lazing away their silly useless lives and battening on the blood of the industrious poor. One interesting acquaintance this pleasant holiday yields him--the great painter, Vassili Verestchagin, a stern workman devoted to his art. Here is a characteristic little story. A school friend of his, risen to be an Admiral, comes to see him, but is refused: he pleads only for a few minutes. No, Verestchagin is at work; he cannot see him. "Of course," he says later, "I should have liked to have a talk with my old acquaintance--but work is above everything. I cannot get at will the moment of inspiration." Alas! who can? We may be excused for devoting a few lines to this holiday-making, even though only an invalid's holiday-making; yet the single gleam of sunshine irradiates this gloomy and sombre story. Back now with our ardent Gapon, beginning, one cannot help suspecting, at last to revolve some remedy a little more drastic than a mere report not tending to any political changes. Back into the welter and whirlpool of the Russian capital, with its cold-blooded cynical aristocrats, Grand Dukes, philanthropic policemen of the Zubatoff type (but you were a little unwary, friend, were you not, when the news came in of strikes in Southern Russia, and forgetful of Gapon sitting suspiciously watchful in a corner, you showed your fangs and with a howl of rage shouted out, "Shoot them down, the villains!") No wonder even such an innocent as

Gapon should at last mistrust the sincerity of your Labour organisations, should record that he thought he caught a glimpse of the serpent), and, over all, the idolised Little Father. This select body revelling in every luxury and splendour—while there, yonder, what pack of currish, mangy, starving things do we see? Gapon's outcasts, of course, for whom our bejewelled and fur-coated aristocrats are—occasionally—so politely solicitous. Gapon, more than a little dispirited, has not yet quite done with writing reports. By special request, this time, he composes yet another, and delegates—sanguine delegates these—carry it off triumphantly to present to M. de Witte. Sharp and decisive was that bluff genial statesman's answer, inexpressibly humiliating the fate of that delegation. "Your report, gentlemen?" asks the Minister with outward suavity. "Assuredly, Excellency," the pleased and proud delegates reply. "Did you write all this, gentlemen?" "Ah, er, um, yes, Excellency, why not?" "Then I would recommend you," snaps out the bitter Minister, "to go and become journalists!" Chopfallen delegates! Could anything be more exasperating? As though they could become journalists if they would! And this report of little Father Georgey Gapon—to speak of it like that! What could the Minister mean? After this no report-writing for Gapon—at least no more reports which are exposed to that kind of curt, contemptuous treatment. The next report he makes, whether received or not received, shall be fulminant and make itself heard over the country—in very truth a report.

By this time Gapon is becoming a person of importance in reforming circles; he can be trusted, notwithstanding his conferences with Zubatoff; these mean nothing, after all, and he is, as we have seen, getting beyond the reporting stage. Besides, the police labour organisation is getting itself discredited; it never was more than a huge sham and a trap for the unwary; as such people now recognise it and draw off. Soon it is to disappear, and no longer crosses the progress of genuine movements, of which the threads are mostly in the hands of Gapon. Indefatigably he works, with his poor but ever more numerous colleagues. The organisations—real ones this time—begin to display signs of amazing vitality. There are public meetings, all within the letter of the law; over some of these a general of police or military governor of some sort presides. He

is introduced by Gapon, makes a brief military speech. "Citizens, we are at war in the Far East with a cruel and cunning foe. The country is in need of all her faithful children; let us stand shoulder to shoulder. Union is strength!"—in some such fashion, laconically, the gallant soldier addresses the representatives of the working people. They applaud vociferously. The General is quite won over; presides on more than one occasion afterwards, always makes the same speech, word for word, is always received with the same tumultuous applause. So far all is well; but the clouds are thickening. Men like Muravieff and Trepoff cast sinister shadows athwart Gapon's course. The former is always his very obliged friend and attentive listener, but as we shall soon see, when the hour comes, he will (in ambiguous phrase) do his duty. But how? That is the momentous question. Just for the present organising goes on serenely. There is nothing political in the movement; it is an association of hard-working honest men to defend themselves against the rapacity of their employers; withal to obtain a little better education and here and there some amusement, songs, magic lantern lectures, brief military speeches, Christmas trees with presents, however small, for all the poor orphans, are not these legitimate fruits of the good priest's efforts? The war does not seem to occupy much space in these humble imaginations. The little Japs! Oh! the little Japs—our big battalions will soon dispose of them. Thus at first the organising *ouvriers* of St. Petersburg and Moscow. But as the war draws itself out and not to the advantage of the big Russians, rather, in every instance, very much indeed to their disadvantage and discredit, and above all costing them innumerable lives and much treasure, the attitude of the people changes, and they grow savage against a maladministration, upon which alone they think, and probably rightly think, such disproportionate results can be charged. There is growing low muttered thunder all through the ranks of the associated and organised children of Gapon. The political element asserts itself more prominently. Political changes there must be, if the issues of battle do not speedily prove favourable; and the sooner, the better, declare the freezing and starving workmen of the capitals. In this restless and angry state, who can say what may be the outcome of the most peaceful and highly law-abiding organisations? It only wants a spark to light up the

whole vast prepared conflagration. Why Gapon, of all men, should be the leader, why upon him all the hungry anxious eyes of the work-people should now be beseechingly turned as to some God-sent champion, is by no means easy to understand from the pages of this book. Possibly, the author's modesty is the cause; let us hope so. At any rate, there is nothing in what he has thus far done, which, in the mere reading of it, singles him out as a leader of men or one to whom in a natural convulsion all would naturally turn for guidance. But at least the man was brave and trustworthy; and these poor sheep had been so often betrayed, that trustworthiness was no doubt the first quality they looked for. And again, for better or for worse, he was with them heart and soul. Thus with touching confidence, as the black storm clouds grew blacker and blacker, as with the sinking fortunes of Holy Russia abroad, her degenerate sons, the slothful selfish aristocrats hardened their hearts the more at home, and the ruthless employers showed no signs of relaxing the bonds of their serfs, all the shorn sheep gathered about their chosen pastor and spokesman and looked up to him for counsel. The weary siege of Port Arthur dragged its interminable length along to its shameful end. The hearts of men grew bitterer: their tongues wagged more freely; the organisations grew more active, delegates here and there sped over the frozen, starving land, with messages of encouragement and support. The air was dangerously electric. . . . Then comes the dismissal of the four men from the Putiloff works. The spark had fallen and the conflagration followed. These men were not in fault; there was nothing against them, decent, hard-working, quiet-spoken fellows, and members of the League. Theirs must be the test-case; and a bloody and disastrous test-case it turned out to be. After full investigation Gapon and his fellow-councillors of the Labour, League resolve that these men have been dismissed without reason and must be taken back. Heads of capital are obdurate; deputations received with insult; negotiations clearly destined to prove abortive. Gapon is in conclave with Muravieff; we must and will strike, he declares, unless we get prompt justice for our injured members. The strike is organised and duly carried out. Co-operative strikes follow at all the great centres elsewhere; bullying heads of capital, growing afraid, re-instate three out of the four: but the

fourth they will not. And unless they do, no surrender is the League cry. We cannot obtain redress, decide Gapon and his lieutenants, from anything less than the fountain-head itself of justice, the Little Father. To him let us go in monster procession, with a humble petition of rights ; he will receive and hear his children. Poor deluded innocents, to what a hearing are you preparing to march, what an idealised Little Father is this of your fond affectionate imaginations, how different from the shrivelled anatomy, the lifeless, timorous, hunted being that is to-day the Czar of all the Russias ! Again a final interview with Muravieff ; Gapon unfolds his plan of campaign, explains the least measure of redress that will now satisfy his long-suffering, much-wronged people. But this, exclaims the horrified official, this is revolution ! Gapon protests ; nothing is further from his thoughts than revolution ; he will only insist upon the Little Father receiving and hearing with his own august ears the moderate complaints and demands of his people. He implores Muravieff to do what he can to help this consummation devoutly to be wished ; whether he helps or hinders, the procession, twenty to fifty thousand strong, must start to-morrow for the palace of the Czar. Then, after a brown study, Muravieff springs up as though he had taken his course, with the words, "Well, I must do my duty," and so they part for the last time. Gapon has written to the Czar informing him of the wishes of the people : begging him to accede to them, to hear and grant redress. If the Czar will not see us to-morrow, he tells them, there is no longer any Czar of Russia for us. Thus is the die cast, and the fateful resolution taken. It all reads so simply, so naturally : one could weep for these poor babes determined to walk into the jaws of the wolf. Meanwhile Muravieff, for his part, is making ready to perform his duty as he understands it. And Gapon is speculating—small need of any speculation was there as to what his notion of doing his duty might, on the morrow, be . . . And now as the curtain is about to rise on the final dreadful act, to which all this busy preparation has been tending, let us dwell a moment upon the effective total of Gapon's life, so far. What has he done out of the way, that any ordinary man with patriotism burning a little fanatically in his heart, with a genuine peasant love of his class, and, by affinity, with all classes that are sweated and

oppressed, with a humane love of the weak and its corresponding resentment against the strong, would not, must not, inevitably have done? Very little, it seems to us, the citizens happily of a free land, in which nowadays no penalties attach to the openest orderly ventilation of grievances, be they on the largest class scale. But not, in fact, so very little, after all, in such a country as Russia, where aspirations after justice and freedom and fair play almost too universally spell banishment, or death. At least with a sublime innocence Gapon has organised his thousands, has inspired them with something of his own simple faith in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, and kindled in their hearts that fatal infatuation, that blind idolatrous trust in the Little Father, which to-morrow is to be so rudely, brutally and finally dispelled. He has been to some extent behind the scenes of police government, has learnt to appreciate at their true worth the verbal sympathy and crocodile tears of the aristocrats, and the officials. All this he has done, and is now about to put his theories to a crucial test. Moral force, declamation, enunciation of irreproachable principles, formulae, shibboleths, idealised devotion, with all accompanying outward symbols—these and all that is implied in them he is going to hurl with a pathetic confidence against the iron bars of a despotism that has the supremest contempt ever despotism had yet, for any theories or any theoretical arguments whatever. The abstractions of right and wrong are the emptiest sounds in its brazen ears, its icy heart can only win an icy grin at the ridiculous infatuation of this simple canaille: were they only armed, now, and dangerous! Were there ever so little physical to back up all this moral force, how different the result might be! But as for Gapon and his pacific vapourings, and his invincible reliance on the justice of his cause, and the certainty that any just cause must meet with sympathetic approval at the hands of the Czar, well, as to all that, says Muravieff, busy about *his* preparations, we shall see, for it is clear that I too must do my duty. Of which the chief part is to prevent the dissemination of any ideas so dangerously revolutionary, as that a mob, however orderly and inspired with a desire for the barest justice, can be allowed to insist upon an audience, or for that matter insist upon anything at all in the capital of Holy Russia. Here is a fine opportunity of reading visionaries a salutary lesson, and at no risk at all; so with

sardonic smiles Muravieff is by the morning of the 22nd January quite ready to do his duty.... Behold now the final scene. Crowds upon crowds of workmen, strikers, and therefore in the eye of official Russia revolutionaries, but how orderly, how sanguine, how good-tempered ! These grown-up children (and oh ! the pity of it ! there are so many many real children, trooping gaily in their ranks, happy, laughing, as to a rare show and holiday) have almost forgotten their main purpose in their delight at the prospect of seeing the Little Father. That is the predominant note of the vast gathering, tranquil, confident, almost festal, as they break up into bodies, to proceed in accordance with this bright holiday programme by different routes, to the palace of the Czar. There at last they will see the idol of their reverence, there he shall be forced to understand how his innocent children, love him, there, with softened heart, he will listen to their respectful devotional requests, and will bless and relieve them ! Yea, truly, he WILL, after the immemorial fashion of the Little Fathers of Holy Russia. The heart bleeds at the picture, most of all for the pale work-worn women and girls, smiling in the frosty dawn, with pleasant anticipations, and the young dancing children, who have looked forward so long to this joyous holiday—but know nothing of Muravieff and his grim notions of duty. Well, the holiday has dawned, and an hour or two will reveal its true character. Gapon marches with a large brigade on the Narva Gate, all calm, and at heart utterly glad, all except maybe one or two, Gapon himself among them, who is not certain about Muravieff. But he will do what he can to ensure the safety of these poor trusting children, old and young. He is arrayed in priestly garb, this demonstration shall have upon its face every sign, badge token, as visibly imprinted as mortal man can, that its character is peaceful, loyal, religious ; not revolutionary or military or incendiary, or in the remotest degree dangerous. So they seize the decorations of neighbouring churches, sacred furniture, the holy ikons, the vesture of Christ's appointed ministry, and add to all this numerous portraits of the Little Father himself, to be carried ostentatiously in the front rank ; thus, as Gapon hopes, completely disarming any latent savagery that may underlie that sinister Muravieff's conception of his duty. Thus equipped, Gapon march-

ing conspicuous but not actually in the front, they start, to the melody of national songs and the beloved hymns of the Church, this great, happy, deluded crowd, under some fatal hallucination, start on their way to the loving greetings of their Little Father—and to a bloody and treacherous death. At first all goes well, the few policemen about march in step, heads bared out of respect to the religious and patriotic nature of the demonstration ; Gapon is full of hopes, but there has been a shadow of foreboding over his soul, a presage of something deadly, imminent, in the quiet morning air. . . . They have not long to wait ; massed troops of a sudden oppose the advance of the procession ; at the Narva Gate they halt to parley ; the children of the Czar feel that they are betrayed, but it is too late now. The Russian peasant, the Russian workman, is the most patiently obstinate creature ; he is here in his thousands to see the Czar ; of him he will have audience, let the soldiers say and do what they please. What right have the soldiers to come between the Father and his supplianting children ? But Muravieff the implacable, has had his own ideas, as we have seen, of his duty on this epoch-making occasion. And he is, as implacable men usually are, implacably served. Of a sudden the troops let loose the bloody and savage Cossacks—semi-barbarians who are restrained by no sympathies of common brotherhood or nationality, paid legionaries revelling in blood and killing for killing's sake, these hounds of the Little Father—upon his horrified and panic-stricken children. Right through them they ride, right through this unarmed multitude, hacking down men, women and children, preferably no doubt women and children, according to the bestiality of their nature ; then, their course marked with blood and groans and corpses, they ride back and are swallowed up by the troops, who think it is high time they had their share in the carnage. To Gapon's inexpressible horror, volley after volley is fired on the swaying, writhing crowds, that now break and run, pursued by the hail of lead, the kindly welcoming message of the Little Father to his long-suffering, loving children, adown that long straight (how mercilessly straight and devoid of shelter it seems !) highway to the portals of the palace. That is the end. The same fate waits on the other processions converging on the same point ; everywhere the same senseless, brutal butchery and carnage ; women and children

shot down, ridden over, hacked to pieces. And in all that multitude of sheep thus led uselessly into the shambles, not one had a weapon, not one was capable of resisting the butchers of the Czar. Uselessly did we say ? Well, not altogether uselessly, it may turn out at the balancing of Russia's final account ; the martyred blood and ashes of the people sown along every wide and fashionable thoroughfare of the capital, cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance. No wonder that Gapon issued proclamations to his people as soon as he could, that after the events of the 22nd January, there was no longer a Czar of Russia, much less any Little Father, for THEM. That fiction was finally, tragically exploded for ever. And who shall say, considering what a paralysing, blighting fiction it was, how utterly without the tiniest scintilla of truth to light it up, that the cost has been too great ? In all this ghastly revolting tragedy, which sets the teeth on edge and the blood boiling against the bloodless simulacrum, the luckless Emperor, in whose name these vile atrocities are done, there are relieving touches. Not that Gapon means them to be so ! But he is swept away with the horror of the scenes through which he has been, in which he took a prominent part and lost some sense of proportion as, in these days of notoriety, even the simplest and sincerest hero, as soon as the newspapers and salons take him up, is almost bound to do. Thus, singular to relate, although conspicuous in the front rank, his standard-bearer shot down by his side, and exposed beyond a doubt to the utmost peril, he escapes without a scratch. The fusillade over—( we cannot write of it without a hundred sad pictures crowding in upon the fancy,—the stalwart peasant, who spite the bullets, exclaimed “I will see the Little Father,” and trying to do so, pressing eagerly forward towards where, had that unhappy monarch been as he should have been, no blood need have been shed at all, was slain for his reward ; the man who, waving the portrait of the Czar as a talisman in the faces of the soldiery, cried aloud, “Will you fire on the Czar’s portrait”—a sacrilege so awful as to be inconceivable to these simple, loving, loyal hearts—was of course slain too. Would they fire on the portraits of the Czar ? What, when they were held up by a rabble who loved the Imperial ideal so devoutly that they were risking their lives merely to see the Man once and hear him speak?—Would they not ? And so the bitter irony and topsy-turviness of the

tragedy works itself out in a thousand grotesque and horrid details)—the fusillade over, Gapon is spirited off the field by a mysterious friend or two ; and from that moment ceases to possess for US the least interest. It is a highly convenient doctrine for leaders of dangerous revolutionary movements, that their lives are of such importance to the cause that no consideration should induce them to risk them, till the psychological moment, which in this connection usually means, the cause victorious, and the hero required to sit in the triumphal chariot, and receive the acclaim of a grateful people and an admiring world. But to validate that position it must be incontrovertible, that the retiring leader is, what few men are, really and truly so indispensable that his life is paramount to every ordinary consideration of chivalry and honour. Men of that kind, and causes of that kind bound up with them, make the rarest possible combinations. Napoleon, with the Napoleonic cause, is the leading and most striking example. No one, least of all his own soldiers, ever dreamed of blaming him for putting his personal security, at certain critical conjunctures, first and foremost. But it is difficult to believe that Gapon is of such importance to the cause of labour reform in Russia : and the pliancy with which he allowed himself to be at once persuaded, that for the present his chief and only care should be his own safety, is, to say the least, a little disappointing. The manner in which he discourses of this aspect of his life, too, is inflated and sounds insincere and bombastic. Thus, secure in hiding, he gives the rein to a passion of regret for his slaughtered people, who were still being hunted about the streets, and by no means so comfortably housed as their shepherd ; feels in a glow of generous enthusiasm that his place was with them, that he ought to rush forth and offer up his life in their service, but, instead, allows himself to be taken off to a meeting of intellectuals. There is an unconscious pathos about this, which seems to pervade the remainder of the book. In a word, Gapon fled : the incidents of his flight, of which a great deal is made to gratify the appetite of the reader of the sixpenny magazine for sensationalism, are, like everything else after the real veritable tragedy, melodramatic and exaggerated. The impression left on the mind by this part of the story is that either the Russian police were not particularly anxious to catch Gapon, or that the escape of a wanted criminal

in Russia is one of the easiest things imaginable. So Gapon "jumps the frontier," to use his own phrase. There is something dramatic about this final step, the little boy leading the fugitive in zigzags towards the barbed wire fence which severs Russia from Prussia, the gendarme, with his eye on the zigzagging runaway, at length opens fire, but Gapon and his young guide are too erratic in their leaps for freedom to be hit, and as the *tireur* approaches to an unpleasantly close range, Gapon tumbles under the wire and is free. Thence it is but a step to England, being made the Lion of a Season, and publishing the Story of My Life in the pages of a sixpenny magazine. None of that interests us in the least ; we would rather the book had ended with Gapon's resolution to fly and desert the League until there was fairer weather, or as he grandiloquently puts it, till he should be called back to head a revolution. We rather doubt whether he ever will be.

F. B

## NUR JAHAN.

(THE ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.

## CHAPTER XI.

JAHANGIR, with a large army, swept across the sandy plains of Rajputana like a thundercloud, eager to vanquish the gallant Rana of Odeypore, who hated the very idea "that the son of Bapa Raweel should bow his head to a mortal man," and spurned every overture from the mighty Akbar which had submission for its basis or the degradation of uniting his family by marriage with a Tartar, though he was the lord of countless millions. The mere thought of a foreigner ruling over the people which he regarded as his own was intolerable to his sternly independent nature, and he had vowed to strain every nerve to free his country from a foreign rule, or to die in the attempt. The odds against him were fearful; the very people he wanted to save were leagued against him, and the arms of his own countrymen, nay, his own relatives, were raised against him. His own brother was with the invading army, and his dear kinsman, Raja Man Singh, commanded the invading forces and led Pertab's own beloved Rajputs against him. But the magnitude of the peril only served to confirm the indomitable fortitude of the Royal Pertab, who vowed in the words of the bard "to make his Mother's Milk resplendent." He had chosen an admirable defensive position in the mountains of Irawali, guarded all around by mountainous regions, from Kumul Mer to Ram Nath, from Meerpur to Seetola, a circumference of eighty miles all around. Huldhi Ghat was intersected by mountain and forest, valley and streams, the approaches to it were protected by narrow defiles, lofty perpendicular rocks and natural ramparts, and the valley of Huldhi Ghat

where the Rana had taken his stand, was at the base of a neck of a mountain which shut up the valley and rendered it almost inaccessible.

It was here that the Rana had resolved to give battle to the numerous Moghal army, with a band of 25,000 Rajput horse, and scattered bands of aboriginal Bhils ; from his <sup>King</sup> place stretched a pencil of armed rays, ready to defend every inch of ground ; the faithful Bhil was ubiquitous on every cliff and pinnacle with his bows and arrows, and huge stones ready to roll upon the advancing enemy.

Prince Salim, who longed to returned to his beloved Mihar-ul-nissa, pushed manfully on into the heart of the valley. The Bhils showered arrows like rain on the advancing army and every arrow that flew out from their skilled hands claimed a victim, but they were helpless against the imperial batteries as they poured out fire all around. Clan after clan of the faithful Bhils with desperate intrepidity resisted the advancing army, and sacrificed their lives on the sacred altar of freedom and glory ; but their courage was unavailing, and they were swept aside by the fire from the imperial guns.

It was about eleven in the morning, when the Rana, who had just finished his ablutions and devotions, sat to breakfast with the flower of his army, about 20,000 Rajputs. After the desolation of Chittour, Pertab had vowed never to dine from gold plate or sleep on a bed, and to mark their fallen fortunes even the party of drummers *followed* the Rajput Cavalry instead of preceding it until the glory of Rajputs was redeemed. So the food was placed before the Rana and his comrades on broad plantain leaves, the Rana passed on his leaf of food to the Chief of Jhalla as a mark of favour, who received it with the greatest reverence. At that moment a shell dropped just in front of the Rana, who did not wince, but calmly proceeded to dine, when another hissed past him. He was still reluctant to rise before he finished his breakfast, and unconcernedly raised a morsel to his mouth, when a third dropped in his leafy plate.

The gallant Rana could restrain himself no longer. His fearless soul rebelled against the idea of quitting this earth without encountering the distant foe. He rose and washed his hands as did his 20,000 faithful followers, and when all had finished, the conches

blew and the drums roared. The Rana turned round and thus addressed his followers :—

“My friends, my followers, and my children : The field which we are about to enter is one from which there is no retreat. There we must conquer or die, to save our ancient country from a foreign rule. Our laws have been violated, our homes invaded, our temples polluted, our bread snatched away from our mouths, our chiefs have sold their honour to that broker in the market of our race and sacrificed their country, their dharma, for inglorious repose. India turns to you for rescue, and may God keep you to save it ! What Rajputs would part with honour for aught this unreal world has to give ? Our hearths have been polluted, our kingdoms despoiled, and our homes made the banquet halls of foreign Tartars. It is better to die than to live and see the desecration which follows the ruthless Tartars. The order I have ever given in battle I give now ; fight for the freedom of your motherland, for the honour of your women, for the laws and dharma of your country. What can be more welcome to a Khatria than a holy war, opening for him the gates of heaven ? Happy the Khatria who encounters such a fate ! If you conquer, you enjoy the kingdoms of earth ; if you die, Apsaras wait to welcome you in the brightest heaven. Now forward, strike down every plumed crest, but spare those who seek your protection. Hark ! the enemies' cannons speak ! Up standards ! Beat the drums ! To horse ! And may God grant us a glorious victory or a glorious grave ! On, my gallant friends, on ! ”

As he concluded, he jumped on his splendid horse, and lightly swung over his head his terrible sword which had smitten down as the grass before the reaper the chivalry of many a field ; the crimson banner fluttered gaily in the air, and the golden umbrella shaded his face, and ere the last blast of the reverberating conches died, the sun-born Rajputs swept through the enemy's ranks like living fire through a dry forest, their effulgent swords gleamed, while crimson drops like rubies fell from their blades as they carried everything before them. The Moghal army recoiled in confusion and dismay, men actually threw down their arms and took to flight, even the bigoted and devout Mulla Badouni, who had come with the imperial forces with the laudable desire of acquiring merit by killing the infidels, and who often used to preach “that the repentance of a

person who fled from a holy war was never accepted by God," forgot his own teachings and took to his heels, not stopping until he had placed some three miles between himself and the terrible Rajputs. Through a path broad and clear, amidst the streams of blood and over headless bodies or dismembered corpses rode the Rana and his Rajputs, and slew as they rode onward. Fiercest of all was the Rana himself, when his lance shivered or his sword flashed or he drew his gigantic mace from its sling by the saddle bow : woe to all who attempted to cross his path. The centre of the Moghal army seemed to reel and whirl round the broadening gap through its ranks as the waves round some chasm in a maelstrom, but they dashed in vain against the adamantine Rana, and recoiled with greater force, sweeping away their own rank and file. The Rana steadily pushed onward and at last met the elephant which carried Prince Salim. The imperial lifeguards fled before Pertab, and made way for him to advance ; with a sweep of his lance he brushed aside the driver, as his steed, the gallant Chatak, placed his foot on the head of the elephant, and his mighty lance shivered and broke against the steel plates of the howdah, and the infuriated animal, now without control, carried off the Prince from his foe. But for this the mighty lance of the gallant Pertab would have deprived Akbar of his heir. The carnage was immense ; the imperial forces closed round Pertab, urged by the perilous position of their Prince, but the Rana shot meteor-like from rank to rank, clearing his path whatever side he turned, and the Moghal forces were flying when Raja Man came up with his own Rajput horse. Still the untiring might of the Rana defied the press of numbers that swept around him, tide upon tide, still the crimson banner fluttered in the air and his sword flashed like lightning in a dark cloud, still his mighty charger spurned earth and carried him with as much ease and lightness as the racer bears his light burden. The steed was scarcely less terrible to encounter than the sweep of the Rana's sword or his gigantic mace which broke heads as a stone breaks an earthen pot, and no serried ranks could resist the charge of horse or horseman. "Where is Man Singh, where is the traitor?" cried Rana Pertab, as he raged among the enemy like a famished lion. "Why does he not come before me that I may strike off his treacherous head?"

"I am here," cried a voice from behind, "meet me before you seek Man Singh again."

"Back, Sakat, back, boy," said the Rana, in a tremulous voice  
"It is not my own brother that I would kill."

"Not so, my liege," said Sakat calmly. "I left your hearth and joined the Moghal forces that I may meet you as an equal in battle and revenge the insult which you offered me when under the paternal roof. Here all memories die, my heart yearns for you, but honour is dearer than love ; lay on and spare not."

"Strike, if it pleases you," said Rana Pertab, sheathing his sword, "I would not soil my hands with the blood of my own brother."

Sakat was moved, conquered, and he turned aside as the Rana shot through the crowd and darted on Raja Man, who had now come up on his elephant. The elephant of Raja Man rushed on his assailant ; but the gallant Chatak stood his ground, and a single blow of his rider dashed aside the driver ; the elephant was about to turn round when Raja Man himself jumped into the driver's place and urged the animal onward. Fresh and panting for glory poured in the Rajput reserve, the tramp of horses, the clash of steel, the whiz and hiss of the arrows marked the place where the Rana still hewed a gory path, and whither like vultures flocked the imperial army. Conflict now it could scarcely be called. As well might the Rana have tried to roll back the sea as drive back the innumerable army. Man by man his gallant band of Rajputs sacrificed themselves to save their chief, emulating the dauntless courage of their Prince. The saffron dress of the Rana was now in tatters, while the blood flowed from seven wounds which he had received and stained his saddle cloth, but still the spirit of the Rana was unconquered, ready to do fresh deeds of glory, still he held the crimson banner firmly in his hand, which collected the might of the Moghal army against him, and still the Rana charged into their ranks, driving back each charge further and further ; the immense multitude recoiled before his charge, but closed round again, hounding him on to the lion's death. The great chiefs and his devoted knights, though greatly reduced in number, still fought on, and thrice rescued Prince Pertab from amidst the foe, but they were now overwhelmed, and the Rana

must have lost his life, had not the Chief of Jhalla sacrificed his own to save that of the Rana.

"All is lost," said the Chief of Jhalla, approaching Rana Pertab with great respect.

"Not while we live," replied Rana Pertab, "not while there is breath in my lungs or blood in my veins."

"True," replied the Jhalla Chief, "on you depends the welfare of your country. Save yourself and you may yet redeem the lost glory of Rajasthan. There is yet time to escape."

"Pertab flees not from the field of battle alive while there is a single foe before him," answered the Rana as his eyes flashed fire on his noble knight, "counsel me not to tarnish my glory."

"I only ask you to do so," entreated the Jhalla Chief, "because the hope of your country lies in you. I ask you to do so for the sake of your country, for the protection of the honour of our women. It is only a battle lost, and if you live you may yet drive back these craven-hearted Moghals. We will screen your path with our bodies."

"Courage," said the Rana, "we may yet drive them back. Had any one but you counselled me to escape, I would have shot him dead."

"My liege, my sovereign, my prince," exclaimed the Chief of Jhalla, "look back on your band and see how many of the 20,000 Rajputs who rode with you this morning are still in the field, and then at the countless host which is closing in from all sides. Have not we beaten back the Prince from the field? Did not even the Pandus retire to return again in triumph? Have pity on your country, and for the sake of your people, to save the honour of our women and the life of our gallant nation, save your own. What is flight? Even Sri Krishna fled from the field and yet returned."

"True," said Pertab, "I must live and teach these wild Tartars better manners, and when I come again, I will sweep them off like dust; now, adieu."

"Farewell," said the Chief of Jhalla, as he took the crimson banner in his own hand, and unfurled the golden sun of the royal umbrella over his own head, "we meet in heaven again."

"In heaven," said Pertab, and before long he cleared his way through the ranks of the enemy to his own mountainous domain,

while the Chief of Jhalla, by displaying the insignia of royalty about him, drew the brunt of battle after him, and with his followers valiantly covered the retreat of his fearless master. He carried everything before his irresistible charge, and heads dropped before his sword as flowers before a mighty storm, but his indomitable courage was unavailing against such odds, and at last he and his faithful vassals quitted this earth on fairy chariots which awaited them to take their souls to the brightest heaven. In remembrance of this deed the Jhalla Chiefs still carry the insignia of the Mewar and enjoy the right hand of their Princes.

A number of Moghals had recognised the Rana as he pierced through their ranks like a flaming dart, and resolved to give him pursuit; but the noble Chatak disdained the earth and passed through them like the wind. Sakat, whose heart had already been touched by the nobility of his brother, lost all idea of resentment when he saw the blue horse flying unattended, and a feeling of affection, mingling with sad and humiliating recollection, took possession of his bosom, and so he joined in the pursuit, but only to slay the pursuers, who fell beneath his lance, and now for the first time the brothers embraced in friendship. Here Chatak fell, and as the Rana unbuckled his caparison to place it upon *Onkar Rao*, presented to him by his brother, the noble steed expired.

The meeting between the brothers was extremely touching but necessarily short, for the Rana must mount *Onkar Rao* and continue his flight.

"Forgive me, I beseech you," said Sakat, "had I not joined the Moghal army and led them to these hills, the Rana of Udaipur would not have turned to flee unattended."

"Blame not thyself," said Pertab, "we are but instruments of a wiser will; my Kirtana has spared me and I believe for some higher destiny."

"How does a man feel when flying for life?" said Sakat by way of a joke.

"A gallant soldier retires but to return," said the valiant Pertab, "and he dwells on the future which still lures him on."

"God bless you," said Sakat, "and when you return again you will find the miscreant at your side in his natural place."

"Farewell," said Pertab, "you have given me hope, and may

God bless you for it!" He turned and in a moment was lost in a cloud of dust.

Rana Pertab had not gone very far when Salim himself with Raja Man Singh appeared on the spot.

"Where is Pertab," asked Salim. "How far do you think he has gone?"

"Beyond your reach," sullenly replied Sakat, "I don't think he can be overtaken now. It is more than an hour since he turned on me and two others who came in his pursuit. There lie their headless bodies."

"Man, you lie," said Prince Salim, "there lies his dead horse, and he could not have gone far. Tell me the truth, and on my word of honour I promise to forgive you."

"Then know the truth, Prince," said Sakat boldly. "I gave him my own horse to ride on. The burden of this great kingdom is on the shoulders of my brother and I could not witness his danger without defending him from it. I killed his pursuers and helped him to make his escape on my fresh horse."

"So you betrayed me! What was to be expected from a man who betrayed his own brother?" remarked Salim, "However, I have promised to pardon you, and so you can now retire to follow your own brother. I cannot keep you in my camp."

"My gracious Prince," said Sakat, "I desire nothing more," and spurring his horse he disappeared in the hills.

"Shall we go on, Raja Man Singh," asked Prince Salim, "we may yet overtake him and kill the firebrand once for all, which if left unmolested may burst into a conflagration again."

"I entirely agree with your Highness," said Raja Man whose heart had melted on seeing the danger in which the gallant Rana was, and who had forgotten the insult which the Rana had offered him. "I entirely agree with Your Highness," he repeated, "but it is difficult to give him pursuit, the paths are intricate and the ground difficult and unknown, it will be rather hazardous to push on. The Rana may debouch from one of his hiding places and turn our victory to defeat, while if we postpone the pursuit till the morning, we lose nothing."

"You seem to be right," said Prince Salim, whom the idea of the gallant Pertab appearing again in the dark had frightened a

great deal, and who loved comfort more than perils of war. "We had better return and celebrate the victory which God has vouchsafed us," and so the Prince returned to his camp and amid the carnage which marked the field of battle thanked God for His mercy in helping him to slay His own creatures, no less dear to Him than the victors.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Mihar-ul-nissa was seated in her room. The morning sun shone over the small and odorous chamber, but it brought no light to the fair girl's lovesick heart. The unwonted negligence of her dress, the picturesque disorder of her pretty chamber betrayed the state of her mind ; her beautiful hair, loosely gathered up in a knot, fell over her lily shoulders, her loose morning robe, held at the waist by a delicate gold chain, undulated in the pleasant morning breeze round her lovely form. Before her lay an open book (*Sadi's Bostan*) which she had just been reading, and which still absorbed her thoughts as she soliloquised in a sweet low voice.

"This is love," she murmured, "not the love which burns within my heart and mingles with feelings of my selfish satisfaction or pleasure. I am weak and must gather strength and learn to sacrifice myself. How beautifully the immortal Sadi has put it. 'The moth asked the candle why she shed tears, while it was he who ought to burn and feed the flame. The candle laughed and said, O fool, love is not for such as thou, without patience or self-control, you fly away from an unripe flame, but look at me, here I stand to be entirely consumed. The love has only scorched your wings, but look at me—I burn from head to foot. If you want to learn love, learn to find pleasure in burning yourself.'"

"My daughter," said a voice from behind, "what ails thee?"

"You, mother," exclaimed Mihar-ul-nissa starting up. "I was so lost in my thoughts that I did not notice you as you came in ; I am delighted to see you," she added, as a ray of hope came to her heart.

"Child," said the old nurse, "I only heard the other day that you were going to be married, and so I hastened to you in the hope of being of some use to you. I could not believe that they could

have got your consent, but I am glad to find that my conjecture was not wrong."

"Oh! it is so kind, so good of you to have come," said Mihar-ul-nissa softly, lightly kissing her shrivelled hand, "but how did you manage to come to me alone? I am allowed to see nobody."

"Why, I talked a good deal to your foolish simple mother," replied the crafty nurse, "and persuaded her to allow me to see you alone and convince you of the folly of your pining away for my Prince."

"But, dear mother," eagerly enquired Mihar-ul-nissa, "is it true that they have quite made up their mind as to my marriage and would see it through."

"So it seems, my daughter," replied the old nurse, "unless we find means to prevent it: they have got everything ready and the formal ceremonies may even begin to-day and the marriage a day or two later."

Mihar-ul-nissa fell senseless on her bed as if struck by lightning. The old nurse promptly rose and bathed her forehead with rose-water, fanned her face, and softly rubbed her feet. After a little while Mihar-ul-nissa came round, opened her eyes and then asked for a cup of water.

"Cheer up, dear child," said the nurse. "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and the Prince may yet prevent the marriage. Write to him."

"Ah!" said Mihar-ul-nissa, "you are really my guardian angel sent from heaven to guide me," and taking a paper and pen she impulsively wrote as follows:—

My Prince,—They have decided upon my marriage, which takes place three or four days hence. Save me if you can, otherwise when you return you would find no more the silly girl who loves you with all the intensity of her heart and in whose ears the sweet tones of your voice ring with an unfaltering harmony. True to death, your own, MIHAR-UL-NISSA.

She carefully folded the note and handed it over to the nurse.

"You will send it at once, dear mother, won't you? There is not a moment to be lost."

"Surely," said the nurse, rising. "I will send it on to the Prince at once."

"Thanks, thanks, dear mother," exclaimed Mihar-ul-nissa, "you have been so good, so kind to me."

"Child," said the nurse, touching her marble forehead with her lips, "I love the Prince, and his darling cannot but be dear to me. Now good-bye, and may God bless you." This saying, the old nurse tottered out of the room, and joining Begum Ghias, she amused her by talking to her little nothings, and then finishing her visit, she entered her palanquin and returned home. The old nurse was not slow in her movements when once she made up her mind ; and so she immediately summoned a sowar (rider) and giving him the letter of Mihar-ul-nissa with a covering letter from herself, directed him to ride night and day and deliver the letter into the hands of the Prince himself. This done, she retired to her own room to think over matters.

The old nurse had hardly left the house of Mirza Ghias when a string of palanquins preceded by drums and pipes arrived before the gate and a party of young ladies with a large number of maid-servants got out of the palanquins with great formality and blandishment and were received with song and music by Begum Ghias and her friends, who, singing and laughing, conducted them to Mihar-ul-nissa's room to perform the ceremony of *Sachiq*. Mihar-ul-nissa sat listlessly in her room, and bent her eyes on *Bostan*, which still lay in her lap.

"What a radiant beauty," exclaimed Begum Superara, Ali Kuli Beg's sister, who had come to perform the ceremony of *Sachiq*, "what an irresistible charm !"

"How fascinating !" added a cousin of Ali Kuli Beg, "what heavenly eyes !"

"Sister," said Superara, drawing near to Mihar-ul-nissa, "why don't you speak ?"

"She is so modest," interposed Begum Ghias, "she is so bashful you cannot expect her to talk to you at the first meeting. Let us proceed with the ceremony."

"True," said Ali's sister, "she seems to be shy. I am charmed to have such a sister-in-law."

Further conversation was interrupted as the room filled with the ladies of the house and the servant-maids who came with baskets full of precious clothes and magnificent ornaments, delicious

sweets, fragrant cosmetics, perfumed hair oils and garlands of flowers, nuts and fruits. They took garlands of flowers from the basket and ceremoniously flung them round the neck of Mihar-ul-nissa, and then gently placed two diamond ear-rings in her lovely ears, as the room echoed with the sound of blessings and congratulations, while Mihar-ul-nissa's sisters and cousins struck Ali Kuli Beg's sister and cousin with silver sticks covered with flowers, and showered silver and gold lace finely cut into powder and sprinkled rose and sandal water. Mihar-ul-nissa's heart rebelled against all this gaiety, she wished to fling aside the ear-rings and flower garlands, and order Superara Begum to leave her room, but something seemed to control her power of action. She sat like one bewitched, whose mouth seemed to have been closed by some unknown magic ; at last, to her great relief, amid gaiety, music, and song, which cut like knives into her heart, the ladies took their leave as they threw money to the assembled maids, and getting into their palanquins rode away.

In Indian marriages, when once the ceremonies begin they continue till the marriage is finally over. The ladies, set free from their usual decorum, vie with each other in creating excitement and amusement, dance and laughter, and so Begum Ghias was busy as she had to supervise the sending of a *Manjha* to the bridegroom, which she sent with great magnificence. There were thrones of silver and sandal-wood covered with all the articles of toilette made of solid gold, silver jugs and basins with gilded engravings, betel boxes of filigree gold work, a gold and a diamond ring of immense value, a fine muslin gown, a gold embroidered Benares kamarband, trousers of heavy cloth of gold, a priceless shawl, and a diamond aigrette with clusters of pearls hanging down from it. All ranged artistically in baskets and placed on thrones carried by bearers in purple liveries, there were hundreds of baskets of myrtle leaves and hinna, baskets of cut-up gold thread, of sweet scented flowers and artificial nosegays with thousands of Chinese lanterns twinkling like stars as the procession wended its way to the mansion of Ali Kuli Beg in the evening. On their arrival at the mansion of the bridegroom they were received with coarse songs, jokes and pleasantries. Ali Kuli Beg himself received the presents in the inner yard of his mansion, surrounded by the ladies of the house, under

a canopy of flowers and jesamine garlands. They anointed him with sweet-scented oils, sent by Begum Ghias, as they sang the proper songs for the occasion, bathed him in rose water and dressed him up in the proper marriage gown, which was a present from his father-in-law. The valiant Persian obeyed the ladies without a murmur, and silently did what they bade him do. They dyed his fingers with hinna, put the wedding bangle in his hand, and tied up his turban, receiving gold mohurs and precious jewels for their petty duties, and when Ali Kuli Beg stepped out from under the canopy the bombs were let off, rockets went up to the skies, and the roar of drums and pipes announced the closing of the ceremony.

Next evening, the marriage party started with great pomp and splendour accompanied by gorgeously caparisoned elephants and horses splendidly dressed, cavaliers preceded by parties of drummers and pipers in scarlet liveries, a band of mace-bearers with silver and gold maces in front, crying out: "Make way, make way," dancing girls in gay and flowery dresses, danced upon soft thick carpets which covered moving thrones, carried by gaily dressed bearers. Their delicate hands were raised in ravishing gestures as the silver bells tinkled in harmony with their melodious voices, while a party of youths burnt incense, sprinkled rosewater and perfumes before their thrones as they proceeded onward; at very short intervals the bombs roared and rockets whizzed past up to the skies and fell in bright, scintillating showers.

Ali Kuli Beg was dressed in a light saffron toga which reached his ankles, loosely held at the waist by a silk sash, which displayed his strong fine frame as he towered a head above his friends. The pearl strings of the marriage chaplet veiled his brown manly face, boldly poised as that of a lion, as he rode slowly on his ambling horse, while his friends showered over his head gold and silver coins which were freely scrambled for by the assembled crowd which followed the marriage procession. All the houses along the streets were thronged by eager spectators and veiled forms whose eyes through delicate veils eagerly watched the unusual spectacle. The marriage party did not reach the house of the bride till after nightfall. A party of gentlemen came to receive them, and conducted them to the tents erected for the guests—provided with all

the luxuries which money could procure or art could invent, and there they were at once served with deliciously perfumed and cool sherbets, light refreshments and fruits.

Two hours before midnight the bridegroom was invited into the seraglio ; mounting his horse, he appeared at the gate, and was received by all the ladies assembled, who ceremoniously poured the water for Mihar-ul-nissa's bath, which had been purposely kept, at the feet of the horse, and helping Ali Kuli Beg to dismount, conducted him to the inner apartments, and led him to the same platform where they had made Mihar-ul-nissa take her bath, and then they put round his neck the skirts of Mihar-ul-nissa, as they sang in a chorus, "Here you are entangled ; let some one set you loose." Ali Kuli Beg flung to the assembled singers a handful of gold mohars, and then they led him to a velvet carpet seat where they all sat around him. The young girls made a lion and a sheep out of the cosmetics which they had preserved from the *Manjha* ceremony, and placing a silver lamp between these they desired Ali Kuli Beg to say, "I am a sheep and she a lion."

"But why should I say so ?" protested Ali Kuli Beg.

"You must," insisted a young lady.

"I won't," said Ali Kuli Beg, "though it is hard to refuse when the request comes from such sweet lips."

"A truce to your flatteries," said the young lady, "we will lead you such a dance that you will remember it all your life."

"His shoes shall be stolen," said one.

"His garments stitched to the carpet," said another.

"He must place the shoes of Mihar-ul-nissa on his head and promise to be a slave to her," suggested another.

"He will do all that and more without a murmur ; it is not easy to get a winsome bride," remarked the third.

"Who can refuse to do anything when fairies desire it," said the gallant Persian, quite conquered. "If it pleases you so, here I say, I am a sheep and she is a lion."

"There," said the young girls bursting into laughter, "he will obey us like a slave," and so they played him many pranks which he bore with right good humour amid jokes and laughter, as the young girls called him by sweet names, laughed at his compli-

ments, pressing and cooing like bright-breasted pigeons about the corn thrower.

It was past midnight when these ceremonies were over, and the time for the marriage to take place arrived ; then Ali Kuli Beg was conducted to the bride's apartments, and a Kazi summoned to perform the ceremony of marriage.

Ghias Beg had failed to win the consent of his daughter to her marriage with Ali Kuli Beg. She refused all overtures with great determination, so he put her under opium for the occasion. She was quite unconscious when the ceremony began, and Begum Ghias supported her in her lap. The Kazi went through the usual formalities with great solemnity, and at that part of the ceremony where, according to the marriage ritual, the consent of the parties is demanded, the Kazi turning to Ali Kuli Beg said, "My son, I know full well that you love the bride, and thus I merely enquire as a matter of form—do you accept Mihar-ul-nissa as your wife, be she lame, blind or disfigured ?"

"I do accept her," answered the bridegroom with great emphasis.

There was a brief pause, and then the priest turning to Mihar-ul-nissa asked, "And you, daughter ?" he repeated this question three times but no reply came.

"She consents," said Mirza Ghias impatiently, "she is so modest, so shy, so nervous, that she cannot speak in the presence of strangers. Her silence is equal to consent."

"True," said the Kazi, closing the ceremony, and bestowing the nuptial benediction and announcing that Mirza Ghias Beg had settled two lakhs of gold mohars as a *haqmaker* on his daughter, the Kazi withdrew, amply rewarded by the parties, heavily laden with precious presents.

As soon as the Kazi was out, the ladies stepped in and began their ceremonies again : they placed a large looking-glass in front of the bride and the bridegroom, and then suddenly lifted the veil from the dazzling face of Mihar-ul-nissa, and Ali Kuli Beg, for the first time, saw the face of his wife in the looking-glass, as it shone out on him in all its overpowering beauty. Even the necklace of pearls fastened up by a clasp of diamonds which fell on her bosom seemed to borrow its lustre from her glorious face. The noble

Persian shaded his eyes, and so did not notice the closed eyes and unnatural flush of her face ; it was nearly morning when the ceremonies were over and Ali Kuli Beg was allowed to retire to his camp.

Early next morning the dowry was displayed, most comprehensive and of an immense value ; there were jewels and ornaments artistically made, and to contribute to their perfection no money had been spared ; there were ornaments for the hair made of solid gold and jewels, chaplets of precious pearls, ear and nose rings in which sparkled diamonds of the purest water, necklaces of pearls and sapphires, bangles and bracelets, tinkling bangles for the feet and the arms, delicate pendants and chains, dresses of real cloth of gold and softest velvet piles, silver and gold plate and utensils, beds and beddings, chairs and furniture, valuable robes for the bridegroom and his friends and relations, a silver palanquin for Mihai-ul-nissa, and many other things too numerous to detail. Mirza Ghias had done more than even his rank and position demanded, and his generosity was acknowledged with praise and admiration by the assembled guests. The dowry was made over to the agents of the bridegroom, and then a most sumptuous repast was served to the members of the marriage party. They sat to dine on a pile of carpets covered with white cloth ; young slaves in smartest liveries bore round to each of the guests silver basins of perfumed water and napkins edged with purple fringes. When the guests had washed their hands, dishes full of delicacies were laid before them ; there were quails and partridges, fish and lobster, pilaus and kurmas, rice and curry, cooked in different ways and coloured with saffron, perfumed with musk, cooked in rose-water and flavoured with keora, delicious figs and grapes, and as the guests dined, a party of dancing girls flitted before them bursting out into music and song, now leading their melodies into soft strains of hope and love, and then rising to still gayer moods, then again becoming plaintive and yearning, their ravishing gestures accompanying and interpreting the sweet words which fell from their lips. At last the dinner was over, betel and cardamoms were served, and the guests arose to depart. Mihai-ul-nissa, still under the influence of opium, was placed in the palanquin, the women singers chanted the sad songs of parting, bringing tears from the eyes of the ladies

assembled ; and at last the leave-taking was over, and Ali Kuli Beg triumphantly marched home with his bride, as he showered gold and silver over her palanquin, and bombs and whizzing rockets flew to the skies. On reaching the mansion of Mirza Ali Kuli Beg, Mihar-ul-nissa was carried into a beautiful room which was prepared for her. They laid her on a soft bed and tried to rouse her, and failing, they communicated the news to Ali Kuli Beg. He anxiously came in ; he longed to see his wife again and alone, and so ordered them to leave him for a moment. His request was granted by the ladies assembled with some reluctance and humorous remarks.

“ Eh, wah,” said one lady, “ how impatient you are ! She will live always with you, why such haste ? ”

“ He has already lost his heart,” added another.

“ And his modesty too,” quoth a third.

But Ali Kuli Beg quietly submitted, and gained his wishes. When alone, he closed the door and then tried to revive Mihar-ul-nissa. After a great deal of trouble she opened her eyes and gazed in astonishment all around ; she rubbed her eyes and then opening them, she again closed them, and then sitting up in her bed she murmured, “ Am I dreaming ? Where am I ? ”

“ You are in your own home,” said Ali Kuli Beg stepping forward, “ in the house of your own loving husband.”

“ Husband ! ” shrieked Mihar-ul-nissa, jumping out of the bed and running to the door.

“ Beloved,” said Ali Kuli Beg, restraining her softly by the hand, “ pray calm yourself.”

“ How horrid looks your sheepskin cap ! ” cried Mihar-ul-nissa, disengaging herself and for the first time looking at her husband as her eyes shot fire and her cheeks glowed with indignation.

“ How beautiful,” murmured Ali Kuli Beg, “ what charm. Forgive me, dearest,” he added, drawing near.

“ Touch me,” cried Mihar-ul-nissa standing up and drawing a dagger from her bosom, which she had concealed for the purpose, “ and I will kill myself.”

“ Strike me, if you please,” said Ali Kuli Beg in a tone of entreaty, “ colour it in my blood, but hurt not a hair of your body.”

“ If you love me,” said Mihar-ul-nissa as a thought flashed through her mind, “ promise never to touch me for six months.”

“Cruel one,” said the enamoured Persian, “I promise what you ask me ; had you asked me to give up my life I would have gladly done it.”

“You promise on your word of honour, before God, with your face towards Mecca,” asked Mihar-ul-nissa.

“I do,” said Ali Kuli Beg.

“Then we can be friends,” said Mihar-ul-nissa, as she proffered him her hand to kiss. Ali Kuli Beg departed, transported with joy, as if he had drunk the waters of immortality in that kiss.

( *To be continued.* )

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## FROM WEST TO EAST.

THE comprehensive title of *East & West* prompts me to send from the West to the East—from Canada to Hindustan—a plea for closer union and brotherhood in our world-wide Empire. Among the valuable papers in this magazine it is pleasing to find several that counsel more concord in Hindustan and the removal of the racial and religious prejudices which are bars to combination. But I wish to say a word in favour of a wider union, of a consolidation of the whole Empire, a consolidation which would guarantee to all its members security, peace and progress.

Altruism may be concentrated or diffused. It may extend itself to mankind, like the divine altruism of the Buddha or the Christ. It may confine itself to the family, like the affection of some barbarians. This contraction of altruism is an instinct common to us with the beasts and needs no encouragement, but the broader forms of altruism—love for our country, our empire and mankind—are to be fostered and admired in ascending degrees. Some nations calling themselves enlightened and Christian refuse to admit even honest and healthy foreign labourers. No society to convert heathens is so much needed as a missionary movement to christianise Christians, to teach them to practise toward their brethren of all nations that goodwill which Christ so beautifully taught and which most Christian lands and individuals loudly profess and quietly ignore. When patriotism is so fervent and concentrated as to preclude due love and consideration for other nations, it is a menace to the peace and welfare of the world. Patriotism confined to India, or Ireland, or Canada, is to be admired, if it is not carried too far, but patriotism to the Britannic Empire, unless it degenerates into Jingoism, is likely to effect more for

mankind. And it is for this reason that the consolidation of the Empire is to some men a religion.

Of human instruments the British Empire is the one which has worked best for the happiness of the world. It diffuses freedom and light. It combats the demon of religious intolerance. It secures from aggression and revolution 23 per cent. of mankind, and, when consolidated, will secure us still more surely. It is the most benign and successful coloniser recorded in history. It respects and guards the laws and customs of its dependencies unless humanity forbids.

The British Isles and India keep their gates open to the desolate and oppressed of all lands. In their tariff policy, too, the British Isles and India treat foreigners as brothers, allowing them to interchange their products freely. In both these respects the British Isles and India keep to the Golden Rule more loyally than other members of the Empire. And they are also the only members who contribute their fair share to imperial defence.

Yet complete home rule, which has been granted to Canada, Australia and some provinces of South Africa, has not been granted to India. Self-government must be given to her also, but it must be given gradually. At present the prejudices of caste, religious animosities, child-marriages, and local objections to sanitary necessities, are some of the barriers to the concession of home rule. But, as the civilisation of India approximates more and more closely to that of the Anglo-Celtic portions of the Empire, instalments of home rule, like those suggested by Sir James Thornton, must be conceded to her. She must eventually become a co-ordinate partner in the Empire, if the staves of the unhooped barrel (to use Judge Haliburton's simile) do not fall apart before they are securely fastened together.

In 1897 Canada brought out a Jubilee postage stamp bearing the proud legend, "We hold a vaster Empire than has been." It would have been more modest and true to say "We hold on" to the Empire, for we in Canada were then contributing nothing towards holding it. We have now assumed the defence of Halifax and Esquimalt, which partly redeems us from the disgrace of sponging on the Motherland for our protection. If, instead of being confined to Canadian garrison duty, the new levies were placed at the

disposal of the War Office, they would be a more effective contribution to imperial defence. Besides, if they were permitted to go to Britain, India or Australia, interchanging with troops from other parts of the Empire, their travels would broaden their minds and those of their friends at home, and the sense of brotherhood between the various nations of the Empire would be increased.

The consolidation of the Empire on a federative basis involves the grant of full partnership by Britain to the great Colonies and the acceptance thereof by the latter. It seems to me desirable to test and ascertain the true feelings of the United Kingdom and the Colonies on this great subject, for if Britain will not rise to her imperial destiny and permit colonial representation in a remodelled Parliament, she does not deserve the headship of this world-wide Empire. If, on the other hand, any self-governing Colony should vote against contributing its fair share to the imperial services, it would be unfair that the other federating partners should go on bearing unreciprocated risks and responsibilities for the protection of a shirker. As that true imperialist, the Hon. Mr. Joseph Howe of Nova Scotia, wrote :—

If there are any communities of British origin anywhere who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain who and where they are; let us measure the proportions of political repudiation now, in a season of tranquillity, when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality.

And the same manly statesman declared that he "would not cling to England one single hour" after "the status to which we may reasonably aspire had been refused."

In a letter to King James I., Lord Bacon argued that "greatness of territory addeth strength" only when four conditions are present, and of these conditions one is "that no part or Province of the State be utterly unprofitable but do confer some use or service to the State."

There is a class of Colonials who have no sense of their imperial responsibilities or of the grandeur of belonging to such an Empire as ours; who show their gratitude by denying benefits and abusing their benefactor; whose idea of foreign policy is borrowed

from the hermit-crab. It is this class chiefly, who, when Britain disallows some contention of theirs, are apt to threaten loudly to "cut the painter." If the majority of their countrymen should wish to follow the lead of these gentry in any Colony, the sooner that Colony goes, the better for the Empire. Let them "cut the painter" and enjoy their expensive independence, as long as they can hold it ! The Empire can do without any such dependency. Even if it dwindles to the Three Kingdoms, and India and the coaling stations, it will remain second to no other empire in power and wealth. And no man can take away its proud record.

I do not, however, anticipate that any member of the Empire would prove so unworthy of its imperial birthright. The seeming reluctance of the great Colonies to demand a co-ordinate instead of a subordinate status is mainly due to the action of the politicians who, fearing to commit their party to an unknown issue, try to ridicule and stifle its discussion. They are aided by most of the newspapers, which are party organs. The government of the day is particularly averse to new issues, having always a reasonable expectation of winning on the old ones by the aid of its machinery and patronage. In the Dominion there is a special obstacle to bringing the federation of the Empire to a vote. It is assumed that French Canadians would solidly oppose it, and so they would, if the alternative were independence. But if they were persuaded of the truth, that the only practical alternative is annexation to the United States, I believe a large majority of them would choose imperial federation as the lesser evil. Roman Catholics are disposed to prefer monarchy to democracy; and, besides, the French Canadian hierarchy would lose some privileges and titles, while the public documents would not be printed in both French and English at Washington as they are at Ottawa. If the British Parliament offered Canada a co-ordinate position, like Ireland or Scotland, and asked that the decision be made by a plebiscite, so that neither political party would rise or fall by the result, or use its machinery to affect the vote, I believe that federation would carry the day. But ample time should be provided before the plebiscite, to enable both sides to put forward their arguments, and to convince the people that a vote against federation meant a vote for annexation.

Though it may not be too late to make this offer of partnership

now, the most opportune time seems to the writer to have passed already, at least so far as Canada is concerned. In 1897, as I wrote elsewhere, many signs had appeared that imperialism had risen towards its flood. The two Jubilees had effectually advertised the vastness and grandeur of the Empire; the pride of imperial citizenship—even of an uncontributing and unrepresented citizenship—had pervaded the Colonies. An affectionate veneration for the Great Queen was universal. A feeling of imperial brotherhood had shown itself here in the generous subscription for the starving Hindus initiated by the *Montreal Star*. Canada had presented an unsaltering front, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, when President Cleveland's interference in the boundary dispute of Venezuela and British Guiana made a rupture with the United States more than likely, although in such a war Canada would be the only vulnerable portion of the Empire. Her Press and even her politicians had displayed their indignation at the intrusive congratulations sent by the Kaiser to President Kruger, which for a short time threatened to involve a war with Germany. A preferential treatment, more valuable as an evidence of gratitude than in its commercial results, had been offered to the mother country in the new Canadian tariff. The resentment of Canadians at Jingo American efforts to starve them out of the Empire had been rising slowly for nearly a generation. Several politicians and papers that had sneered at movements for consolidating the Empire had recanted. A French Canadian had, for the first time, become Premier of the Dominion, and his compatriots were in the most favourable mood to accept any change that might seem generally desired by the English-speaking Provinces. The hour had apparently arrived, but not the man.

While Mr. Chamberlain deserves credit as the first English statesman who has recognised that unifying the Empire is the highest object of statecraft, it is to be feared that he has taken the wrong road. He will either succeed or fail in getting a British mandate to bargain with the Colonies for preferential treatment. If he succeeds, the Colonial manufacturers will probably prevent any tariff reductions sufficient to compensate Britain for the imposition of duties on foreign grain, and the bargainings would very likely end to nothing but recrimination and ill-feeling. If he fails in

securing the British mandate (as now seems likely), he will have furnished a plausible excuse to those colonials who wish to shirk their imperial burden. "No!" they can then say when any contribution is suggested, "if you had followed your great statesman, Chamberlain, we would have helped to consolidate the Empire in a practical business way, but you turned him down. No, not one cent!" Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain was misled by consulting colonial *politicians* too exclusively. As Colonial Secretary he was in constant contact with them, and they would have unanimously recommended his present policy, some because they felt it would prove nugatory, others because they hoped it might injure, and one or two because they hoped it might help, the federative movement.

India has given us the symbol and the hope of imperial federation in the banyan tree, whose shoots root themselves in the earth and help the parent trunk to sustain a mass of foliage that no other tree has generated or could support. But there are other reasons why the readers of *East & West* should feel interested in this federative movement. In the first place, federation would strengthen the Empire of which India is a part. Moreover, it would probably entail home-rule for all the federating partners, for the Imperial Parliament is already overcrowded with work, and it would be an anomaly for the remodelled Parliament to do the local legislation of England, Ireland and Scotland, while the junior partners retained their full rights of self-government. Indeed, the conviction that home-rule for each of the Three Kingdoms would be the natural corollary of federating the Empire restrains some English imperialists from advocating decisive action. But, as a corollary of imperial consolidation, home rule for Ireland would lose its dangers. The flood of imperial enthusiasm, which would be required to launch imperial federation, would swamp disaffection everywhere. Irish separatists, if any such remained, would have to reckon with a more imposing power than heretofore—with Britain reinforced by all the resources of her new partners.

Home rule would doubtless be extended gradually to India if she remained loyal and removed the few obstacles which at present debar her from full self-government. For the precedent of home rule and federal representation would have been established, and this means much in an Empire.

“ Where freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent.”

The time will come, if the unglued bundle of sticks does not fall apart, when Aryavarta, the abode of the Aryans, the land of colour and romance, of subtle philosophy and imaginative literature, will be a full and important partner in the federated Empire. Then, the galaxy of free States owing allegiance to the Crown, with the co-operation of the United States or of Japan, or of both, could dictate peace and unburden the nations tottering under the weight of their arms.

F. BLAKE CROFTON

*Halifax,  
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## RAJA SIR T. MADHAVA RAO, K.C.S.I.

OF the numerous luminaries that have dawned on and disappeared from the stage of the Indian world the hero of this brief paper is not the least.

He not only brought sunshine to the regions covered with perpetual darkness in India—the country which claims the privilege of begetting such a worthy progeny—but also dazzled the West by the light of his learning.

It was at Kumbokonam in the year 1828 that this eminent Indian administrator and reformer first saw the light of day. His father, R. Rang Rao—a very respectable Mahratta Brahmin, was previously Diwan in Travancore, the position which was afterwards meritoriously occupied by Madhava Rao—the worthy son of a worthy father.

The early days of Madhava Rao were spent in Madras where he received his education and began his career in life. Whilst quite a youth he was sent to the Presidency College, which was then known as the High School of the Presidency; and unlike his fellow-students he availed himself of every opportunity of developing his mental faculties, with the result that his academical career from the beginning to the end was a success. Mathematics, science and astronomy were the special subjects which he studied with particular attention and liking. He was so advanced in astronomy that once he surprised his Professor by ingeniously constructing microscopes and telescopes out of hollow bamboos and fragments of magnifying glass. Mr. Powell, who was so popular as an ideal Professor throughout Southern India, and who always took a very keen interest in his pupils, was astonished at the intellectual feats of his pupil, and began to cherish a still greater hope and affection for young Madhava Rao. In 1846 he closed his

brilliant student career by taking a first class degree with honours ; and through the kindness of his Professor, entered life as a teacher of Mathematics and Physics under him. Shortly after, however, he left the educational department to take up better employment in the Accountant-General's Office, which was the stepping stone to other high positions that he later on held in different capacities.

He had not served very long in the Accountant-General's Office when he was given the tutorship of the Travancore Princes, which opened to him a vista of prosperity. The late Maharaja and his famous predecessor both owed their education to him. He remained a tutor to the Princes only four years, after which he was given a responsible situation under the Diwan in the Revenue Department.

On taking charge of this responsible office he found that the Southern division of Travancore was infested with hereditary robbers, who created great havoc and misery among the people, and the distressed could not get any redress under the administration. Madhava Rao expelled the whole band of freebooters, and gave evenhanded justice to the afflicted, and increased the revenues of the division. For the good services which he rendered to the State he was promoted to the Diwan Peshkarship. This situation brought him to the real field of action where he could exercise his skill and utilise his capacities that were so far lying dormant. He lost no time in going into the *pros* and *cons* of every question, and soon realised the gravity of the situation.

The then Maharaja was a weak ruler, and most unfortunately his Diwan was also lacking the talent for administration. The result was that everything was shrouded in darkness ; and as very often is the case in Native States, the subordinate officers of the State, with a few honourable exceptions, were corrupt, their salaries were low, and to make the situation still worse, their pay was in arrears for over a year. Even the Government subsidy was left unpaid, and the State treasury was quite empty, commerce was suspended owing to transit difficulties and excessive import and excise duties, which only impoverished the people and contributed very little or nothing to the State.

This chaotic condition attracted the notice of Lord Dalhousie—

the then Governor-General—who, being fired with an insatiable zeal for annexation, determined to add Travancore to the British territories ; and with this express purpose His Excellency lost no time in going to Ootacamund to arrange the terms of annexation with the Madras Government. At this critical juncture, the Maharaja appealed to Madhava Rao for help, which he readily gave by successfully rescuing Travancore from the clutches of the Government.

When the question of annexation was about to be raised, Madhava Rao stepped in and asked for seven years' time to better the plight of the tottering State, which the Government was graciously pleased to grant. This being done, Madhava Rao assumed the office of Prime Minister—the highest position to which one can aspire in a native State, at the early age of thirty, and judiciously commenced his administration with fiscal reforms. He found the finances in a wretched condition, and the whole country subjected to obnoxious taxes and oppressive monopolies—the most oppressive being the pepper monopoly. He abolished the monopoly system altogether, and to recoup the loss in the State revenues, he introduced the export duty at 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, which he afterwards lowered to 9 per cent. and ultimately to 5 per cent. Next he grappled with the tobacco monopoly. The scale of duty, which was abnormally high, he deemed fit to lower ; and on payment of a certain import duty permitted the dealers to import goods on their own account instead of purchasing and selling them on retail to the subjects. These light duties encouraged the import trade enormously, and thus sluggish traffic became infused with activity and hopeful prospect. The system of general taxation was the third reformatory measure that attracted his attention. He abolished all the minor taxes that yielded little to the State, but proved most vexatious to the people.

In the middle of 1863-64 he cut down the export and import duties, and for these honest labours and valuable services rendered to the Travancore State he was made a K. C. S. I. by the British Government ; a distinction which he so richly deserved. In the same year he also became a Fellow of the Madras University. But most unfortunately for the State, in which he evolved order out of all-pervading chaos, the evil advisers who lurk in almost every Native State poisoned the ears of the weak Maharaja against such a

successful administrator, and Sir Madhava Rao, not being versed in the arts of flattery, plotting and under-hand dealing, that are the essential attributes of currying favour with weak Princes, to avoid further misunderstanding, wisely tendered his resignation; and thus the connection of the great Indian Diwan with the Travancore State, which but for him would have formed part of the British dominions, was brought to a close, and the Diwan, after closing the preliminary chapter of his life, retired on a monthly pension of Rs. 1,000, which he enjoyed for nineteen years.

• Sir Madhava Rao wanted to pass his days quietly in Madras; but this was not to be. The news of his retirement from the Travancore State spread far and wide, and on its reaching England, the late Mr. Henry Fawcett, M. P., moved the Secretary of State for India in a very stirring speech to utilise the knowledge, experience and skill that was lying hidden in Sir T. Madhava Rao, by providing him with an appropriate situation under the Government of India. The Secretary of State lost no time in urging on the Government of India the advisability and necessity of an early and suitable provision for the distinguished Indian knight who had won his spurs at Travancore; and the Government of India had not to wait long for a suitable opportunity. Just at that time His Highness Tukoji Rao Holkar of Indore, who stood in need of an able administrator, applied to the Government of India to help him by deputing some competent man to put the Indore affairs in order. The offer was instantly made to Sir T. Madhava Rao who accepted it for a couple of years. He assumed the duties of his new office in Indore, and set about his work with untiring zeal and perseverance.

Indore, though not so complicated as Travancore, stood in need of many administrative reforms which only a man of Sir Madhava Rao's calibre could accomplish. He soon improved Indore as he had done Travancore by constructing good roads, wells and tanks; (quite unlike those that are now-a-days constructed under the Court of Wards management). They were taken up and completed really with a view to benefit the State and the general public. He drafted the Indore Penal Code which won him the same honour as the writing of the Indian Penal Code did for the gifted Macaulay. He wrote very learned and comprehensive minutes on the extension of railways in Indore, and on the

opium question, which were afterwards utilised by his successors. The term of Sir Madhava Rao's engagement with the Indore Government terminated in 1874, but he was prevailed upon to stay for another year.

At this time Mulhar Rao, the unfortunate Gaekwar of Baroda, was deposed, and Baroda affairs were so very mysterious and complicated, that immediate steps were taken to restore order and lay the foundations of a peaceful administration. The Government of India rightly thought that the services of Sir T. Madhava Rao were indispensable at such a critical stage; and consequently a request was made to the Holkar to spare him for Baroda State, who readily complied, and the great Indian, after closing the second chapter of his life at Indore, was put at the helm of the Baroda Government to win fresh laurels. He became Diwan regent of Baroda in 1875. The affairs there were not so light as at Indore, nor were they less complicated than those that he had to cope with and overcome at Travancore. In fact, this time he was launched on a real theatre of war and had to fight a series of pitched battles, so to say. On entering into details he found that Baroda affairs were in frightful confusion. Of all the others, the Revenue administration, which was based on the feudal system, sadly stood in need of radical reformation. The State revenues were entrusted to a certain number of nobles, known as Sirdars, who in their turn leased them to people styled Sahukars. These Sahukars, with their paraphernalia of armed bands, practised all sorts of atrocities on the perishing people, to enrich themselves, with the result that the poor were oppressed, plundered and kept in subjection by these greedy tyrants and there was none to listen to their roll of grievances. The officers could neither dispense justice on account of having received a consideration from the Sirdars, nor could they resume the right of collecting revenues. But Sir T. Madhava Rao could not tolerate corrupt rule, and by sheer dint of intelligence, without strangling justice, he compelled the Sirdars to sell their rights by forcing special acts on them. The Sirdars would not mildly yield, and the astute lawyers on their behalf not only quoted law and precedent but threatened to appeal to the Secretary of State for redress. In spite of these heavy odds the Diwan did not budge an inch, and by entreaty, intimidation, and

transportations of turbulent spirits to distant places, he succeeded in restoring order and maintaining peace to some extent.

Another difficulty in connection with urgent reform that cropped up was the undefined position of the Sirdars, who held absolute rights over land on condition of furnishing troops or money to the State, when asked to do so. And the control of the Sirdars over the land hampered Sir Madhava Rao's policy of sound administration, and their ejectment would be a digression from law and justice. In overcoming this difficulty Sir Madhava Rao displayed a master-stroke of Indian statesmanship. The Sirdars had evaded payment of the pecuniary demands made by the State in former times, and so they were indebted to it. Sir Madhava Rao, after carefully examining the old records, summoned the Sirdars and asked them to pay the dues, without delay, with interest, for 17 or 18 years; and he attached their rights in default of payment. They were taken by surprise, and failing in any legitimate pleas, they wanted to kick up a row and create a sensation. But Sir Madhava Rao was as stern as ever, and at once sent the unruly ones to other places. The peaceful and well meaning Sirdars came forward and sold their rights for large considerations, and in this way the State once more resumed the absolute right of realising revenues, and thus the iron rule vanished with the downfall of the despotic Sardars and Sahukars. The other problem that required a well-conceived solution was the disbandment of the armed regiment (consisting of Arabs and Ethiopians) maintained by the State, which committed ravages on the people and constantly disturbed the peace of the State. Sir Madhava Rao disbanded it entirely by giving the Arabs and the Ethiopians civil employments.

He introduced many other notable administrative and educational reforms by systematically organising courts of law, police, public schools, libraries and various other useful institutions for the improvement of the masses. He did away with the useless staff and replaced it by getting able men on handsome salaries from Madras and Bombay to help the administration. There were a good many petty taxes that did not profit the State but were a curse to the people, and all these were abolished by the able Diwan regent. To improve the sanitation of the State he reconnoitred every nook and corner of Baroda and destroyed the narrow, evil

smelling alleys, pulled down the rows of filthy houses and constructed good metalled roads and fine buildings in their stead. He also laid out fine parks and museums for the recreation and instruction of the people. He formed the Council to administer the State during the Maharaja's minority, which was composed of the British Resident and the important departmental heads.

Whilst looking after so many different affairs of pressing importance he supervised the education of the young Gaekwar, whom he frequently instructed personally. In 1877 he was invited by Lord Lytton to attend the great Imperial assemblage at Delhi with his royal ward, to which request he readily responded. Lord Lytton not only honoured himself in honouring "the distinguished Indian knight by treating him with marked consideration ; but he also conferred the title of Raja on him in commemoration of that auspicious occasion. Raja Sir T. Madhava Rao was elected a Fellow of the Bombay University whilst he was Diwan Regent of Baroda. But when the Gaekwar came of age and was installed on the gaddi, most unfortunately differences arose between the Raja and the Maharaja, when the former thought it prudent to resign and retire to pass the remainder of his days away from all bustle and confusion. Thus the worthy Raja Sir Madhava Rao severed his connection with the Baroda State, and at the time of closing the third chapter of his public career he received a bonus of three lakhs of rupees from the Gaekwar.

He again withdrew to Madras and devoutly began to worship the goddess of letters. Periodicals and newspapers formed an important part of his studies. But on retirement he did not cease to do what he could for his fellow-countrymen. He took a most lively interest in problems relating to social and political reforms. In the field of social reforms he advocated the absolute necessity of "female education," and "the suppression of early marriages." He adhered to moderate views and was of opinion that the Hindu Shastras required considerable modification before they could be of any practical use to the existing condition of society ; and in spite of his high Government distinctions he was not wanting in moral courage.

In 1887 he manfully joined the Indian National Congress to advocate the cause of his country and people, and was unanimously

elected Chairman of the reception Committee of the third Indian National Congress. He frequently contributed valuable articles to the press and his "Observations on the Transit of Venus" established his reputation as an astronomer among the European nations. In 1885 he presided over the deliberations of the Malabar Land Tenure Commission at the request of Sir M. E. Grant Duff, and in 1887 at the request of Lord Connemara he delivered a very learned address to the Madras graduates at the University Convocation. In 1888 he was again offered a seat on the Viceregal Council, which he had to decline on account of old age. He sent a small article on German occupation of Africa to Prince Bismarck, who being struck with the suggestions laid down therein, not only thanked the author in an autograph letter, but distributed it to his soldiers, after having it translated into German. But alas ! the continuous strain on his nerves brought on a stroke of paralysis in 1890, and after lingering for another year one of the brightest stars of India was for ever shut off from view.

May he rest in peace !

PRITHIPAL SINGH.

*Bara Banki.*

## EMILIE DE MORSIER.

“She died of devotion, died of enthusiasm for Justice and Truth.”—(*Letter from Mlle. Wild to Mme. de Morsier’s son*.)

If after a generation or two, some treasure-hunting man of letters has the good fortune to stumble upon one of the little works which Mme. de Morsier reserved for her own family circle, a few lines will convince him of the personality of form and thought in its unpublished pages. Enraptured to have discovered, not a mere bundle of faded manuscript, but a living, vibrating soul, he will proceed to collect from far and near everything that seems to be connected with the life and work of this remarkable woman; and in future years our grand-nephews will be placed in possession of a book as fascinating as a romance, on *one of the most strenuous women-pioneers of the 19th century*.

After suggesting (as I conjecture) the atmosphere of civic virtues and Huguenot traditions of Protestant Geneva, where, in the shadow of church-spikes, Mlle. Emilie Naville spent her childhood, he would introduce her to us—using the pretty words of an old lady-friend—“in the grace of her youth. She had come to see her mother before going to a party; a light mauve silk dress showed off to perfection her elegant figure of a Diana the Huntress; a scarf of blond-lace covered her white shoulders, and the curls of her golden hair formed a frame around her refined and serious features . . . .” Here the future biographer would not fail to note that if Mlle. Naville was of a pale complexion, with blue eyes and auburn hair, it was by reason of the Scotch blood inherited from her mother, whose maiden name was Todd; while by the unaffected freedom of her gestures and speech, she clearly showed herself to be, through her father, the distinguished Louis Naville, a

free daughter of free Helvetia—with all the implication of moral courage which that stereotyped phrase contains. And with a wealth of information his pages would reconstruct her healthy, normal childhood, the Puritan family, and that austere Geneva of 1860, so unlike the cosmopolitan Geneva of to-day that indeed it seems difficult to affirm that they are one and the same city.

Then, in the second chapter, after telling how Mlle. Naville, "at the dawn of her twentieth year, placed her little hand in the strong hand of M. Gustave de Morsier," after taking us into the country as guests at her wedding festivities (for the bride had set her heart upon being married in the Genevan village of which her father had for over fifty years been Mayor and benefactor), the author would give us a description of the young couple settling down into their new home outside the walls of Paris in the gloomy suburb of St. Mandé. The deep but somewhat narrow horizon of Geneva was now widened. New perspectives opened up before her inquiring mind; new aims presented themselves for the activity which to this Christian woman was a necessity. After the education of the home came the education of life . . . and the anguish of the terrible year was about to give completeness to the heroine's consciousness of her personality. "She was no longer the young beauty in her silk dress," writes the old friend already quoted, "but a charming housewife in a white apron, cleverly philosophising about metamorphosis while wiping the breakfast-cup; there were the same grace, the same whiteness, the same freshness. She had valiantly accepted her destiny, not with bowed head, but upright, with lance and buckler, and already with a sense of indignation against injustice."

Thus, chapter after chapter, would be unrolled the chronicle of the twenty-seven years of Mme. de Morsier's life in Paris. We should see her a happy mother, surrounded by her three children, who, be it said, have been worthy sons of such a mother. We should see her as an intellectual woman, zealous to discover and active in translating such foreign works, as seemed to her to bring something new in the spiritual order. We should see her as an apostle of social work, bending down in pity over human suffering with a sympathy that grew more and more intense. We should see her perturbed in spirit, wandering through the labyrinths of

dogma, riding at adventure into the mysteries of existence, but ever so that the light of her faith did not burn dim. Finally, in the painfully affecting words of a Genevan pastor, we should see her "at noon tide, as at eventide of her career, worn out in heart as well as in body, afflicted to the very marrow, the very articulations of her soul."

Unfortunately, such a book cannot be written by anyone of our generation. Mme. de Morsier has left behind her a direct line of descendants, and Protestant families do not readily admit the public into their intimacy. They have scruples on this point which Catholic families do not feel. Therefore I am inclined to think that if there were to be found in this intellectual circle an Augusta Craven—and there is one, if I am correctly informed—to give us new *Tales*, not, in this case, *of a Sister*, but *of a Sister-in-Law*—the sons and grandsons of the deceased lady might be opposed to the idea. And certainly we could only commend them for showing her such delicate respect. Yet from a more general point of view, one might regret that they should deprive their contemporaries of such a lesson in Tolstoism, and that they should allow the memory of a woman to be effaced—not indeed for themselves, but for those who have caught no more than a glimpse of Mme. de Morsier—who was an admirable *sower of the seeds of hope*.

These pages of psychological notes, in which biographical indications are reduced to the indispensable minimum, have no other purpose than to prepare the way for the work which may be written when we have passed away. They present, in anticipation of the full-length portrait, a miniature of the face, at once so energetic and so charming, of Emilie de Morsier. My aim will be to show wherein and wherefore she was a woman of action; to indicate how sympathetic was the heart that beat within this public speaker's breast; and above all, what a mysterious soul lit up the beauty of her blue eyes. Few European women are more deserving of the attention of Asiatic men of letters, since, as we shall explain, this seeker after the Ideal, after being drawn by instinct towards Hindu philosophy, believed she had found the ethical hyphen which would unite Christianity to Buddhism and identify the Saviour of Bethlehem with the Saviour of Kapilavastu.

## I

Mme. de Morsier, who from her childhood had always been a

witness of her family's charitable zeal, was accustomed to take a practical view of what is perhaps the most meritorious of the three cardinal virtues. Yet the good that she was able to do in connection with church-work, first at Geneva, then at St. Mandé, and finally in Paris, did not satisfy the need she felt for self-devotion.

It seemed to her that her efforts would yield more decisive results if, instead of being expended more or less at random, as calls for help occurred, they were grouped together in a sheaf of good-will around one aim and one idea. What she sought was a cause that should fill her with the enthusiasm to devote her life to it.

One winter evening, in January 1875, she was induced by the, as she then thought, over-urgent requests of a lady-friend, to go to a public meeting, where an Englishwoman, Mrs. Josephine Butler, spoke, as she well knew how, on the somewhat repugnant subject—let us make this admission—the question of the regeneration of fallen women. "I remember as if it were but yesterday," writes the president of the *Fédération* later, "the attitude of Emilie de Morsier, her look when I proclaimed their wrongs, and the ardour with which she responded to my appeal." It was a transformation of the charitable Christian woman into a woman of action. Mme. de Morsier had found a field for the exercise of her unwearying activity, but alas! what stony ground! More than mere courage was necessary; it required faith to venture on such a task. At once becoming a member of the executive committee (as she remained for twenty-one years, up to the day of her death) the courageous woman quickly grasped the need for specialisation. Among so many pressing questions the cause of the female prisoners released from St. Lazare seemed to her the most urgent, the cause at least that could yield immediate and tangible results. From that moment she devoted all her strength to this difficult task, with heroic patience and courage, and without sparing either her time, her pocket, or her person.

Let us briefly consider the object of this humanitarian work, the least disputable of all those which the crusade of the *Fédération* has called into being.

It is well known that in Paris there exists only one prison for females, that of St. Lazare. Of all objections to this state of things it is perhaps the least that here are herded together in the most

pernicious promiscuity not only prisoners awaiting trial but also convicts and other low women. The poor little shop-girl accused of a trifling theft of a piece of ribbon shares the same dormitory with the abandoned wretch who "knifes" the passer-by under the arches of the bridges. Far from being a social sanatorium, such a prison seems to be a very school for vice. Women enter it sometimes innocent, but all come out, if not criminal, at least ready to become so. These unfortunates when released, branded with the infamous stigma of St. Lazare, have no other resource but either to die of hunger, or to descend to a still lower circle in the Inferno of human suffering.

Mme. de Morsier's idea was to receive these prisoners at their liberation, and, by helping them to get through the first few weeks, to shew them the possibility of a better future. Instead of the severe regulations which religious institutions impose upon what the priests call penitent women, she held out her hands, and not merely figuratively, to those whom she had the splendid courage to call her "sisters," going so far as to declare in one of her addresses that from her point of view "the soul of the poor prostitute counted for as much in infinite evolution as did that of a woman of the upper classes! . . . ."

When Mme. de Morsier was asked what was the object of her active interest, she would reply by the following anecdote, which in reality has a symbolical signification.

"One morning when in the performance of my duty I went into the gloomy prison whose very name has taken on such a repulsive meaning that one hesitates to pronounce it in public, one of the good sisters of Marie-Joseph stopped me on the main staircase, and commended to my attention quite a young girl who was about to be set at liberty at the expiration of her first sentence, which was, by the way, a very slight one. Fearing the effect upon her easy-going conscience of the contact of the work-rooms, the sisters had made her their own servant. Under the brown prisoner's cap, from beneath which her golden curls escaped in riotous confusion, the little *Manon* was a spring poem. While we were speaking about her, the door suddenly opened and there appeared before our eyes a tall woman draped in a tragic black cloak. Through the heavy

\* Address by Mme. de Morsier at the Congress of Feminist Societies, May, 1892.

flowers of a veil of Spanish lace her face showed the indelible marks of the shameful malady, and her black eyes that must once have been wonderful, were opened in such a fixed stare that I threw a questioning glance at the sister. At this moment, this degraded creature *Elisa* began to utter hoarse cries mingled with obscenities. Among the unintelligible oaths one perceptible phrase kept returning, the *leit-motiv*, as it were, of this filth and madness : ' My father died of a broken heart. ' .

That is why Mme. de Morsier had renounced all the literary and social ambitions which her intelligence and birth would have enabled her to realise ; why with abnegation beyond the courage of the great majority of women she had sacrificed her ease and the quietude of domesticity ; why she went so far as to exceed her strength and compromise her health, wearing herself out in the attempt to cure the social evil, her pity growing more intense in proportion as she discerned more clearly the horror of it all. Everything, even the impossible, must be tried to prevent poor *Manon* from becoming a lost one like *Elisa*, and to ensure that she, regenerated by work, and retrieved by regular life, might become a *Manette*, that is to say, the brave wife of an honest workman, the happy mother of a happy family.

To this end Mme. de Morsier used to go once or twice a week to the prison of St. Lazare, and after consultation with the Sisters of Mercy, to make the acquaintance of those among the prisoners for whom there still remained some hope. It was not a question of preaching to them, or teaching them the articles of faith, but it was her aim, by dint of tact, leniency and sympathy, to gain their confidence, to win their affection. In this way the heroine gradually discovered—to use her own words—“in criminals, murderesses, and prostitutes, moral possibilities of which the police, men of the world, and doctors have never suspected the existence . . . ” \*

In proportion as she expended her compassion on her terrible

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\* May I be here permitted to point out the agreement between the thought of Mme. de Morsier and the Buddhist dogma. "No living being", we read in paragraph 118 of the Buddhist Catechism, "is excluded from perfection. Each is capable—perhaps after a long series of re-incarnations—of attaining to understanding and completion provided that he has the will to do so." (*Introduction to the Teaching of Buddha Gautama*, by Subhadra Bhiksu, translated by Werner Mecklenburg. 1st vol. Eggiman & Co. Geneva, 1902.)

task in like measure she felt—as she admirably puts it—“the distance grow less between herself and those miserable beings, those imperfect, ignorant, and sick women whom society drags behind it like the rear-guard of a routed army.” \*

Then, when the day of release arrived, Mme. de Morsier would put herself at the service of the prisoner she had taken upon herself to protect. Now the prisoners were let out early in the morning, but no matter, she had to be there. Just consider the wonderful courage of this cultured lady, who might have become famous for her wit or beauty. She gets up before daybreak ; hastily clothes herself in dark-coloured garments ; crosses Paris in the omnibus crowded with workmen going to their work, and heedless of fog and cold she mounts guard outside the ill-omened walls, ready to receive as a member of her family, may-be the victim of a police raid, or the heroine of some murder trial.

Alas ! it was not always easy to bring the derelict into harbour. The homes are insufficient, and moreover, these delinquents hesitate to cross their threshold. In desperate cases it has happened that the bold woman dared to take a released prisoner into her own home ! . . . . One of these unfortunates having a child, a poor mite that had been growing up in the shadow of prison walls, Mme. de Morsier was not afraid to bring the convict’s son home to her own children’s nursery. “I took the little white prison-flower and left it with my little boy, a child of five, telling them to play together.” †

If any one thought fit to interpose, saying “It is too much ; you are going beyond all bounds !” this apostle of benevolence would reply, “No, it is not too much ; and indeed, can it ever be too much ? From the day when we see that there is a humanitarian duty as imperative as individual duty or duty to one’s family, we must be prepared for every sacrifice. The inner voice tells me : You must renounce repose, pleasures, tastes, preferences, and even your dearest friendships, in order to fulfil the task that you have accepted !”

And when in moments of weariness, doubts would rise in her

\* Letter from Mme. de Morsier to the periodical, *The Shield*, December, 1878.

† Address by Mme. de Morsier at the general meeting of the society for aiding released prisoners of St. Lazare, on Feb. 19, 1893.

mind as to the efficacy of her intervention, a terrible memory from her early acts of charity which many a time floated through her discourses like a vision of horror, would revive her zeal, pursuing her like remorse. The young mistress of a brilliant officer had fallen into distress. The police having been called in connection with debts she owed, and finding the unhappy girl without resources and without a trade, had her officially inscribed on the list of degraded women. Mme. de Morsier interposed, but in order that intervention might be of some avail, it was necessary that the deserted girl should go into a home. Now the discipline of the religious houses was as repugnant to her as the police-license ; she feared the name of *penitent* as much as that of *prostitute*. Before her benefactress had found a middle way, the unhappy girl killed herself. This corpse in its wretchedness and beauty—we may say that Emilie de Morsier saw it always before her. Literally, without hyperbole, her eyes wept over this weeping face : “Sleep, poor white slave, in the depths of the boundless sea,” she exclaimed like a true poet, “may the green seaweed yield thy blighted corpse a winding-sheet of hope. We who weep over thee, we believe that thou wilt awake one day in a land where truth is queen and where the soul of woman is not weighed in the balance of man’s justice.” \*

That Mme. de Morsier may have held, on such subjects as legal prostitution, the white slave traffic, and the right to love, ideas which hardly seem to harmonise with the state of civilisation in which we still live, is very probable. A political economist of smaller moral worth than she, but of a better-schooled intelligence, once warned her admiringly, “ You are going the wrong way ! . . . ” She naturally would hear nothing of this, and her discussions with Maxime du Camp have already become a matter of history, but in her inmost heart, especially towards the end, after so many bitter experiences, was she indeed so fully convinced as she claimed to be ? Certain expressions in her later addresses suggest that she had some doubts whether the time was yet ripe for the realisation of her dream of humanity purified by love.

However that may be, even those who by no means share the social views of Mme. de Morsier will admit, I think, that this noble woman kept well within the proper sphere of her sex in working

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\* Address by Mme. de Morsier at the *Penitentiary Congress* in Paris, July 1895.

for the deliverance of the white slaves, and that she had earned the right to do so, since she had the courage to give up her life in earnest of her work. Another large-hearted woman has established this too clearly for me here to omit to give Mme. de Morsier the moral support of Comtesse Valérie de Gasparin :

For a long time, (writes the authoress of "Near Horizons"), I held that the place of Christian societies was in the vanguard of the crusade against legalised vice. But experience (which one is never too old to gain) has taught me that I was wrong. One soils more than one's hands in handling dirt. The struggle against this evil and the work of reclamation belong, by their very nature, to women ; it is for them to hold out a helping hand to their sisters caught in the quicksand, for them to protest vigorously. Let men who are thoroughly mature not only in years but also in character ; let the veterans, bronzed in the fire and smoke of battles, take upon themselves the theoretical part of the question, handle it before the public—it is their work. But I think that direct relations with the women to be lifted up ought to be confined exclusively to the sex to which these unfortunates belong. We risk nothing thereby but painful shocks. A man risks terrible falls ; *let us not tempt Satan ! He is not at a loss for traps to ensnare us . . .\**

(*To be continued.*)

ERNEST TISSOT.

Paris.

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\* Unpublished letter, without date, from Comtesse Valérie de Gasparin to Professor David Tissot.

## GOETHE'S RELIGION.

THE following pages contain a translation of the first part of a small volume of extracts from Goethe, entitled *Meine Religion; mein Politischer glaube*. These have been collected by Dr. W. Bode, of Weimar; they are all passages in which Goethe speaks in the first person; and they are arranged in such a way as to yield a sort of connected statement of the writer's religious faith.\* The connection, of course, is not perfect; but the object aimed at is sufficiently well attained, and the reader is presented with a tangible account of Goethe's creed stated in his own words.

Dr. Bode kindly gave me permission to publish a translation of his book in an Indian periodical, and I do so, in order to make Indian readers acquainted with a great mystic philosopher of the West. It is much to be regretted that we have no English writer of the same type as Goethe, whose writings exhibit in such a clear and attractive light the practical mysticism of Europe. It is not to be understood that even an admirer of Goethe necessarily finds his work complete, as certainly it is not from the Christian's point of view. But he lays the foundations of something higher than so-called "materialism," and he lays them in a way congenial to the western spirit. The critical reader may interest himself in considering what correction he would like to make in Goethe's system; or what he would like to add to it. This task would be approached very differently by (say) a Protestant and by a Vedantist of the Advaita school.

The passages in italics represent translations from Goethe's poetry.

*Within the purity of our breast there stirs an impulse to yield ourselves freely and gratefully to something higher, purer and unknown; to unbosom ourselves to some being for ever nameless; we call this "devotion."* How-

ever strongly the earth attracts man, with her myriad objects of sense, still he lifts his eyes wistfully towards the infinite vault of heaven, because he feels himself deeply and clearly a citizen of that spiritual kingdom, in which he can neither wholly believe nor wholly refuse to believe. As we look on all that surrounds us, we feel bound to assume an activity preceding it ; as we contemplate this activity, we must assign to it an element of matter, which enabled it to set to work ; and finally, we must conceive this activity and this element of matter as eternally co-existing. This vast power, located as a person, presents itself to us as a God, a Creator and Preserver.

Certainly everything in Nature is in a state of change, but behind this change reposes somewhat that is eternal.

*To recreate the created, that nothing may sink into death—to this end works an eternal living activity. What was not yet shall now be born, in the pure sun and the many-coloured earth ; there must be no repose. There must ever be a stir of motion, a creative act, a birth and then a change of form ; only to ourselves is there a moment's pause ; the Eternal is ever stirring in all things.*

Nature and we men alike are so penetrated by the divine, that it embraces us ; that we live and move and have our being in it ; that in all our sorrows and joys we obey eternal laws ; we work them out and they work out themselves on us, whether we know it or not. The God-head is active in this world of birth and change.

Behind every being stands the higher idea. What, indeed, is all our intercourse with Nature really worth, if we confine ourselves to processes of analysis, and deal merely with isolated material objects, without perceiving the breath of the spirit, that prescribes to each isolated part its own line of action, and furnishes an indwelling law to forbid or sanction each departure from it. What can we learn from these isolated parts or their names. I desire to know what it is that so inspires every isolated part of the universe that it seeks the rest, whether as master or servant ; what it is that bestows on each part its capacity for a higher or lower place, in accordance with a law of reason that is born in all things and proceeds from all ? I do not ask whether the Supreme Being possesses reason or comprehension ; but I feel that it is reason and comprehension itself. That for me is God, that is the God whom we all continually seek and hope to behold.

But we can only surmise Him ; we cannot behold him. The Divine Being never allows us any direct knowledge of Himself ; we behold Him only in reflections, illustrations, symbols, and manifestations, through

individuals or bodies of men; we become aware of Him as life inconceivable, and yet we cannot put away the wish to conceive Him. Common people deal with God as though this inconceivable Being, whose infinity passes the limit of thought, was not very different from themselves. Otherwise they would not say, the Lord God, dear God or good God. With them, and especially with clergymen, who are constantly speaking of Him, He becomes a phrase, a mere name, which suggests nothing beyond itself. But if they were penetrated by His majesty, they would be silent; their sense of reverence would not even permit them to name Him.

No man can deprive himself of the religious sense, moreover, no man finds it possible to exercise it in lonely isolation. That is why men seek a religious communion or else make proselytes. This latter proceeding is not in my line; the former search I have honestly carried out and yet I have found from the beginning of the world no communion to which I could completely attach myself. Now in my old age, however, I find myself a member of a band of "independents" who, hemmed in by heathens, Jews and Christians, have declared their intention to treasure the best and most perfect conception they can find, to revere and honour, and, so far as close relations with the Godhead are really needful, to pray to it. Thus, in this dark age I found a cheerful light; for I felt that all my life long I had really been endeavouring to qualify myself for an Independent. If you ask me, whether it lies in my nature to reverence Christ and pray to Him, I may answer, Certainly. I bow to Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If you ask whether it lies in my nature to reverence the sun, once more I answer, Certainly! For the sun too is a manifestation of the highest, and without doubt the most powerful that the children of the earth are privileged to perceive. In it I adore the light and the creative power of God. God was visible in Christ and his first followers; he was also visible in Luther. Each productive impulse of the highest order, each penetrating effort of the intellect, each great thought that is fruitful in results, each of those things lies beyond the individual's means and is higher than any earthly power. Such things are received by man as unexpected gifts from above; we must view them as pure children of God, which we are bound to accept and honour with joyful gratitude. In such cases we must view man as clearly the product of a higher controlling power, as an object which has been found worthy to hold a stream of divine influence. God did by no means rest after his six days of creation, (so conceived by us), rather He is still at work

as in the beginning. Assuredly, He would have found little joy in creating this world rough-hewn out of its simple elements, had He not possessed the design to make this material substructure a nursery for a spiritual race. Accordingly, He is still active in higher natures, in order to raise the lower. To hear common people speak, you would suppose they thought that since those early days God had retired into a silent retreat, and men were now set on their own feet and must try to succeed without God and His daily invisible inspiration. In religious and moral affairs people generally admit that the influence of God is at work; in matters of knowledge and art they imagine they see something earthly, the work of human powers alone. But let them only try by an effort of human will and human powers to produce something worthy to set alongside with creations of Shakespeare, Raphael and Mozart. Even in our enjoyment, when it is enjoyment of the highest kind, the Divine Spirit of the world is at work. *Were not the eye capable of the sun, it could not perceive the sun, did not God's own power reside within us, how could the divine attract us?*

We are thrilled by the recital of every good deed, by the sight of every harmonious object; we feel that we are not moving in an alien world; we dimly perceive that we have drawn near to a home of our own, which our best and inmost nature constantly strives to approach. Even the brute creation proclaim the spirit and activity of God. Did not God inspire the birds with overwhelming affection for their young, did not the same instinct pervade all living nature, the world could not endure! But this is how the power of God is everywhere dispersed and the eternal love at work. A young sculptor showed me the model of Myron's cow suckling her calf. The instinct to nourish which pervades the whole of nature and sustains the world is here displayed in a beautiful illustration. These and similar pictures I call tone-symbols of the omnipresence of God.

*Wilt thou pass into the infinite? Penetrate then the finite on every hand. Wilt thou revive thyself at the fount of the whole? Then must thou perceive the whole in its smallest part.*

Still more clearly do we perceive the divine, when we observe love helping strangers in need. Eckermann, that friend of our birds, once told me how he once caught two young wrens that still required feeding by the old birds; and lost them on the way home. After some days he returned to the spot where the helpless little creatures must have escaped, and after some searching he found them in a robin's nest; the old robin had taken them in and fed them with its own offspring.

If any one can hear that and not believe in God, Moses and the Prophets cannot help him. That is what I mean by the omnipresence of God, who has dispersed and implanted a part of his infinite love everywhere; and even in the brute has placed a bud to indicate what will blossom as a perfect flower in noble men.

We must learn to perceive that what we have observed and studied in the simplest cases exists and claims our faith in the universe. The simple aspect of things is obscured when they are seen in all their manifold relations; and it is through their simple aspect that I learn to admit that faith which is not the beginning but the end of all knowledge.

To recognise God, wherever and in whatever form He reveals Himself, this is true blessedness on earth. The critical reason has disallowed the teleological proof of God's existence; I will not complain of this. But what is not valid as a proof may carry weight as a feeling. May we not feel in the thunderstorm the neighbourhood of an overmastering power; in the perfume of flowers and the whisper of warm breezes the approach of a loving Being?

*Did the Holy Father, the Ancient of Days, with steadfast hand send forth from the rolling clouds lightnings to bless the earth, I would kiss the hem of His garments, with child-like awe sealed in my constant breast.*

Trust and resignation are the true foundation of all higher religion; we must submit ourselves to a higher will that disposes events, and remains inconceivable by us exactly because it is higher than our powers of reason and comprehension. That which men cannot calculate in their undertakings; that which prevails most forcibly in the very sphere where their own power ought to be most conspicuous—chance, as they call it—is nothing else than God, who intervenes here directly with His supreme power. The problems of earthly life compel us to bow to chance, that is, to Providence and its inscrutable riddles; they demand unconditional resignation as the highest law in every sphere, political, moral, or religious. It is idle in this world to strive after our own wills. I must surrender what I wished to keep; and a favour I did not deserve is thrust upon me. The events of our life take a secret course which cannot be calculated.

*What is destined to happen must happen! In trivial affairs much depends on choice and will; the highest occurrences proceed we know not whence.*

Our physical life, as well as our life in society; moral rules, customs, worldly wisdom, philosophy, religion, indeed many casual occurrences,

all proclaim that we must renounce. Still, there are few men who make a general renunciation once and for all, to avoid partial renunciations. These men convince themselves regarding eternal truth, the necessity and law, and seek to form for themselves such conceptions as those which are indestructible.

I am not very willing to split my head over the subject of free-will; and it is difficult to say anything definite about it. A man need only announce his opinion that he is free, and that very instant he finds himself conditioned. If he ventures to declare himself conditioned, he finds himself free. If we grant freedom to man, we abolish the supreme wisdom of God; for as soon as the Godhead knows what I am destined to do, I am compelled to act in accordance with that knowledge. I only bring the subject forward to illustrate how little we know, and to prove that we ought not to meddle with divine secrets. Probably a comparison may help us to make some progress. Nature has provided us with a chess-board, beyond the limits of which we cannot and do not wish to operate; she has carved the pieces and gradually revealed to us their value and their moves; now it rests with us to make the moves which seem to promise victory; each of us pursues this after his own plan and does not willingly take advice. So, as we face the world, we are partly free, and partly bound—using the word in the sense appropriate to our position. For wherever man turns, and whatever he undertakes, he must always return to the path which Nature has prescribed for him.

*According as the sun stood to greet the planets on the day that lent thee to the world, so hast thou thriven, from that hour to this moment, in obedience to the decree that brought thee into the world. Such must thou continue still; thou canst not escape thyself.*

Man may seek to raise his condition on earth or in heaven, in the present or in the future, but he will always remain exposed to vacillation within and disturbing influences without, till he has brought himself to see that that is right which is appropriate to his lot.

How did morality enter the world? Through God Himself, like every other good thing. It is no product of human reflection; it is a natural beauty, implanted and inborn. It is more or less implanted in all men, but exceptionally so in particular natures that are nobly endowed. These have revealed their inward divinity by great deeds or doctrine, the beauty of which has captured the love of mankind, and compelled them to reverence and imitate the example so displayed.

Experience and wisdom have taught men to value what is good and morally beautiful, because what is bad reveals its nature through its

consequences ; it destroys the happiness of the unit and the whole alike, while what is good and noble promotes the happiness of both. Thus the morally beautiful became a doctrine, and extended its power as a message proclaimed, throughout all communities.

Everything that we do has some consequence. But wise conduct and right conduct do not always lead to prosperity, nor the opposite of these to adversity ; each in fact often leads to the contrary result. Worldly men, who know this to be so, often set about their business with great insolence and assurance. It is a mistake too for a man to suppose that a virtuous deed accomplished has made him happy. What has really made him happy is the vanity, still dwelling in him, which is gratified by the consciousness of the deed. Let that vanity but once understand itself, and the consciousness of the deed will no longer bring happiness. It is not our virtues that make us happy but our faults and frailties.

Morality is an everlasting attempt to reconcile our own personal demands with the laws of that invisible kingdom. Towards the end of the 18th century it grew indolent and servile, when men tried to bring it under the uncertain calculus of a mere "happiness" theory. Kant was the first to grasp its supra-sensual significance. He may have done violence to the conception with his "categorical imperative," nevertheless he rendered us an immortal service in delivering us from the flabby notions into which we had fallen. It is characteristic of a rude nature to make laws for itself, and to intrude on the spheres of other people at its own pleasure. This is why the bond of the State was devised, to protect men against such rude and arbitrary treatment, and all systems of right and positive laws are an everlasting attempt to supersede self-defence.

In contemplating human pursuits and activities during the last thousand years, we may recognise certain formulæ, which have exercised a magical power on individuals and nations ; and it is these formulæ, ever recurring and furnished with new trappings, which are the secret gift conferred by a higher power on human life. Each of these formulæ is translated into the current speech of the day, each accommodates itself in a thousand ways to the narrow circumstances that surround it, each absorbs impure elements, till it can scarcely be recognised to possess its original meaning. Still, that meaning imperceptibly returns, in one nation or another ; and the attentive observer may construct for himself out of such formulæ a sort of alphabet of the spirit of the world.

High thoughts and a pure heart—that is what we ought to ask of God. Whatever we nourish in ourselves grows, and becomes a law of our

nature. There is within us an organ of evil will, of discontent, of enmity too and jealousy. The more we nourish and exercise this organ, the stronger it grows, till it becomes a malignant ulcer and eats up all that surrounds it. Then follow remorse and recrimination and other follies ; we grow unjust to ourselves and to others. We lose our pleasure in success and prosperity—whether our own or other men's—and in despair we seek at last the source of the evil without us and not in our own perverted nature. This is what degrades the mass of mankind, they only enjoy themselves while they are speaking ill or wishing ill ; the man who abandons himself to this habit soon becomes indifferent to God, contemptuous of the world, and hateful to his companions ; that true and honourable pride which human nature needs becomes in him darkness and arrogant pretension.

But the course of development may be just the reverse. I have often had the satisfaction, when my enemies attacked me, of telling myself that I had already conquered the faults they censured. One external means of raising ourselves consists in keeping a diary, and I have in such a book, on my birthday, entered my own failings with great care. Without some such help we value the present too little, and perform most of our duties like pressed men, just to get rid of them. A daily review of what we have accomplished and lived through teaches us what we have done and makes us happy in it ; thus we learn to be conscientious. Faults and errors show up clearly when we keep such a book ; the labour of throwing light on the past is repaid with interest for the future. Men who lead worldly lives throughout the year imagine they must turn spiritual in distress ; they look on what is good and moral as a medicine that people take with repugnance and only when they are ill. They consider a clergyman or a moralist as merely a doctor, who cannot be got out of the house too fast. Now I willingly admit that I conceive moral rules as a diet, but only so because I make them into principles of conduct, which I keep in view throughout the year.

Thought and action, action and thought : this is the sum of all wisdom. The two must alternate throughout life like inspiration and expiration. He who makes it a rule to test action by thought, and thought by action, cannot err—or if he does so will soon find the right path again. Anyhow, only stout and manly spirits are raised and strengthened by the discovery that they have erred. Such a discovery lifts them above themselves ; they rise higher than we, and, finding the old path closed, look quickly round for another and enter it with lively confidence.

Each return from error leaves a great mark upon men and nations ; one can easily understand how the Searcher of hearts loves a sinner that repents more than ninety-nine righteous. People often ask me what ideas I meant to express in my works, and thus they have asked me to explain the idea of *Wilhelm Meister*. Well, if you want a thorough-going explanation, turn to the words which Friederich speaks to our hero at the close : " Thou comest before me like Saul the son of Kish, who went forth to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom." Do not forget these words, for the whole purpose of the book is to declare that a man may pass through all sorts of follies and errors, guided by a higher hand, till he reaches a prosperous destination.

*Yes ! the power which is ever working bestirs itself without our knowledge, even as it were by chance, to turn this and that to our advantage, that from all things we may reap counsel, decision, and perfection ; thus we are almost carried to our goal. To experience this is the highest blessing ; not to demand it is modesty and duty ; to await it is a glorious consolation in suffering.*

I have expressed the same faith towards the close of Faust :—*This noble member is saved from the realm of evil spirits ; if a man strives and toils, we can deliver him ; and if Love, descending from heaven, has found a lodging within him, the company of the blest meet him with a hearty welcome.* In these verses is contained the key to Faust's deliverance ; in Faust an activity that grows higher and purer to the last, and the eternal Love that descends to help him. This is fully in harmony with the scheme of our religion, in accordance with which we are redeemed not merely by our own power but by the grace of God descending upon us. *Good spirits guide us with sympathetic hand ; high teachers that lead us gently on to Him who creates and hath created all.*

When a man is as old as I am, he cannot help sometimes thinking of death. This thought leaves me quite undisturbed, because I am convinced that our soul is a being naturally indestructible; it is something that continues active from eternity to eternity ; it is like the sun, which merely appears to our earthly eyes to vanish, while in fact it does not vanish but goes on shining continuously. Do you imagine a coffin can deceive me ? No true-hearted man lets anything rob him of his belief in immortality. This survival of personality in no wise conflicts with the observations uttered by me during many years, in which I have maintained that we and all forms of natural existence are created beings; on the contrary, these observations strengthen the proof. But how much or how little of this personality deserves to continue is another question,

a point which we must leave to God. I will merely say, before I pass on, I assume that the final ingredients of all beings will fall into different classes and ranks, resembling the origins of all natural manifestations; and these ingredients may be called souls, since it is these that lead spiritual life to the universe—or rather let us call them monads, using Leibnitz' expression, for we could scarcely find a better, to express the simplicity of the simplest being. Now some of these monads, as experience shows us, are so small and so trivial that they are only fit at most for subordinate service and existence; others again are strong ~~and~~ powerful. These last, therefore, usually draw into their own circle—or one related to them—whatever approaches them; into a body, for instance, a plant, an animal, or rising still higher, into a star. They continue this process till the great or little world at which their intention is aimed receives an outward form and body. It is only these latter monads that I will, in a special sense, call souls. It follows that there are monads or souls belonging to worlds, just as there are monads and souls of ants; and both, if not identical in their origin, are at least kindred in their nature. Each sun, each planet bears within itself a higher design or commission which enables its development to proceed regularly, after one consistent law, just as the development of the rose follows the sequence of leaf, pistil and corolla. We have here only the same capacity for change on the part of Nature that creates of the leaf a flower, and a rose; of the egg a caterpillar, and of the caterpillar a butterfly. In general, the lower monads obey a higher, just because they must obey it, not because it tends to give them pleasure. This is naturally the rule when we consider the universe as a whole. Let us contemplate, for instance, the hand. It includes parts, which must continually serve the chief monad, since this contrived in the moment of their birth to unite them firmly to itself. By means of these same parts I can play any piece of music; I can make my finger fly about the keys of a harpsichord. So they create for me an enjoyment of a fine spiritual character; but they themselves are deaf, only the chief monad hears. I may therefore suppose that my fingers and my hand find nothing advantageous in my playing the harpsichord. They would be better off and enjoy themselves most if they could swarm like busy bees about the fields, or sit on a tree, and delight themselves among its flowering twigs. The moment of death—appropriately called a release—is that when the chief monad releases all his subjects from their faithful service. I consider this end of existence so far to resemble its beginning, in being an independent act of the chief monad, which is itself completely unknown to us and follows the laws of its own being. All monads are so inde-

tructible that they do not abandon or cease their activity in the hour of dissolution, but set to work again the same moment. So they only escape from their old bonds to enter at once into new ones. When this change takes place, everything depends on the strength of the intention present in each monad. There is a vast difference between the monad of a cultured human soul and that of a beaver, a bird, or a fish. Thus we return to the conception of a hierarchy of souls, which we are compelled to assume if we wish to give any explanation of the phenomena of nature. Each monad, on its earthly demise, goes to its own place, in water, air, earth, fire or the stars ; in fact, the secret impulse which takes it there contains also the secret of its future lot.

The conviction of our survival after death springs with me especially from the conception of activity ; for when I work unceasingly till my last hour, Nature is bound to provide for me another form of existence, since the present form can no more contain my spirit.

We are not all in equal measure immortal ; and if a man desire to reappear as a great and complete being he ought already to be one. Let us recall our dead prince ! It is incredible how active he was in his own sphere, and how many difficult undertakings he inspired and promoted. Assuredly, whatever part his spirit has found to play in the universe, he will not cease there to stir his people up.

Let us think of our noble friend Wieland. From what we see of Nature we could never, under any circumstances, speak of so high a spiritual power as lost ; Nature does not squander her capital like that. Wieland's soul was a treasure sent from Nature ; a true jewel ; it follows that his long life did not diminish but enrich these fine spiritual talents. If we may for once permit ourselves a surmise, then I do not see what should prevent the monad to which we owe Wieland's appearance on earth from assuming in its new surroundings the highest relations with the universe. Through the industry and zeal and spiritual power by which he absorbed so much of human history, this monad is entitled to everything. I should be little surprised if I met this Wieland {someday after a thousand years as the spirit of a world or a star, and witnessed how with his lovely radiance he revived and cheered everything that drew near him. This is where noble natures show their superiority ; their departure for higher regions brings a blessing as much as their presence on earth ; they shine down upon us yonder like stars, like guiding points to direct our course amid the storms that so often interrupt our voyage ; the very men to whom we turned in life as sources of kindly help now attract our wistful eyes as blest and perfect beings. What I hope for

the noblest spirits is that they may participate in the joys of the gods as blest spirits creative by their side. Mankind is the first language that Nature addresses to God. I doubt not that this language assumes on other planets a higher, deeper and more intelligent form.

I cannot abandon the happiness of believing in a life after death ; indeed, I might say with Lorenzo de Medici those are dead even in this life who hope for no other ; but subjects so incomprehensible lie too far from us to be matters of daily consideration and destructive speculation. Further, I should say, if a man believes in personality after death, let him be happy in silence ; he has no need to form any definite images. When I saw Tiedge's *Urania* I observed that the devout form, in a certain sense, an aristocracy, just as the noble do. I found foolish women who were proud because they believed, with Tiedge, in immortality ; and I had to suffer at their hands a senseless examination on this point. I annoyed them, however, when I said, I welcomed the prospect of another life after the completion of this one, but I should ask to be spared meeting any one there who had believed in it here. Otherwise what torments of mine would begin there ! The pious would press around me and say, " Weren't we right ? Didn't we say so beforehand ! Hasn't it come true ? " And, worse than all, the tedium of that life would be eternal.

The proper people to concern themselves with notions about immortality are people of rank, especially ladies, who have nothing to do. But a stout-hearted man, who means to do sound work here, and who has to struggle and strive and work every day, leaves the future world undisturbed and is active and useful here. Moreover, thoughts about immortality are best fit for those who have not prospered in this life : and I would wager that if the good Tiedge had had better luck here his thoughts would have been better employed.

Let us not try to prove what is incapable of proof ! If we do so, our learned efforts will sooner or later expose our own ignorance to posterity. Where knowledge suffices, we have no need of faith ; but where knowledge cannot assert or display to our satisfaction its power, we must not deny to faith the rights which belong to it. When once you proceed on the principle that faith and knowledge are not to supersede but to complete each other, you will soon find the right course in every case.

I always believed in God and Nature and the victory of good over evil. But that was not enough for the pious ; I must believe too that the Three are One and the One Three. That, however, conflicted with

my sense of truth, and I could not see that this belief was in any way helpful to me. Though I heard a voice from heaven it could not convince me that water burns and fire quenches, that a virgin bore a son and a dead man rose to life ; indeed, I look on these assertions as offences against the Highest and His revelations in Nature. Accordingly, in youth I was angered by the insistence of Lavater, who attacked myself and others, and maintained that we ought either to become Christians of his own sect or make a convert of him and persuade him to accept the doctrines in which we have found our peace. This was utterly opposed to the liberal view of the world which I had already begun to form, and it did not make the best impression on me. All attempts at conversion, when they do not succeed, make the desired proselyte stiff and obstinate ; and this happened all the more in my case when Lavater at last brought forward the strict dilemma : either Christian or atheist ! I announced that if he could not leave my Christianity alone in the form in which I had hitherto maintained it, I could easily decide to become an atheist, as I saw that no one really knew the proper name for each system.

In my youth I felt myself strongly drawn towards the Society of Brothers, which was brought to my notice in the person of my noble friend, Countess Klettenberg. Every positive religion possesses its highest charm while it is coming into existence, and this makes it so delightful to imagine oneself back in the time of the apostles, and to find everything fresh and directly spiritual. The Society of Brothers wore a sort of magical character ; it seemed to prolong, indeed, to perpetuate, those early days. Its origin was associated with the most ancient times ; it was never fully developed, but sent forth its tendrils to pass through the coarse world unnoticed ; the root proceeded from one single seed, protected by a pious gifted man ; its first motions were imperceptible and apparently casual, yet inspired by the hope of pervading the world. The most important point was that the system united the life of the devotee with that of the citizen ; the teacher was also a commander, the father a judge ; the divine Ruler, who was trusted unconditionally in spiritual affairs, was also expected to deal with practical questions ; this decision was invoked by means of the lot, whenever the directors had to take a step of public or private importance, and it was accepted with submission. There was something highly inviting in the beautiful peace, to which everything external at least bore evidence, while at the same time all the human powers of the members were called forth by their missionary work. The excellent men

whose acquaintance I made at the Marienborn synod won my complete respect, and it depended on them alone whether I should become one of themselves. I must, however, observe that neither the Brothers nor Countess Klettenberg, who introduced me to them, allowed me to rank as a Christian. What separated me from the Society of Brothers and from other Christian souls was the same point that had often led to a division in the Church. One sect has maintained that human nature was so degraded by the Fall that even in its deepest recess there is not the least good left ; man must therefore renounce all efforts of his own powers and depend altogether on the operation of grace. The other sect certainly admitted the inherent defect in man's nature, but wished to concede the existence of a germ dwelling in it, which God's grace may call to life till it grows into a happy life of spiritual blessedness. I was deeply penetrated by the latter conviction, yet I was in such uncertainty that I had never absolutely placed the dilemma before myself. From this dreamy state I was unexpectedly aroused, when in the course of a spiritual conversation I expressed unconcernedly this very innocent opinion, as I thought it. I had to undergo a severe reproof. This was undoubted Pelagianism, I was told ; and the very end with which this destructive doctrine was renewing its assaults was to make our latter age miserable. I was astonished, indeed shocked. I returned to church history, contemplated the teaching and fate of Pelagius more closely, and saw how these two irreconcileable views had swayed the centuries hither and thither, while men, according as their constitutions were active or passive in character, recognised and adopted each in turn. Now the course of the past years had led me to exercise my own powers, awakening in me a restless activity, accompanied by an exalted purpose, to train myself in moral conduct. The world outside me demanded that this activity should be controlled and rendered profitable to others ; and I had to create this great demand within me, as a part of myself. I found myself in every diction pointed to nature ; she had revealed her glory to me ; I had come across so many true-hearted men who in the course of their duty and for the sake of their duty had allowed themselves to grow better ; the cleft that separated me from their doctrine became clear to me. Accordingly I felt bound to leave the society. I retained my affection for the Holy Scriptures, for the Founder and for the first confessors of Christianity, and I formed a system of Christianity for my own private use. This system I sought to establish and extend by industrious study and close observation of those towards whom I felt attracted.

Very notable and profitable to me in my youth were my conversa-

tions with Lavater and Countess Klettenberg. In these persons two different types of Christians were contrasted ; they showed clearly how the same knowledge forms the sentiments of different people. In the present instance I could observe that men and women do not need the same kind of Saviour. Countess Klettenberg attached herself to her Saviour as it were to a beloved being, to whom she completely surrendered herself, from whom she derived all joy and hope, to whom she trusted her destiny in life without hesitation or reflection. Lavater, on the other hand, dealt with his Saviour as a friend, whose example he sought to follow without envy, in a loving spirit ; whose services he recognised and valued, and whom he sought to imitate and perfectly to resemble. What a difference between the two impulses ! They express in general the spiritual needs of the two sexes. This may explain why refined men have turned to the mother of God, dedicated their life and talents to her, as a union of feminine beauty and virtue, and at last have played with the divine child at her side. The old saying is still valid ; each makes his own kind of God. For my own part the varied impulses of my nature make it impossible for me to confine myself to one mode of thought ; as artist and poet, I am at once polytheist and pantheist in my quality of natural enquirer, and one as firmly as the other. If I need a God in virtue of my personality as a moral man, that is provided for. The subject of Heaven and Earth is so vast a realm that only the organs of all beings together can comprehend it.

Faith is a secret capital stored up at home, just as other capital is stored up in public savings-banks, which supplies the needs of people in adversity ; here the faithful man receives the interest due to him undisturbed. Nature deserves many thanks ; she has stored up within each living creature so many means of healing that when it is wounded at either end it can close the wound itself. What else are the thousandfold religions than a thousand revelations of this healing power. My plaster does not fit you, nor yours me ; in our Father's pharmacy there are many receipts. Or, to employ another image, in our Father's kingdom there are many provinces, and, since He has prepared for us such a pleasant settlement here, we may be sure both will be well taken care of yonder.

*I have no objection to piety; it is not only piety but comfort. He who means to live without piety must devote himself to vast toil, wander according to his own notions, find enjoyment for himself and others, and trust all the time too that God will look down favourably on him.*

There are two points of view from which we may consider the contents of the Bible. There is the standpoint of a sort of irreligion, that of

pure Nature and reason, which is of divine origin. This will not change, it will last and continue valid, as long as there are divinely gifted beings. But it is only for chosen men, and far too high and noble to be common. There is also the standpoint of the Church, more human in its character. This is defective, changeable, and conceived in change ; yet in spite of all its changes it will last as long as there are weak human beings. The light of unsullied divine revelation is far too pure and radiant for the powers of weak helpless men ; they cannot endure it. The Church, however, has stepped forward as a well-meaning agent, to temper and moderate it, that it may help and benefit all. *In her youthful form she descends from the skies, she steps before the priests and the sages, she, the goddess, unclothed, in silence she looks down on the earth, then she seizes the censer, and in humble reverence she assumes her transparent veil, that we may endure the sight of her.*

If men attempted within the Protestant system to distinguish better what ought to be loved, lived and taught ; if they shrouded the mysteries in reverent inviolable silence ; if they abandoned the vexatious arrogance which imposes an artificial form or dogma and forces this on every one ; if they ceased to dishonour dogma before the world and imperil it by unseasonable jests and pert objections, then I would be the first to visit reverently the church of my co-religionists, to seek edification and happiness through the humble practical study of a faith which associated itself directly with activity.

Certainly, when we consider that "sentiment," "word," "object," "deed," always cover more than one meaning, we ought to regard ourselves as true followers of Luther, a man who in this sense accomplished so much, and even when he is wrong deserves respect. We do not realise the general extent of the debt we owe to Luther and the Reformation. We have been released from the fetters of spiritual confinement ; and our extended culture has enabled us to return to the original sources and conceive Christianity in its purity. We have once more the courage to stand with firm feet on God's earth and realise our own divinely gifted human nature. Spiritual culture may advance, our knowledge of nature may be broadened and deepened, and the human spirit may expand indefinitely, but it will never attain a point of moral culture higher than that which shines upon us in the gospels.

The more stoutly we Protestants advance in the path of noble development, the more quickly will the Catholics follow us. As soon as they feel themselves touched by the spreading enlightenment

of the age, they *must* obey the pressure, whatever attitude they take up, and the final result will be unity,

Moreover, the miserable division of Protestants into sects will cease. As soon as people comprehend the pure doctrine and love of Christ as they really are and make these part of their lives, they will feel themselves in their human nature so great and free that they will attach no special importance to a little "this way" or "that way" in forms of worship.

We shall all gradually leave behind us a Christianity of word and faith, and arrive at a Christianity of sentiment and deed.

People often ask to-day whether this or that in the Gospels is genuine or spurious, new or old. These are queer questions. What is genuine except that which is truly excellent, which harmonises with nature and reason in their purest form, and promotes even to-day our highest development? What is spurious except that which is absurd, false and stupid, and bears no fruit, or at any rate no good fruit? If the genuine character of a scriptural passage were decided by the question whether its message is perfectly true, one might occasionally abandon the Gospels in despair, since Mark and Luke did not write of things they personally saw and experienced, but followed oral tradition, then recorded at a late date for the first time, while the fourth Gospel was first compiled by John in extreme old age. However, I consider all the four Gospels genuine throughout, because they all reflect a height of majesty that proceeded from the person of Christ, and a divinity that has only been seen on earth in a divine manifestation.

The Christian faith is a great world apart, to which sunken and suffering humanity has from time to time sought to raise itself. Its pure and noble origin displays itself in its power to regain its own admirable character after the great deviations which ignorant men force upon it; to become a mission, a bond of unity between kinsmen and friends, to rouse into life the moral aspirations of mankind.

Goodwill towards all humanity, far-sighted practical sympathy, bind Heaven and Earth together, and furnish a Paradise vouchsafed to man. *What is holy?* *That which unites many souls, though it bind them but weakly as the rush binds the garland.* *What is holiest?* *That which binds them fast to-day and for ever, and the deeper it is felt leaves them more and more at one.*

So let us move onwards, reverencing the Power supreme!

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## JOSEPH TIEFFENTALLER, S.J.

## A FORGOTTEN GEOGRAPHER OF INDIA.

*(Concluded from our last number.)*

FTER this lengthy digression, let us return to our geographer at Benares, who had meanwhile resolved to study the middle and the lower course of the Ganges, instead of completing the remainder of his journey by land. His object was not to register the latitudes of the towns along the banks of the Ganges, for these had already been measured by Father Boudier, S. J., and others. What he wanted was to obtain an accurate idea of the manifold windings of the river and the exact number of its affluents. The former were mapped by means of a compass; as to the latter, he not only noted their names, but carefully sketched their junctions with the main stream.

He, therefore, left Benares by vessel, and passed in succession Patna, Monghyr, Rajmahal, Murshedabad, Kasimbazar, Hugly, Chunsura, then a Dutch Colony, Chandernagore, a French Settlement, and Serampore, a Danish factory. The results of his investigation are recorded partly in his Geography of Hindustan, and partly in his description of the Ganges. What surprises us is that he abstained from giving us an account of the "City of Palaces." Describing Calcutta, he thought, "was carrying owls to Athens." He is equally silent about the result, good or bad, of the main object of his journey to Calcutta. We may, however, surmise that it was a fairly good one. The proof of this supposition is suggested by the fact that he did not return to Europe as he might easily have done on board of some homeward-bound merchantman. It may even be that some generous men held out to him a promise of support, enabling him to continue his geographical researches. As a matter of fact, he soon returned to Upper India, studying carefully, as he sailed up the river Ganges, all details that might have escaped him on his downward journey. He was convinced of the usefulness of a correct map of the Ganges; hence his efforts in that direction.

However, with a view of letting the Europeans benefit by his vast knowledge of the country, his next enterprise was the publication of an exhaustive geography of Hindustan. Such a work implied the necessity of exploring other parts of India, above all the land of Oudh and the basin of the Ghogra river, little known as yet either to him or other Europeans.

Accordingly, instead of returning to the West, he started from Allahabad in the month of January, 1766, reaching Oudh,  $25^{\circ}9'$ , on 3rd February. Touching at Ghazipore  $25^{\circ}28'$  and Kajura  $25^{\circ}53'$ , he arrived on 26th February at Korra,  $25^{\circ}53'$ , where the English force was then encamped. From thence he set out to explore the whole province of Oudh till the year 1771. Little information is available about his movements during that period. From his Geography we learn that he was at Fayzabad in 1767 and Dorania on 12th December of the same year. On 11th April, 1769, he was staying at Muhamadi, and in December at Nanama. In 1770, he passed through Balrampore. He describes not less than 240 towns and villages of Oudh which he is supposed to have visited personally. This can be inferred from a passage in the preface to his Geography, where he positively says: "After this, (October 1766), I went to Lucknow, and travelled all over Oudh for the space of 5 years; I omit mentioning the names of its towns and villages, as their description will be found in my Geography of Hindustan. I have not only explored these regions myself, but I also sent a man, acquainted with the elements of geographical science, to the Kumaun mountains, to the waterfalls of the Ghogra and even as far as the 'Saltus Deucaronos,' to ascertain the distances of the places there from each other, and the direction of the river. Moreover, I observed by means of an astronomical quadrant at the above mentioned places, the meridian altitude of the sun in order to ascertain the parallels of latitude on which they are situate," &c., &c.

Thus after 27 years' travelling in various parts of India, Tieffentaller was approaching the realisation of his cherished plan of writing a geography of Hindustan. It is true, he had seen nothing, or almost nothing, of the East, but this deficiency could be compensated for by the results obtained by some of his brethren in religion. There lived about that time several learned Jesuits who had done a similar pioneering work in the East, as Tieffentaller was doing on the West and North of India. Of these Claude Boudier deserves a special mention here. Scattered notices about his geographical studies can be found in the *Lettres Édifiantes* as well as in the *Mémoires de l'Academie des Sciences* of Paris. Also Major

James Rennell repeatedly refers, in his map of Bengal, to Boudier's Latitudes and Longitudes. We have on Bernoulli's authority that even the famous d'Anville had made an extensive use of Boudier's observations in writing his "Eclaircissements sur la Carte de l'Inde," as well as in his map of India.

The services rendered to the science of geography by Boudier may be accepted as an apology for this short digression in his favour; all the more so as it affords an opportunity of holding up to the present generation of Hindus an example of the zeal for enlightenment and genuine progress in human knowledge in one of their rulers of the past, the Rajah Siwai Jay Singh of Jaypore. He was a friend and patron of all learned men, whether foreigners or not, by whose advice his country was likely to benefit. Above all he encouraged by his own example the study of history and astronomy. In short, Rajah Jay Singh is one of the most remarkable men of his nation in modern times. He began to rule in 1699, and being a man of taste, he laid out and built the present town of Jaypore in 1728. He had also astronomical observatories constructed at Jaypore, Benares, Delhi, Muttra and Oojein. Reference has already been made to several of them. As to the one at Jaypore, Tieffentaller, having inspected it in 1751, describes it thus: "It is a structure, the like of which has never been seen in these parts of the world. It is deservedly admired both for its novelty and its liberal supply of astronomical apparatus. It is situate near the palace on flat ground enclosed by walls. As you enter through the gate the first object that arrests your attention is the gigantic Zodiac, the 12 signs of which are divided into 12 circles in gypsum. To the right and left are various spherical sectors, adapted to the parallel of latitude of the place, each having a diameter of 12 Persian feet. Further on, there are equinoctial clocks of all dimensions, and astrolabes, moulded in gypsum. Next is seen the meridian line of Jaypore, then a sun-dia cut in a huge flat stone. The most striking object, however, is the gigantic axis of the world, constructed of brick and mortar, 70 feet high in the direction of the meridian plane, and at an angle to the plane of the horizon equal to the latitude of Jaypore. On the top of this axis of the world stands the observatory, which offers a view over and beyond the city far into the hazy distance. The shadow of this huge axis falls upon a great astronomical quadrant, the ends of which, turned upwards, are divided into degrees and minutes. It is a clever piece of work, enabling the observer to find the sun's altitude at any moment of the day. At the stroke of 12, noon, the rays of the sun fall through two

holes in a copper plate, and indicate on the quadrant the altitude of the sun, in summer on the lower and in winter on the upper half of the quadrant. Not less to be admired is a brass ring, placed in the latitudinal plane of Jaypore, and furnished with a metallic ruler. By means of this instrument, held up against the sun, the declination of the sun may be directly read, at any time of the day. I abstain from giving a description of various other instruments, but not from pointing out two drawbacks of this observatory. The first is that the rising and setting of the stars cannot be observed at all, owing to the low size of the building, and the great height of the walls of the enclosure. The second is due to the fact, that the gnomon, the axis and other contrivances, are made of mortar, and do not, therefore, allow of observations of any great accuracy."

To judge from this description, the Jaypore observatory seems to have been, in the main, modelled by some Europeans after the type then prevailing in European countries. Who, then, were these Europeans? According to Anquetil, they were, in the first place, the Jesuits, Claude Boudier and Pons. Their dealings with Rajah Siwai Jay Singh are related, at length, in the *Lettres Edifiantes*, (Tom. XXI. p. 452—454, and Tome XXVI, page 237, and in d'Anville's *Eclaircissements sur la carte de l'Inde*, 1753, p. 46.) Boudier was called to Jaypore in 1733. In 1736, the Rajah also secured the services of two Bavarian Jesuits, Anthony Gabelsberger and Andrew Strobel, who came out from Germany at the Rajah's own expense.

With the support and advice of these learned men, that broad-minded ruler made for himself a great name among astronomers, and was even able to correct the astronomical tables of de La Hire, and leave as a monument of his scientific conquests lists of stars known to astronomers by the name of "Tij Muhamed Shahi" (Tables of Muhamed Shah, the then Emperor of Delhi).

In 1743, this Indian Mecenas died, and his son Jessor Singh, having developed tastes different from those of his late father, the observatory of Jaypore soon lost its prestige. Boudier and Gabelsberger having also died, Father Strobel was the only surviving member of the batch of European astronomers there. Two years later (1745) Strobel received an invitation from the Great Moghul to come to Delhi, presumably to take charge of the observatory of that city. Hence the once so promising enterprise of the great Rajah of Jaypore suddenly collapsed. It, however, benefitted indirectly the geographical knowledge of his country in an unexpected way. Tieffentaller frequently visited Strobel, and it was through him

that he mainly got possession of the rich treasures of geographical information which Boudier and Pons had collected in Bengal and on the the east coast. Thus, combining these materials with his own observations and researches, and filling up occasional gaps by the information, derived from the *Ayin Akbari* and the *Tejekerat Assalatin*, Tieffentaller could sit down to write, with the confidence of an expert, his book on India.

The book opens with discussions of general questions about India ; such as : the name India; the races of India ; ancient India ; India in the Bible ; mountains of India, &c., &c. (page 1—43). Then follows the description of India, beginning with the 23 provinces of the Mogul Empire. (p. 43—363). The book concludes with short notices on the territories outside that empire, Goa, Kanara, Mysore, Madura, and the Karnatic, (p. 363—370). The work is embellished by 40 illustrations, consisting of maps, plans of fortresses, views of cities, most of which were drawn by Tieffentaller.

The author follows a uniform plan throughout in the description of every province, bringing all the information at his disposal under the following stereotyped headings : Area and boundaries; mountains, rivers and canals ; description of towns and villages, with agricultural, commercial, industrial and architectural details ; roads to and communications with neighbouring towns. Land revenues collected by Government ; lastly, a table showing the succession of rulers of the respective province or kingdom.

It was just these registers of Indian rulers which attracted the attention of the contemporary European scholars, those of Cashmere and Delhi in particular. Tieffentaller had made these compilations of Hindu and Mahomedan rulers from various Indian records, such as the Persian manuscript of the *Tejekerat Assalatin*, the *Raj Tarikhni O Rajaoti*, &c., &c. Tieffentaller was the first to make them known to continental orientalists. Anquetil spoke very appreciatively of these compilations of Tieffentaller's, as can be seen in his "Lettres sur les Antiquités de l' Inde." Bailly, too, made an extensive use of them in his "Astronomie Indienne et Orientale."

In short, Tieffentaller's geography of India was in every respect considered a classical work in his days. It was the fruit of 30 years' (1743-1773) toilsome travel and exploration, and thus became a storehouse of useful and varied information, a real 18th century Baedeker of India. Here, then, is found another merit of the book. It indicates the routes to be followed from place to place, and thus proved an

invaluable guide both to traders and military commanders. This statement can best be illustrated by the personal experiences he had during the journey of 1751 through Marwar. He gives the following notes and directions concerning it :

" From Ahmedabad to Jallor, the distances is 90 coss ; viz. 12 to Petpore, 12 to Messanna, 20 to Sidhpore, 20 to Bilmal, and 20 to Jallor. On the way to Jallor, one has to pass through the following places : Kari, Kukban, Dekabara, Barad, Padala, Samee, Khidanpore, Babor, Terad and Padar. *Kukban* is a village 6 coss from Kari. Between this and Kambay, there is a dense forest extending, in all directions ; however, on one side of the village is a plain of wheat and barley fields ; and close to *Kukban*, there rise sandhills. The villages, lying 3 to 4 coss from the high road, are inhabited by robber people, consequently only caravans consisting of from 200 to 300 travellers may venture to pass through this district, and even then only with one of the forest people as their guide, else you run the risk of being plundered by the whole tribe in the jungles. This trade route is little frequented on account of the said robbers, as also on account of the lack of water in these sandy tracts. *Padar* is a village 9 coss N. N. W. of Terad. The jungles hereabout consist of fruitless trees, and thorny bushes ; the soil produces only grass and reeds. It is a waterless tract and the country presents a most melancholy aspect. A gloomy stillness reigns everywhere. No murmuring rivulets are heard, no spring gushes forth, no river rolls its waves past the traveller's path. Rarely only is a glimpse caught of a stray bird or a roaming animal. In a word, it is an endless desert, the rendezvous of robbers who are armed with bows, arrows and lances."

With such and similar information, gathered by personal experience, the book abounds. To an historian it offers highly interesting reading, as it enables him to discover the track of the ancient trade-routes, as also to ascertain the state of public insecurity prevailing in western India, 150 years ago.

On the whole, the perusal of Tieffentaller's Geography of Hindustan is curiously interesting. As we go on reading his descriptions of the palaces of the rich and of the hovels of the poor, striking contrasts of magnificence and squalor ; his concise portraits of the natives of various parts ; his occasional references to religious and social habits—and if we then compare these tableaux of 150 years ago with those under our own eyes, the conviction forces itself upon our minds, that India is an unchangeable country, fossilised as it were.

And yet, immense are the changes that have come over the country. In the history of mankind, there are material and moral forces at work which are beyond the control of any human agency. They are instruments in the hands of Providence which, whilst allowing his creatures their individual liberty and the exercise of their natural forces, guides them invisibly to a definite end which can only be the welfare of the human family as a whole. The march of Providence, according to Guizot, is not restricted to narrow limits, it is not bound, and it does not trouble itself to follow up to-day the consequences of the principle which it laid down yesterday. The consequences will come in due course, when the hour for them has arrived, perhaps not till hundreds of years have passed away. Though its reasoning may appear to us slow, its logic is none the less true and sound. To Providence, time is as nothing ; it strides through time as the gods of Homer strode through space ; it takes but one step, and ages have vanished behind.

In the case under review, we have not to go so very far back into the past, to ascertain the mighty changes wrought in Hindustan during the last 150 years. Since then the Danes and the Dutch have disappeared from the soil of India. The once mighty empire of the Moghuls as well as the confederacy of their fatal assailants, the Mahrattas, have vanished, and there has risen, not at once, but gradually, one paramount power under the protection and shadow of which the Indians are once more offered the opportunity of intellectual and ethical progress.

But let us turn to other changes which the reading of Tieffentaller's geography sets forth before the reader's mind. The construction of railroads has deviated commerce from ancient trade routes, thereby reducing once flourishing cities to ruins and piles of crumbling palaces. Even the brute forces of nature, such as earthquakes, droughts, deviation of rivers from their former beds, the formation of sandbanks, have assisted men to bring about these melancholy changes. Surat was in Tieffentaller's time the great emporium of Western India, whilst Bombay was only a modest, though rising town as yet. He describes Tatta as the great emporium on the banks of the Indus, and did not find Karachi worth while mentioning, if it existed at all. Since then, the Indus has turned 4 miles away from Tatta, and commerce has shifted westwards to make Karachi great and Tatta little. The Ganges has brought Rajmahal to a similar fate. Tieffentaller visited this latter town twice, and calls it "an extensive city with houses of bricks and roofs of straw." "The Ganges," he adds, "describes at the west end of the town a semi-circle ; then following, in succession, a southerly, and an easterly

direction, finally, on leaving the city it flows due south." At present, the river flows a couple of miles from the city leaving it high and dry. Again, Amber, so often visited and called by Tieffentaller a populous town, is now deserted. Such are a few of the catastrophes which have swept away once powerful dynasties, and ruined mighty cities, within a period of 150 years. It is for the sake of such comparisons that Tieffentaller's Geography is even now an interesting book. As for other heads of information, his book has long since been surpassed and superseded by the provincial and imperial Government Gazetteers.

Whilst concluding this brief review of Tieffentaller's principal work, we cannot help regretting its lack of a map of India. After all the trouble he had taken of ascertaining the longitudes and parallels of latitude of hundreds of places, with a view of drawing a map, it seems to be evident that he actually did draw one, which, doubtless, surpassed in point of accuracy all its predecessors.\* We now come to the last but not least important pioneering work of Father Tieffentaller's, namely, his maps of the Ganges and Ghogra rivers.

Although the Nile and the time-worn monuments along its banks had been fruitful themes for poets and historians alike from times immemorial in reality this great African river was very little known to the civilised world. Two-thirds of it was wrapped in profound mystery. Anyhow, the desire of exploring its middle and upper courses existed from the remotest ages ; hence "Caput Nili quaerere" had become a proverbial phrase with the Romans.

This observation holds equally true of the Ganges as late as 1776. "The Ganges," writes Anquetil, "this majestic river which waters and fertilises one of the most beautiful countries in the world, has been known to us Europeans for over 2,000 years, but it was so only by name. All the information we have about the river is derived from the greedy merchant, who fetches from its banks the products of Indian agriculture, industry and art, and whose knowledge of the country does not extend beyond the centres of commerce."

"All leading nations"—so he goes on—"send their trading vessels, year after year, to the mouths of the Ganges, and they are ignorant even of the exact geographical position of the otherwise well-known city of Chatigang. Latterly, the Europeans have carried their arms as far

\* Lt.-Col. A. S. Allan tells us, in Proc. As. Soc. Beng. for April 1872, that Tieffentaller's records were all burnt on the outbreak of the Mutiny in June 1857 at Lucknow.

inland as Patna and Benares, but their knowledge of the country does not go beyond the districts devastated by their armies."

This was no exaggeration, for we read on d'Anville's map, which that geographer drew in 1752 on behalf of the East India Company, the following striking note along a line, indicating the direction of the Ganges between Gangotri and Allahabad : "Part of the Ganges, the details of which are not known." As regards the affluents of the Ganges between Benares and Patna, it is doubtful whether d'Anville knew the river Ghogra at all. Thus in the middle of the 18th century, there were still two blanks on the map of India ; the first extended 300 leagues from Gangotri to Allahabad, and the second was the entire Ghogra basin of about equal length.

The Indian reader may object to these statements and say that such ignorance was all on the part of Europeans, and that the natives of India knew their holy rivers better. Let us examine this opinion. Of course, no one will deny the fact that there existed, from times immemorial, a famous shrine at Gangotri ; consequently the way thither was known to the natives, since it was visited annually by thousands of pilgrims. But these pilgrimages had a purely devotional character, excluding any kind of exploration on a scientific basis! The reports of the returning pilgrims, who were but too apt to mix up reality with mythology, deeply impressed the imagination of their friends at home and conveyed absurd and most inaccurate notions to their minds about the holy places along the river Ganges. It will appear that the first attempt, on the part of the Indians,\* at giving reasoned accounts of the river, dates back only to the age of the great Akbar. The result was not very satisfactory, inasmuch as the geographer who undertook to describe the Ganges, locates its sources somewhere on the frontiers of Tartary, and does not scruple to place the holy city of Mattrā on the banks of the Ganges.

It seems the belief was prevalent among some enlightened Hindus that the sources of the Ganges were not at the cow's mouth, at Gangotri, but somewhere beyond in the mountains. Tieffentaller, reporting what he had heard from Indians, writes thus : "Beyond this huge glacier, from underneath which the river issues 3 yards deep, there is no path leading to the sources of the Ganges. There have been, indeed, some persons, though few, that climbed over this icy cliff, at the risk of their lives, in the hope of reaching Mount Kela, Mahadeo's abode, and in it eternal bliss ; but they either found a grave in the snows or died from hunger and cold."

The next attempt at exploring the upper Ganges was made—strange

to say—by the Chinese. According to d'Anville their expedition was quite a success, for he writes: "The thirst for knowledge of the Chinese Emperor, Canghi, has succeeded in ascertaining the real sources of the Ganges." The Jesuit du Halde was less sanguine about the reported discovery. In his "Histoire de la Chine," he makes a long reference to this Chinese expedition, a condensed summary of which may interest the Indian reader.

About two hundred years (1705) ago, a dispute arose among the Lamas of Tibet. One party was for Chiña, and, accordingly began to wear the yellow hat; the other remaining loyal to their Great Lama, stuck to the traditional red hat. The Emperor Canghi, desirous of profiting by the political strife, despatched a Manderin to arrange matters in Tibet. The latter took with him two of his subordinates who were ordered to draw maps of the country of the Great Lama. After their return to China, in 1711, the maps thus obtained were handed to the Jesuit Regis with the direction to draw them to the scale of the existing maps of the other Chinese provinces. As the maps indicated neither longitudes nor latitudes, Regis declared his inability to comply with the Emperor's request. Whereupon Canghi selected two Lamas who had been trained in mathematics and geometry at the academy founded by his third son, and despatched them to Tibet with orders to draw accurate maps of that country as far west as the Ganges. Their expedition was so far successful that they reached Lanka-Dhe (the Rakas Lake). They learned from the Lamas of a local monastery, that the Ganges had its origin in that lake. However, before they were able to take latitudes of the Lanka-Dhe region, Chevang Raptan, King of the Elenthes, invaded Tibet, and the two Lamas had to flee from the country.

On their return to Peking in 1717, their maps were again submitted for comment to the missionaries. These distrusted the work, but had not the courage to reject it altogether for fear of giving offence to the Emperor's third son, as their verdict might unfavourably reflect on his academy. The result of this half-hearted attempt was, that the Lamas' maps, showing the Ganges issuing from Lanka-Dhe, was accepted as correct. A copy of this map found its way to Europe, confused the minds of the Western geographers for the next three decades, and misled even men like d'Anville.

Tieffentaller was the first to point out the gross error, saying it was the Sutlege that issued from lake Mansarovar. As to lake Lanka-Dhe, he adds, it forms the sources of the Sardjoo river. Of course, both these statements were wrong, but considerably nearer the truth, and he adds as a warning that they required further confirmation.

The reader may wonder at such egregious blunders of past ages, but he ought to bear in mind that it took the Western geographers about 100 years more to explore the Himalayan rivers and that they are still in the dark as to many parts of the Brahmaputra. Tieffentaller never entertained the ambitious design of discovering the sources of those rivers. Their middle courses offered subject-matter enough for study. He was an eminently practical man, and as such fully alive to the impossibility of going beyond the districts where the English had established their influence. The victory of Baxar (1764) had practically subjected to them the Ganges valley as far inland as Allahabad, and raised their prestige in Suja-ud-Doulah's territories in Oudh. Here was then a vast field for original research. Tieffentaller seized this opportunity and explored Oudh for the space of five years.

It has already been mentioned that he despatched an Indian expert to study the upper course of the Ghogra river and its affluents. He himself travelled about, visiting the towns and villages, and noting down all details of the Ghogra, in the same way as he had done in respect of the Ganges. Some of the fruits of this five years' exploration were three huge maps which were highly appreciated by Anquetil.

The maps were transmitted to the latter by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Berton, on 28th July, 1776. They proved for Anquetil an agreeable surprise, as he had not heard of his friend Tieffentaller since 1759, and now there came that package of maps with the old man's greeting from Fayzabad. The first of the maps measured 15 feet in length, and represented the entire course of the Ganges. The second and third maps outlined the river Ghogra in two sections, of which the first, measuring 11 feet, pictured the upper course of that river, whilst the latter, 6½ by 6 ft. represented its lower course. Along with these maps Tieffentaller forwarded also 21 detached drawings of the confluents of various tributary rivers of the Ghogra and the Ganges.

It is difficult to make out what has become of these maps. As late as 1778 all these original maps and drawings had been preserved at the Dépôt du Département des Affaires Etrangères.

Anquetil combined, at his own expense, the three principal ones and produced a general map representing the entire courses of the Ganges and the Ghogra, on a considerably reduced scale.

On all the maps of India that have come under my notice, the upper course of the Ganges is represented in a direction almost straight from North to South. Tieffentaller was the first to give it, in the main, its real direction. The only blunder an ordinary student will make out is

that its sources are placed both too much north and west. As for its middle course which was personally surveyed by Tieffentaller, the following table will disclose to the geographical scholar the discrepancies of Tieffentaller's map from the latest survey maps.

	<i>According to Tieffentaller's maps.</i>	<i>According to recent observations.</i>
Allahabad	is on Lat. $25^{\circ} 26'$ Long. $81^{\circ} 56'$	Lat. $25^{\circ} 26'$ Long. $81^{\circ} 55'$
Benares	" $25^{\circ} 12'$ " $83^{\circ} 8'$	" $25^{\circ} 19'$ " $83^{\circ} 8'$
Patna	" $25^{\circ} 38'$ " $85^{\circ} 36'$	" $25^{\circ} 34'$ " $85^{\circ} 12'$
Mopghyr	" $25^{\circ} 20'$ " $86^{\circ} 52'$	" $25^{\circ} 6'$ " $86^{\circ} 30'$
Rajmahal	" $25^{\circ} 1'$ " $88^{\circ} 8'$	" $25^{\circ} 5'$ " $87^{\circ} 44'$
Chandernagore	" $22^{\circ} 51'$ " $88^{\circ} 21'$	" $22^{\circ} 50'$ " $88^{\circ} 25'$
Calcutta	" $22^{\circ} 33'$ " $88^{\circ} 9'$	" $22^{\circ} 40'$ " $88^{\circ} 28'$

It was, above all, Tieffentaller's map of the Ghogra basin which was most appreciated by the geographers of Europe. They came to know about it for the first time, and were astonished, says Anquetil, at the sudden appearance on the map of India of a large river 500 miles long, having 29 affluents. Taken all in all, the geographical work done by Tieffentaller surpassed in vastness and accuracy all that had been done before him. Such, at least, was the opinion of Anquetil, who summarises his discussion of Tieffentaller's maps by the following reflections: "Whilst two leading European nations are contending in the Carnatic and elsewhere for the supremacy over India in many bloody encounters, a modest missionary quietly and perseveringly pushes his way through pathless jungles and over arid plains, measuring in all thousands of miles, in order to make purely pacific conquest, and benefit thereby humanity—whilst Bengal, the East coast, the Deccan and Guzerat are the scenes of bloody strifes which the greed of the European nations has, if not originated, at least fostered, it is consoling to see that there are still men of science who are untouched by avarice and free from the thirst of gold. We sincerely desire the examples of intelligent travellers like Tieffentaller might be imitated by some of the Europeans settled in those vast regions. Of what use are the endless armed squadrons, sent thither to uphold material interests, and bring Asia's treasures to Europe, whilst all means of advancing human knowledge are neglected? Prompted by the love of science, and filled with the zeal for the cause of humanity, I hope my wishes will be realised, and the public—I am sure—anxiously watch the efforts of this savant (Tieffentaller) in the

North of Bengal, and will receive with pleasure the results of his exploration in those hitherto little known regions of Asia."

Since these lines were written, many things have changed for the better. The Europeans can no longer be accused of coming with their "armed squadrons" to take home India's treasures. On the contrary, they have brought her peace, knowledge, and with an enlightened Government the seeds of freedom. Learned men of the type of Tieffentaller no longer stand isolated on the field of research. A host of savants of all nationalities, foremost the staff of the Archæological Department, have set themselves the task of exploring the country in all directions in search of the historical and linguistic treasures of ancient India. The literature on India, ancient and modern, has reached a marvellous development and fills thousands of stately volumes. For all that, it would be an unpardonable ingratitude, on the part of the present generation, to belittle the work done by the pioneers of science.

Every succeeding generation has had a share in the progress of the world; and hence, the last-comers cannot, in fairness, claim and appropriate to themselves the discoveries made by their predecessors. Stanley does not claim for himself the discovery of the Nile sources, but by pointing out the feeder rivers of Victoria Nyanza, from which the Nile issues, he indicated the way to its sources. Geographical discoveries have always been made by stages. When, therefore, Baumann, by reaching the uppermost end of the Kaghera, actually discovered the real Nile sources in 1893, the work done by Stanley, Sabatier, Speke, Grant and many other travellers, ought not to be depreciated. So it should be with the pioneers of the Indian Geographers. Each had his own share in the progress of geographical knowledge of the country. Tieffentaller's was a considerable one, and that at a comparatively early period, when reliable geographical information was of paramount importance to the conquerors of India. Hence, both the English and the Indians owe him a debt of gratitude, which, however, has never been paid. Nor did he expect any reward from men. His only aim was to be serviceable to his fellow-men and further the knowledge of God and His creation. "As for the rest"—so he concludes his description of the Ganges—"the power and goodness of the Supreme Being are revealed by the fact that He caused this greatest of Indian rivers to flow through immense regions and with such a volume of water as to benefit not only the inhabitants in general, but the merchants in particular."

This reflection of the noble-minded man proves that the study of the universe is very well compatible with the character and occupation of a

missionary. Religion, as Anquetil justly remarks, has but one enemy, and that enemy is ignorance.

Tieffentaller died at Lucknow in 1785, and was buried in Agra, at the back of the old Catholic Church. A plain tombstone, bearing the inscription: "Father J. Tieffentaller. Died at Lacnoi on 5th July 1785," indicates the last resting place of the indefatigable geographer.

S. NOTI S. J.

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## EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Head and Heart in Government.** British administrators in India may be divided into three classes. The majority of them belong, by the obedience which they owe to fixed traditions, if not by individual temperament, to the Established School, otherwise known as the Secretariat School. It is unnecessary to mention any types of this order of officials: they believe, above all things, in discipline and departmentalism, in the efficacy of a rigid, scientific organisation, in addition to the high character and indispensable mission of their own countrymen. Sir Henry Cotton and Mr. O'Donnell typify a different class of officials: they are not only Non-conformists, but idealists, actuated by a strong sense of dissatisfaction with the existing dispensation and a vague presentment of a more glorious state of things that is bound to replace the worn-out past. Sir F. S. P. Lely represents a class occupying a middle position: they chafe at the rigidity of Secretariat methods, they recognise that ability cannot compensate for the lack of intuition and sympathy; but they believe in the essential suitability of the present system to the present needs of the country, and would perhaps dismiss visions of a far future as being less than helpful in actual administration. Sir Frederick has recently published some "Suggestions for the Better Governing of India," and no one has earned a more indisputable right to offer such suggestions than the Bombay ex-Civilian who, during the thirty-six years of his service in India, learned—to quote his own words—"in the school of men and things, to greatly sympathise with the people of India and with my fellow-servants of all races who bravely, and often under much personal and domestic strain, do the work of Government in the land." These suggestions have already attracted a considerable amount of attention in England

among those who take a particular interest in Indian affairs, and they are bound—certainly they deserve—to be widely discussed in India. The talk about a "better Government of India" might recall memories of the days of John Company, the frequent attacks on the unsuccessful policy of the more masterful administrators of those days, and the final transfer, that was considered to be necessary, of the Government from the Company to the Crown. That well-known statutory phrase might suggest the notion that there was something seriously wrong with the Government of India and that some radical change of policy, if not of agency, was urgently called for. An air of urgency is lent to the situation by the *Svadeshi* movement and the interpretations put upon it in the light of events which have stirred up feeling in certain classes of the public. The time is one when serious men open their eyes and ears in wonderment at the signs of the times, though prudence and scepticism alike require tongues and pens to be restrained. Observers from a distance have even talked of our march towards anarchy and have conjured up visions of prisons being blown up! To those who are nearer the scene of ferment all these prognostications seem strange, perhaps because their sweep of the horizon is more limited. As was remarked in these pages, when pointing out "Mr. Morley's Opportunity", two months ago, it would be misleading to exaggerate the significance of the note of dissatisfaction running through the public criticism of the day. Yet in a country situated as India is, it would be disastrous to make it appear that the Government is too haughty to listen to the representations of those who speak on behalf of the people, and that concessions and reforms have to be extorted, and may be successfully extorted, by means of agitation causing uneasiness and anxiety to the authorities. Certain fundamental principles being firmly and frankly insisted on, a readiness to yield, and—what is equally important—to appear to yield in subsidiary measures might at any rate tend to obviate that tension of feeling which causes uneasiness, if it would not always conduce to the efficiency and scientific perfection of departmental administration. Sir Frederick Lely wages war against the Secretariat of Bombay by open avowal, and, it may be presumed, of the Government of India and of every Provincial Government by implication. The ability and the disinterested devotion to duty of the officials of the

Secretariat are admitted to be worthy of the highest respect ; it is insight and sympathy that Sir Frederick misses in them. Sympathy must be born of intimate knowledge: it is this knowledge of the standpoint from which the people look at things that is not sufficiently conspicuous in the administration. The reply to this criticism might perhaps be two-fold : in the first place, the absence of a reliable constitutional machinery to ascertain the general trend of popular opinion renders it difficult for the Secretariat to make a correct appraisement of the opinions tendered, by individual officials in the districts ; and secondly, even when the standpoint of the people is fairly well ascertained, the mission of the British Government is not to perpetuate Eastern traditions, but to modify and improve the old ideals by slow degrees. A few illustrations might make these statements clearer. It is certainly remarkable that the Government disposed of Sir Frederick Lely's suggestions regarding Abkari reform without reference to a single Native authority, and with "ostentatious reliance on analogies drawn from England," though the declared policy of Government in regard to its excise revenue connects it intimately with the social life of the people. What would promote temperance and discourage intemperance among the inhabitants of this country is certainly a question on which the Natives themselves are best fitted to give an opinion. If Native authorities were not consulted, was it merely because the Secretariat was too confident of its own omniscience, or also for other reasons ? The absence of a recognised body for consultation occurs to us as an initial difficulty : a haphazard consultation with a few, who were not responsible to the public, might have deepened a sense of invidiousness, without securing the benefit of a reliable index to the public opinion. Then again, if British officials did not wish, for reasons which we can well understand, to expose the "decency" of open but moderate drinking to the challenge of orthodox Indian opinion, there was perhaps more prudence than haughtiness in a refusal to consult Native authorities. In the case of Temperance the British ideal is more business-like than exalted. Let us take another example : the Chief of a Native State, once while opening some water-works at his capital, drank the first draught from a silver pot and presented it to a miserable-looking woman in the crowd, and also gave Rs. 10,000 for erecting a fountain on the spot. Here was a truly oriental method.

of impressing on the imagination of the simple wondering people the wealth and generosity of the Sirkar. It is felt that a British Governor, trained in Western notions of constitutional government, cannot closely imitate the example of the Eastern potentate ; yet Sir F. S. P. Lely suggest that a Governor in British India should never visit a town without making a tangible gift to the public from the public purse, and he points out that the selection of the object might form a convenient topic for a flagging conversation with the local magnates. The Secretariat might cheerfully make an allowance of Rs. 25,000 in the budget for this purpose, but it might question the principle of associating the Government's recognition of the needs of a town with the accidental circumstance of a personal visit. Here we have a difference of ideals, and Sir Frederick sees that a clever Under-Secretary can, at least to his own satisfaction, pulverise much of what he has written. Educated Indians are nowadays growing to appreciate the Western impersonal system of Government, and are almost ashamed of the out-worn ideals of a different polity : yet they will on the whole be inclined to agree with Sir Frederick Lely. As politeness is said to lubricate the wheels of society, so would the small gifts and the conversations suggested by our ex-Commissioner add to the amenities of the contact between the rulers and the ruled, especially because the replies given by Governors to the formal addresses of welcome presented to them, with the statement of grievances invariably contained in them, are seldom considered satisfactory, and when the visitor turns his back upon a town the utilitarian citizen asks, "What is the good of it all ?" The difficulty of British officials in making the personal side of their rule more popular is largely the difficulty of all who have a special mission to fulfil : their mission is to substitute a scientific system of Government in the place of the personal rule of the past, and until the new ideal is generally appreciated, the combination of the old and the new will necessarily give rise to complaints that it is not harmonious, and that either an excessive development of impersonal administration is creating despair, or that the officials wish to lord it over the people like Nabobs and to indulge their own whims. In so far as this difficulty may be minimised by the Government being in touch with its own officials who move among the people, Sir F. S. P. Lely's criticism

of the Bombay Government's aloofness even from its officials in the districts is certainly relevant and forcible ; and his suggestion about periodical meetings of the Commissioners is hardly capable of being "pulverised" by the cleverest Under-Secretary that we can think of. However, from the point of view of the people, the most pregnant criticism is that "there is now no one of authority to say what the people think and to explain what Government means." Native officials of the modern class not only do not regard themselves as interpreters between Government and the people, but find the task of interpretation more and more difficult, as Standing Orders multiply, and their object and necessity are not evident to the interpreters themselves. If the Native officials were allowed to meet and discuss administrative measures, and report their views to Government, just as it is suggested that Commissioners should be allowed to do, they might serve as interpreters with something like confidence in themselves ; but such meetings would probably be considered subversive of discipline. We know a certain Native official of the modern class who took the liberty of submitting to his European superior what he "thought" of certain instructions, and was peremptorily told in reply that he was "not paid to think," but to carry out instructions. How can officials in that position help regarding themselves as "agents to get in reports up to time and to pass decisions which will stand on appeal"? The old class of officials had more liberty and were not bound hand and foot by a minute code of regulations.

The regret that there is no one of authority to explain what the Government means is not unfounded, but how is the link to be supplied? Sir F. S. P. Lely's suggestions do not go far enough : supposing the Government in Bombay curtailed its stay at Mahableshwar, and the Members of Council made a closer acquaintance with the Commissioners and Collectors, it will still remain true that "the real Englishman is seldom seen by the people," especially outside the towns ; and the number of Englishmen cannot be multiplied indefinitely, nor can the Englishman be sufficiently relieved of his official duties to disport himself wherever and whenever his presence would be desirable for personal explanations. Sir Frederick bitterly complains that the mission of interpretation is made over to vernacular newspapers, but he does not tell us who else is to carry

it on. A great deal is expected from the extension of primary education : it will enable the cultivator to improve his position and to think intelligently on public affairs, but it will also bring more readers for newspapers whose influence is not thrown on the side of Government. If Government will be content to rely on the inherent justice and beneficence of its measures, and to appeal, like Lord Curzon, to India to be its judge, it may wrap itself in a mantle of indifference as to what newspapers write. But if, as Sir F. S. P. Lely thinks, the policy of Government needs to be correctly interpreted, how is the need to be supplied? Primary education may sharpen the wits of the village politician, but it does not necessarily supply him with correct information. We recently came across an intelligent villager who reads vernacular newspapers and builds his own conjectures on what he reads. He has come to the conclusion that the Russians would have driven the English out of India if the Japanese had not crippled their power, that certain leading Indians owing a grudge to Government are now in league with the Japanese, and that Japan, now the most powerful country, is sure to conquer India! If English education has not proved an antidote to the belief that India is growing poorer under British rule, how is primary education to convince the readers of vernacular newspapers that the Government is not artfully depleting the pockets of the people under pretence of improving the administration and is not really impoverishing the land? Education has to be supplemented by information and explanation. This has over and over been recognised, but not even Sir F. S. P. Lely comes forward with any solution of the difficulty. If the Native official of the old school, who is supposed to have acted as an interpreter, has disappeared, and no substitute can be found for him, the only other way in which a healthy public opinion can be maintained seems to be for the Government to bring within the reach of the readers of vernacular literature such facts, explanations and considerations as may serve to counteract the influence of misleading counsel. That the Government cannot start newspapers and enter into controversies with writers in private journals is true enough. But if the press communiques, which are now and then issued to contradict false rumours, violate no principle of official propriety, it is difficult to see why a Supplement to the Provincial and District Gazettes should not from time to time give such facts and explanations

as may tend to lead public opinion on right lines. The new Department of Commerce and Industry will shortly issue a Trade Journal : its object, of course, is neither controversial nor apologetic, but mainly to diffuse such information as would be helpful to commercial and industrial concerns. If every Patel, and through him every village, receives a similar publication dealing with the simple affairs of the agricultural population, the object of explaining what the Government means may be easily attained. If, in addition to this diffusion of information, the heads of the districts are enabled to meet public assemblies and explain to them the policy of Government, the evil, which Sir F. S. P. Lely so rightly deplores, of the want of contact and sympathy between Government and the people may be minimised. The consultative bodies suggested by Mr. Herbert Roberts in the House of Commons, on behalf of the Congress, would furnish the necessary opportunity for explanation. The present policy of allowing matters to drift for themselves, and relying merely on the intrinsic, but not always intelligible, justice and good intentions of measures, is felt by many officials themselves to be fraught, if not with danger, at least with undesirable consequences. We must wait for a strong ruler, with a philosophic turn of mind, like Lord Curzon, to put an end to that policy. We notice that in Sir F. S. P. Lely's opinion "the broad lines of Government, as lately extended and deepened by Lord Curzon, are true, but the administrative filling-in is often at fault." Lord Curzon was a great believer in the beneficial effects of British officials coming in personal contact with the people.

The specific suggestions made by Sir F. S. P. Lely relate chiefly to the Bombay Presidency, and most of them show how science in administration may with advantage be sacrificed to what would be more suitable to the habits and prejudices of the people. Thus; if after every Settlement an independent officer of sympathetic and firm judgment were to inquire into cases of alleged hardship, the land revenue policy might be less unpopular than it now is. If, in fixing the assessment, the class to which the cultivators belong—whether they belong to a backward or an intelligent class—be considered, and not merely prices, distance from the market, and such other impersonal factors in calculation, the system would be more elastic and better appreciated than at present. If the inhabitants of

a village are asked to provide the school-house for their own children, instead of entrusting the erection to the Public Works Department, primary education may be more economical and may enlist more popular support. The introduction of national music in schools would also add to the attractiveness of the institutions. If roads leading to and from the markets of a district be maintained at the expense of Government, and be free to commerce, without any tolls, in the Bombay Presidency, as they are in many other parts of India, the boast of the Government regarding the length, the excellence and safety of its roads would be better appreciated. Peripatetic officials are sometimes a great source of annoyance to people who have business with them. "In the absence of a published programme," writes Sir F. S. P. Lely, "a party who has business at an official's camp does not know where to find it, and often enough, after arriving at one place, finds he has to tramp fifteen or twenty miles further on." An equally great and more general hardship is that of supplying carriage and provisions to various departmental officers who travel through the district—officers connected with sanitation and vaccination, excise and police, roads and irrigation, survey, education, local boards and what not, in addition to land revenue. Sir F. S. P. Lely makes an excellent suggestion—that every line of country outside headquarters should, at every stage, be provided with houses supplied with simple, everyday furniture, down to knives and forks. This would relieve poorly paid officers of expense, and villagers of the impressment of carts and of labour and other hardships.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

The Royal guests took their departure from Karachi on 19th March, expressing their regret gracefully that they could not stay longer among the people in whom their interest had been so much heightened by the tour. The last act in their mission of love and good will was their acknowledgment, in a letter to the Viceroy, of their appreciation of all that had been done by various agencies in India to present to them every aspect of this vast dependency, with its glorious and unforgotten past and its progressive present. The most prominent characteristic of the people that apparently struck their Royal Highnesses was their proverbial mildness and their cheerful submissiveness to a lot which depends so largely on the rains. In honour of the Royal visit to Karachi the Local Government has abolished certain taxes, consisting of fees levied from those who navigate the Indus.



If the Finance Minister of India was congratulated on the satisfactory budget which he presented to the Viceregal Council last month, it was not because of the surplus—for surpluses have now become normal and inevitable—but because the Hon. Mr. Baker has shown that he can make his estimates more approximately correct than his predecessors were able to do. The estimated revenue for the ensuing year will be £ 86,495,100, and the expenditure £ 85,621,000, leaving a surplus of £ 874,100. This will be utilised for reduction of taxation (£ 547,000), for improvements in civil administration (£ 226,700), and certain transfers to local taxation account to the extent of £ 38,800. In previous years it was the salt tax that had been reduced; the first reduction does not seem to have been attended with any appreciable and demonstrable beneficial results to the classes primarily sought to be benefited. The second reduction was more successful in attaining its object. This year the reduction has taken a new line; certain cesses levied on land have been remitted, the ideal aimed at and the policy to be steadily pursued being that no local cesses shall be imposed on the land, supplemental to the Land Revenue proper, except such as are levied by or on behalf of local authorities for expenditure by them on genuinely local objects. Police reform and technical education will receive the greater portion of the grants made for the improvement of civil administration.

The railways will receive even more encouragement during the ensuing year than they did in the year that has just expired. A grant of 15 crores has been made for capital outlay, 891 lakhs of which will be reserved for expenditure on open lines and 609 lakhs for new lines and lines under construction. These new lines and lines under construction will comprise the Nagda-Muttra Chord, the Baran-Kotah line, the Pench Valley Branch, the Purulia-Ranchi line, the Vizianagaram-Raipur line, the Katihar-Godagiri Railway, the Shilman Branch, the Golakganj-Gauhati line, extension of the South Indian and Tirhut State Railways, and certain railways in Burma. The Madras Railway is now the only guaranteed railway which has not been taken over by the State. During the year 1905-1906, there was an addition of 956 miles to the open lines : it is expected that in the ensuing year the total length will be increased by 973 miles. As a result of the Irrigation Commission the Government has now before it a lengthy programme, comprising 16 productive, 26 protective, and 4 minor works, estimated to irrigate annually 3,186,381 ; 1,585,844 ; and 17,704 acres respectively. In spite of the result of the Russo-Japanese war, and the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the reorganisation of the Army will not be suspended. A sum of 253 lakhs has been provided for carrying on Lord Kitchener's scheme during the next year, the major portion of the sum being intended for new rifles, guns and reserves and ammunition, the reorganisation of the batteries of horse and field artillery, additional mule corps and cadres, and the supply of improved ammunition columns.

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In the discussion that followed the presentation of the Financial Statement, Lord Kitchener's reorganisation scheme was made a special object of attack by some of the non-official members, and both the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief maintained that the reverses sustained by Russia in the Far East afforded no reason to suspend the reorganisation. Lord Minto is, on the other hand, compelled to consider what effect the reverses must have on the pride of a high-spirited military race, and in how long or short a time Russia may feel confident of recovering her lost prestige. The discussion of these questions in the Viceregal Council serves very little purpose, for the decision really rests with the authorities in England. Whatever time Russia may take to feel confident of regaining her lost prestige, a scheme once sanctioned—not for any increase in the strength of the army, but merely for a better organisation of the forces—can hardly be expected to be hung up, especially when the coffers of the State are sufficiently full to defray the cost out of the current expenditure. We are to be thankful that the Commander-in-Chief lays particular stress on his desire for as much economy as is consistent with his standard of efficiency, and on the feature of his

scheme that it does not consist in increasing the forces. The grievance which will bear, and which is sure to receive, any amount of reiteration is that of utilising the natives of the country in its defence in a larger measure than is at present considered expedient. The Viceroy, with his usual caution, acknowledged that the position was difficult, and assured the critics that the policy hitherto pursued was in no way due to any want of appreciation of the loyal services of the magnificent officers and soldiers of the Indian Army. It was only a diplomatic reply of that kind that could be expected on so delicate a subject. Lord Kitchener, however, spoke with the frankness of a soldier and the logic of an administrator. He could not understand how the present military burden could be reduced except by conscription, and he thought that conscription would not, in the first place, be popular, and secondly, it might have its drawbacks to the class most closely represented by his critics! The *argumentum ad hominem* was not conspicuously tactful, though it was as plain-spoken as the Hon. Mr. Gokhale's warm remonstrance that we were in our own country hewers of wood and drawers of water; but the Commander-in-Chief's meaning evidently was that the Pax Britannica is maintained in India with so small an army, because the various antagonistic races who inhabit this vast country are not armed and trained to fly at each other's throats. If the martial spirit of the people were developed Lord Kitchener would probably have asked not only for economy and efficiency, but an actual increase of the standing army. The position is undoubtedly difficult: some person in authority would perhaps do well to point out that the difficulty is only enhanced by that attitude of mind which draws suggestive distinctions between "our own country" and its obverse—"your Government." The antidote to distrust is confidence, and not recrimination and challenge. It was evidently not conscription that was suggested, but a partial replacement of British by Native troops and the formation of Native Volunteer Corps. When the suggestion is made in that form, Lord Kitchener may have something to say about the fighting qualities of the sons of the enervating plains, unless on second thoughts he considers it more discreet to give a more vague, if any, reply. If it is sometimes asked how long the present policy of distrust is to be continued, one wonders when it will be realised that the distrust can disappear only gradually as the people show that they regard the interests of every part of the Empire as common and identical, so far as the problem of defence is concerned. For the present the Government is almost assured that contentment and safety may best be secured by lightening the burden of taxation and the development of the material resources of the country. The account given by the Hon. Mr. Hewett and the Hon. Sir Denzil Ibbetson, of what is done in these directions, might make any Government optimistic, if not proud.





